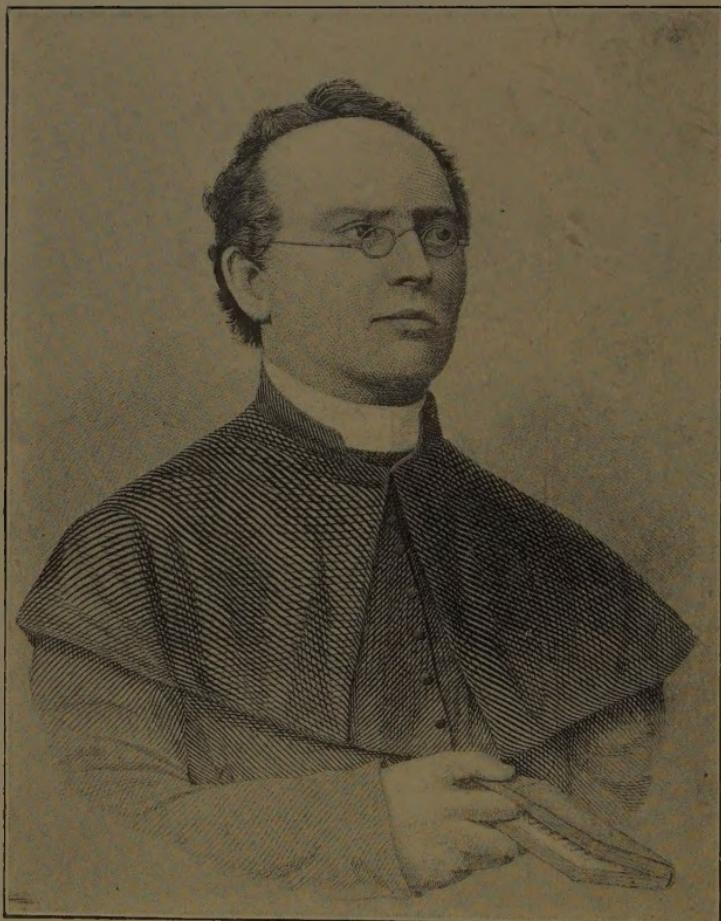


J. F. McCarthy



Joseph Salzmann, D. D.

WITHDRAWN
FEBR 24 1949
C.R.

A NOBLE PRIEST

JOSEPH SALZMANN, D. D.

FOUNDER OF THE SALESIANUM

BY

VERY REV. JOSEPH RAINER

Rector of the Salesianum.

Translated from the German by Rev. Joseph William Berg,
Professor at the Salesianum.

ILLUSTRATED

Milwaukee:
OLINGER & SCHWARTZ
1903

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3 R

TO

My Mother

THIS TRANSLATION IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

This translation was undertaken in the belief that men of the character of Dr. Salzmann ought not to be allowed to pass into oblivion. Though the part Salzmann played in this world does not as yet possess the charm and glamor of distance that brings out in strong relief the labors of the earlier Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries, still his nearness to us enables us the better to appreciate his efforts and proves that we need not go back to the heroic age of America to discover true heroes in the priesthood.

All that knew Salzmann personally agree in saying that he was an extraordinary man. His noble and unselfish character, his lovable disposition, his truly Catholic charity, his untiring labors, surely deserve to be held up to the admiration and emulation of posterity. He was one of nature's noblemen laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, a priest after the heart of the great High Priest. His vocation, his priesthood, was to him as the greatest of graces, the highest of callings. He may be said to have been entirely engrossed with his priestly duties, to have lived in that atmosphere of grace that emanates from the tabernacle, the home of our eucharistic God. His life plainly teaches us that no matter how absorbed a priest may be in worldly matters, he can always prove true to his calling, always find time to labor at his own spiritual improvement, need never lose sight of that ideal toward which he must always be tending, Jesus Christ, the great High Priest.

The translation itself is quite literal. It was a labor of love both towards the founder of the Salesianum and towards its present rector, the author of the biography and former teacher of the translator.

J. W. B.

St. Francis, Wis., June, 1903.

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CHAPTER I.

YOUTH.

It is the first duty of the biographer to introduce his reader into the home of his hero, to place before him the surroundings and early associations of his hero's youth; for, according to the poet, "The land whose soil a good man trod, is sacred."* Hence a more than passing interest attaches to the home and country of him who has won our love and admiration. We invite the kind reader, therefore, to accompany us in spirit to the shores of Europe, to that land of song and story through which the blue Danube rolls its mighty waves. The Archduchy of Austria, above the Enns, is a beautiful part of God's earth. Its snug lakes, nestling in the bosom of high mountains and sheltering hills, its fertile fields and pleasant pastures, enchant the eye; while castles of the knights of old, grand churches and extended cloisters, rich in works of art and literature, carry us back through the centuries, and tell to stranger and native alike the tale of the busy life and the love of the former inhabitants for art and literature.

If we cross the Danube at Linz, the capital of the crown-land, we find ourselves in a part of the country

* Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*.

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that is called, according to an old division made on account of the many brooks, the Millquarter,* a district made famous by the excellent descriptions of Adalbert Stifter. It is not into the most beautiful part of this country, however, that the kind reader is to accompany us. It is not through smiling fields and busy cities that we wander, not through regions frequented by the tourist, where the mountain peaks glow in the sunset and the gleaming eye of the lake sparkles in the sheen of the moon. Low ridges, whose narrow valleys form the beds of numerous brooks, are the portion of the country that stretches northward from the Danube to the Böhmerwald. But where nature, like a cruel step-mother, is harsh, man rises to increased exertion and wrestles with her, forcing her to yield the gifts that she with niggardly hand would withhold. Hence there dwells in these valleys and on these forest-crowned heights a strong and industrious people; simple, happy, and content with their frugal plenty, wrested in the sweat of their brow from the unwilling soil. If we follow the highway along the Danube eastward, and, after a little, turn to the left, we reach after a walk of eight hours the small, but pretty village of Münzbach. Here on August 17, 1819, the subject of this biography, Joseph Salzmann, was born. His parents were Francis Xavier and Magdalene Salzmann. His father was a tanner and able to support his family properly, though he did not belong to the wealthy class of the village. The marriage had already been blessed with three daughters, and now the parents longed for a son. Knowing that the happiness of families and the blessing of children lies with God, this pious couple made a pilgrimage to Maria Zell in Steyermark, to ask of the Blessed Virgin, of whom a miraculous picture was

* Mühlviertel.

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there preserved, the favor of a son. Their prayer was heard. From their heart they thanked God, the Giver of every good thing, and called the child Joseph. Later on their marriage was blessed with four more children.

Healthy and robust, little Joseph grew apace and became not only the pride of his fond parents, but also the favorite of all that knew him. His open, innocent eye, his clear complexion, his blond curly hair, made of him a child good to look upon for all the inhabitants of Münzbach. He was pleasant and lively and fond of games. His frank and merry disposition was coupled with a modesty of deportment that is always becoming in a boy. These advantages of nature were elevated and ennobled by the most delicate innocence of his soul. Watered and nourished by the pious teachings and, above all, the virtuous example of his parents, the tender shoots of virtue swelled and expanded in his youthful heart. His playmates tell us that he was obedient and gentle; a model for his brothers and sisters and playmates; that he never told a lie. Already at that early date his soul was filled with that ardent love for truth which remained characteristic of him throughout his life. These noble qualities of his nature were, aside from the grace of God, the fruit of a truly Christian education—an education free from that excessive fondness which causes parents to condone all faults in their children and is only a parody on true parental love. Nor must we esteem lightly the constant prayers that his mother poured out for him and all her children, to keep them on the path of virtue, to lead them on to salvation. Salzmann, even in later years, frequently related how much and how devoutly his mother had prayed for him. To the unremitting prayers of his mother he attributed his escape from the snares of youth and the extraordinary success in his studies. So deep was his con-

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viction of the efficacy of a mother's prayers that later on, when he was to decide as to the vocation of a student, or as to the probability of improvement in a student, he invariably inquired whether or not the student had a good mother. "Has he a good mother that prays for him?" I frequently heard him ask. And he rarely gave up hope, if the prayers of a good mother turned the scales in favor of the student.

Whenever his mother with her little ones passed a way-side chapel, she never failed to enter and say a few Our Fathers. "Time thus spent," she was wont to say, "is not lost."

Very soon the promising boy was sent to the parochial school of Münzbach. As at home his prompt obedience, his friendly, open manner, had made him the favorite of his parents, so at school his unusual talents, his extraordinary progress in studies, completely won for him the hearts of his teachers. Only a few years ago Salzmann's teacher referred touchingly to the diligence and the exemplary behavior of his *Seppl*, as he called him. "He was always a model for the other children," he said. Even in those days the germs of his vocation were noticeable. They showed themselves at home in his childish imitation of priestly functions, and especially in the joyful eagerness with which he served at mass whenever possible. He attended mass regularly even on week-days, and kept up this practice throughout his student days. The pious boy frequently knelt before the beautiful picture of the Virgin Mary in the parish church and poured out his soul in prayer, that she might assist him to attain his most cherished wish. Salzmann often related that as a child of five years he felt a burning desire to become a priest, and that he often thought: "At whatever cost, I must become a priest."

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It is but natural, therefore, that the pastor of Münzbach began to take an interest in the bright boy and to think that he might be destined for higher things. Just then an opportunity offered. The parish of Münzbach had two scholarships at its disposal. These were to be granted to poor, but virtuous and talented, boys of the parish, to defray the expenses of a course at the gymnasium in Linz or Kremsmünster. One of these scholarships became vacant at the time when Joseph Salzmann was declared the head boy in the school of Münzbach. Providence thus opened for him the way to his high calling, a calling that had hitherto seemed unattainable, owing to the poverty of his parents.

The pious boy thanked God with a full heart for this unspeakable grace, for even at that early date the calling of the priest was to him the very highest that mortal can attain.

Accordingly, the ten-year-old boy was taken by his father at the beginning of the school-term of 1829 to the *Real-Schule** in Linz, where he surprised his examiners by the excellence of his examination. After attending the *Real-Schule* for a year he entered the gymnasium in Linz.

As Salzmann had surpassed all the other children at the little village school, so here at the gymnasium he invariably carried away the first honors. *Praemio donatus est primus: Josephus Salzmann,*† appeared regularly in the catalog of the gymnasium.

When in after years a traveler from Wisconsin chanced to be in Austria, Salzmann's friends and relatives told of the wonderful showing he had made at the gymnasium; how his testimonials, without exception, showed only the highest marks, *Eminenzen*, something that had not happened at the gymnasium in Linz for thirty years. On

* Grammar school.

† The first prize was awarded to Joseph Salzmann.

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his return to America, this traveler related to Salzmann what he had heard; whereupon Salzmann smilingly replied: "Since you know so much about me, I'll tell you a little more. One time, while in one of the lower forms, I went four times on one day to the Pöstlingberg,* and twice to the Kalvarienberg, and that helped me on to success."

What pious and noble sentiments animated the young student we can infer from the words he addressed to a friend during the carnival, when, as usual, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the cathedral of Linz. "How edifying," he exclaimed, "is the practice of the Church! While the world is reveling in vanity, she prays for ruler and fatherland."

His filial piety shone forth very touchingly during his college years. We remarked above that he received a scholarship on entering the gymnasium. Of this money he did not touch a kreutzer for his own use. Every year he sent the whole amount to his parents, and worked his way through the gymnasium by giving private lessons in the houses of wealthy families. Thus, far from being a source of expense to his poor parents, he was rather a helper in need. These private lessons, naturally, took up a great deal of his time, so that he was compelled to devote a great part of the night to the preparation of his own tasks. That this did not injure his health was owing to his severely regular life and to the fact that, though fond of games, he never took part in dissipations that undermine the health of body and mind. This poor son of the Muses, however, had to endure want and even suffer the pangs of hunger. His dinner he used to beg from house to house; his breakfast and supper consisted of a

*A place of pilgrimage near Linz.

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little soup. His uncle in Linz loved to tell how delighted little Joseph was when he received a loaf of hardtack, which he would season with salt and caraway and eat with great relish. In this way Salzmann early became inured to want and privation and was steeled for his future career.

During his stay in Linz he, together with three other students, all of whom became priests, lodged with a carpenter. One of them became pastor of Kirchheim, Rev. F. X. Voglmeyr, with whom Salzmann ever after kept up a friendly correspondence. Salzmann usually spent a part of his vacation in Ried, at the house of this friend, where he always felt perfectly at home.

During vacation the poor student also went, as was the custom, to the priests and officials of the neighborhood, to show his testimonial. This usually netted him a few florins. Towards evening he would buy for himself and his good sister Mary, his companion on these rounds, a loaf of bread, to be munched on the way home. As soon as he reached home he immediately handed over all the money to his dear father. These were Salzmann's first begging tours. Even at that time he did not collect for himself, but suffered want while helping to support his parents.

To these acts of filial piety Salzmann in after life attributed his remarkable success in making collections. Before coming to America, he one time expressed himself to his friend Voglmeyr as follows: "I attribute my success in making collections to the fact that I frequently went a begging for my parents; for"—he laid special stress upon this—"I did not really go the rounds for myself, as was the custom of poor students, but I looked upon every gift I received as alms given to my parents."

The young student went home also for the shorter va-

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cations, usually walking the entire distance of twenty-four miles. On the eve of Christmas, at 4 o'clock in the evening, he left school and went afoot to Münzbach, in the cold of winter, through snow and over bad roads. He reached home at midnight; and the first thing he did there was to attend the midnight mass. This he did every year. But when the hour of parting came, he left with a heavy heart and never without shedding tears.

Thus the years at the gymnasium passed by amid want and privation and manifold trials; but many sons of noble families yielded the palm to this simple village child, who excelled them all in talent, progress in letters and sciences, but above all in application, piety, and gentle manners. While so many young men lose their innocence in the dangerous allurements of the metropolis, and leave the gymnasium enfeebled in body and mind, a kind Providence and the vigilant eye of his guardian angel watched over Salzmann; so that in his heart and mind there developed, like the budding flower of spring, a great and holy vocation. With anxious care this child of special grace preserved the pearl beyond price of baptismal innocence and kept alive the holy fire of vocation to the priesthood by constant prayer and frequent reception of the Sacraments. During his philosophical studies, the Rev. F. X. Weninger, S. J., was his confessor; and from that time dates the great veneration that Salzmann constantly felt for that worthy and zealous priest.

After Salzmann had with rare success finished the course at the gymnasium, he entered the diocesan seminary in Linz, to take up the study of theology. As his progress in the profane sciences had been extraordinary at the gymnasium, so likewise in the sacred sciences at the seminary, while he soon became by his exemplary behavior the joy and pride of his professors. Even at that

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early date his bent for the missions in far distant countries showed itself, and he frequently spoke with enthusiasm to his fellow-students about the inestimable happiness and the exalted vocation of a missionary.

One thought, however, deterred and frightened him. He feared, as he afterwards confessed, that he was not pious enough for so holy and high a calling. This thought does him the more honor and speaks the louder for the humility of his heart, as he was, according to his fellow-students, a model of piety.

In the seminary he proved himself a warm friend of the poor. He would often ask his fellow-students to save for him the bread and other leavings of the table. Full of joy he would hasten with these gifts into the court and distribute them among the poor students or other needy persons.

During his theological course, in the summer of 1840, Salzmann, with two fellow-students, made a journey to southern Italy, the land of his longing and ardent youthful dreams. That beautiful land which the poet greets as his ideal, the artist and scholar as the home of art and learning, lay unfolded with all its beauty before his eager eyes. But either for lack of time or on account of the slenderness of his purse, he did not enjoy Italy's greatest charm; and the view "that thrills with happiness the beggar" at the castle of St. Angelo when his eyes rest on "eternal Rome," was not to be his. But he saw Venice, the city of the Doges, with her monuments of ancient grandeur and vanished splendor. From Venice he traveled westward to Padua, where he knelt at the tomb of St. Anthony. Thence to Tyrol, the land of mountains and liberty; of glaciers, piercing to the skies; and romantic valleys. Deep and lasting was the impression that this

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land of Hofer* made on him. During the last years of his life I frequently heard him speak enthusiastically of that beautiful land which preserved intact through the centuries the Palladium of faith despite the attacks of modern liberalism. But it was not the natural beauty and the grand scenery of the romantic mountain-country that left the most enduring impression on his young mind. The most beautiful and dearest remembrance of this journey was his visit to Maria von Mörl, the ecstatic maiden of Kaltern. From Bozen, the last German city on the rushing Eisak, the road leads us over the Etsch by pleasant farm-houses and frowning castles to the village of Kaltern. Thither the young theologian with his two companions turned his steps, to pay a visit to the virgin who at that time called forth so much discussion and was judged so variously. Thousands had journeyed to Kaltern before him—renowned scholars, curious tourists, men differing in opinion and religious conviction; but none there was, we may rest assured, but was greatly impressed by Maria von Mörl, but felt the breath of that mysterious Power that had been manifested in this humble maiden for thirty-five years. Many a time the author of this biography stood at the sick-bed of this virgin, endowed with so many graces; but never could he on entering her quiet chamber rid himself of that weird sensation that seizes upon man when he sees plainly the hand of a higher Power interfering with the natural course of events.

Mounting dark, stone stairs and passing through an ancient corridor, the visitor enters the simple chamber of Maria von Mörl.† As if rooted to the ground by a

*The peasant leader of the Tyrolese in their struggle against oppression in 1809.

† At that time Maria was still living in her parental home.

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higher Power, he stands, and is carried away by what he sees. On a bare bed there kneels a female figure, clad in a white gown, the long hair falling loosely, the body bent forward—as motionless as a marble statue. Her eyes are turned towards heaven; her hands folded under the chin, and on them are plainly visible red scars—the scars of the Crucified. Now and then there passes over the large, expressive face a slight movement of joy, or a quiver of intense pain. Her confessor speaks a few low words, and immediately all is changed; the ecstatic virgin now lies upon her couch, and the expression of the seer yields to the innocent smile of the child.

All these phenomena, a detailed account of which would be out of place here, passed before the eyes of young Salzmann, as he with a number of other pilgrims stood before the couch of the maid, favored of Heaven. One circumstance, especially, was fixed in his mind, and I frequently heard him speak of it. As was her custom, the ecstatic maid of Kaltern gave to the pilgrims small pictures of saints as keepsakes, and Salzmann also received one. As he passed to the rear of the other pilgrims, the thought came: "I wish I had asked for a picture for N. N. I am sure it would have pleased him very much." In the meanwhile the other visitors had received their pictures, and now Maria motions young Salzmann to approach and gives him a second picture. We may imagine his joyful surprise at this unexpected favor. Though not looking upon this occurrence as a miracle in the strict sense of the word, his admiration and respect for the maid so highly favored of God, could not but be greatly increased.

It was, therefore, a source of pleasure to him that Maria von Moerl in later years remembered him, after he had spent many years of fruitful missionary labor in

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America. In a letter dated June 29, 1867, Maria von Moerl wrote to the author of this biography: "I shall certainly pray also for your superior, Father Salzmann, that the Lord may through him work for the greater glory of God, for the salvation of immortal souls; and that our holy religion may spread and wax strong, and thus reparation be made to our divine Savior for the many indignities that are now heaped upon him in Europe." Six months after writing these words, she ended her earthly pilgrimage, the fifty-six years of which furnish so much that is remarkable and mysterious. While the life of Maria von Moerl was cast amid scenes of rare natural beauty, there lived and suffered but a few hours distant from her, in a lonely and almost inaccessible mountain village, Domenica Lazzari, the ecstatic virgin of Capriana. In retirement and simplicity, scarcely noticed by her nearest relatives, she passed her lonely days like the modest mountain flower, that in heights unscaled by the foot of man sheds its sweetness on the mountain air. Salzmann did not allow the opportunity of witnessing this remarkable phenomenon to go by unheeded. By the lovely shores of Kaltern Lake, whose bright mirror sparkles from out the setting of green vineyards, the road leads across the Etsch River into the Fleimser Valley. Ascending this valley along the mountain stream Avisio, the traveler reaches by steep ascent the small village of Capriana. By perpendicular walls and yawning chasms, he finally arrives at the poor hut of the Lazzari. Here, in a small room, on a simple couch, the ecstatic maid of Capriana passed her life of suffering. Her whole body covered with blood; her hands and feet and head, one wound; she presented an example of suffering that aroused pity and sympathy in even the most hardened. In truth, the mere sight of her suffering produced extra-

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dinary conversions. Many that had gone there indifferent, left her room with tears in their eyes, and hastened to the priest to confess their sins. Worthy of note is the fact that this poor peasant maiden, that had never attended any but the village school, that had learned no language but her native tongue, the Italian, understood with ease every language in which she was addressed. The sight of her suffering did not fail to make a lasting impression on the heart of Salzmann, and he frequently spoke with deep emotion of this visit. Possibly, we ought to ask the reader's pardon for dwelling so long on these episodes in the early life of Salzmann; but the fact that Salzmann frequently and fondly spoke of these visits, must furnish our excuse.

Elated and strengthened by the sight of these miracles of Divine Omnipotence and Love, Salzmann and his companions joyfully turned their steps homeward. Through the wild beauty of the Passaier Valley, where he lodged in the house of Andreas Hofer, his journey after some strenuous mountain climbing over the Jaufen led him into the pleasant Inn Valley; and after a few days we find him at home.

The last two years of his theological course were spent in serious study; and nearer and nearer came the longed for day of his ordination to the priesthood. At last, October 8, the happy hour arrived on which he was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Gregory Thomas Ziegler, Bishop of Linz. A week later, August 15, the young priest said his first holy mass in the parish church of Münzbach. Great was the joy of his parents, when they beheld the child of their prayers and love at the altar. But who can describe the joy that on this day filled the heart of the young priest? The whole village took part in the edifying festival. We that live in the land of sects, where

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constant intercourse with people of different faiths tends to weaken, if not the strength, certainly, the warmth and freshness of our faith, can scarcely picture to ourselves the exquisite joy and holy enthusiasm called forth by the celebration of a first holy mass in countries where the ardor of the faithful has not been dampened by intercourse with non-Catholics. It is a popular holy day in the noblest sense of the word, a holy day on which the sacred bond that unites priest and people is fastened the closer; on which the Catholic priesthood appears most strikingly in its mysterious dignity and supernatural power. Even the sensual man and the slave of Mammon are raised to higher thoughts, to nobler feelings, when they see a newly ordained priest, perhaps a friend and companion of former years, standing in view of the jubilant congregation at the altar of God. Their eyes are raised to higher regions, and they willingly admit that over and beyond the empty Elysian fields of sensual pleasures there lies a higher land, full of mysterious happiness to which mortals can attain only by faith.

CHAPTER II.

PRIESTLY LABORS IN AUSTRIA.

The very year in which Salzmann was ordained, it happened to be the turn of the diocese of Linz to send one of its newly ordained priests to the Institute of St. Augustine in Vienna for the purpose of more advanced study. The rector of the seminary at Linz proposed to the ordinary of the diocese the three most talented of the newly ordained priests for this coveted position. Among them was Joseph Salzmann. As Bishop Ziegler had from personal experience learned to know the zeal and the talents of Salzmann, he did not hesitate to give him the appointment to this honorable position.

Before the young priest left home, his tender filial love was to suffer a sore trial. When on his way to Vienna he entered his father's house at Münzbach, he found, to his great sorrow, his mother on her death-bed. She who had prayed so much for him and had lived to see her most holy wish fulfilled, since she had seen her son a priest at the altar, was now at the end of her earthly pilgrimage to experience the rare comfort of receiving from the hands of her priestly son the last rites of our holy religion. Soon the dear mother breathed her last, and her dying glance rested upon the son who as priest and representative of the Church recommended her parting soul into the hands of the merciful God. After paying the last tribute of love to her remains, he took sad leave of his dear ones and turned his steps to the capital of Austria, to resume his theological studies. For three years Salzmann remained

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at the Institute of St. Augustine, from February 24, 1843, to January 16, 1846. The ordinary course at the Institute is four years, after which the candidate for the degree of doctor of divinity must pass a rigid examination in the various branches of theology. But Salzmann's rare talents and great application enabled him to pass the examinations after three years. He was fortunate in having exceptional men as teachers. Among them were Jenner, Columbus, and Rudigier, who afterwards became bishop of Linz and one of the stanchest champions of the Church.

To what degree Salzmann lived up to all requirements of his superiors is attested by the laudatory terms that we find preserved in the records of the Institute. Through the kindness of Dr. Franz Laurin, the prefect of studies in the Frintaneum, we are happily in a position to quote the passage from the records. "During this period," the records read, "Salzmann devoted himself most conscientiously to the study of theology. He passed the four rigid examinations in theology with success, and after delivering an excellent inaugural address and coming out of the public disputation with honor, was awarded the doctorate in theology. He preached, besides, many excellent sermons in the churches of Vienna, especially in the church of the Ursuline nuns; and with tireless zeal heard confessions, especially in the parish church of St. Augustine." Dr. Laurin adds that Salzmann is referred to in the records as "a pious, zealous, whole-souled, model priest. May God's blessing remain with out Institute, that many more such priests may go forth from its walls."

When the young priest returned to his diocese, his first charge was that of assistant in the village of Gleink, near the city of Steyr. From a letter kindly sent me by the venerable sister superior of the Salesian nuns in Gleink,

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we see with what great success he labored in his first pastoral charge. He himself, however, was indifferent to the vain praise of the world. "Not those sermons," he was wont to say, "are the best that elicit the praise and admiration of the hearers, but those that send them home in silence and deep thought." He appeared unconscious of the power with which he spoke. He frequently spoke of the great relief he had felt at not breaking down in his first sermon. Only later on did he hear of the admiration which his first effort called forth. A simple citizen of Münzbach declared to him that during that sermon he was "filled with such joy that all his limbs were a tingle and that out of pure joy he came near—boxing his neighbor's ears." Happily he managed to repress his exuberant feelings.

Hard by the village of Gleink, in delightful surroundings, there lies a venerable monastery, founded over seven hundred years ago, and occupied to the close of the eighteenth century by the Benedictine Fathers. After their expulsion, the monastery became the property of the bishops of Linz. Bishop Ziegler in 1832 called thither some sisters of the congregation of St. Francis de Sales and placed the monastery, now turned into an academy for young ladies, in their hands. Since that time the pious sisters have remained in Gleink, devoting themselves to their difficult and holy calling. As the parish church of Gleink serves also as the convent chapel, the good sisters had ample opportunity of listening to Salzmann's animated sermons and learning to know and esteem him. Salzmann in turn always bore the most kindly feeling towards the convent. As late as 1866, when he paid a visit to his old home, he made it a point to visit this scene of his early labors. It was his wish that the convent of Gleink be joined to the Salesianum by the bond of

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constant prayer, as the records still extant show; "in order that," as he says, "the spirit of the patron of both places, St. Francis de Sales, may reign both here and there and inflame the hearts of all children entrusted to our care, to the honor of God and the salvation of many souls."

St. Wolfgang, near Ischl, was also for a short time the field of Salzmann's pastoral labors. Though he spent only a few months here, his name still lives in the memory of the people; and he himself frequently reverted to the happy days spent in St. Wolfgang. He took particular pleasure in recalling the Corpus Christi procession across the romantic lake. The Blessed Sacrament in the hands of the priest is carried in a beautifully decorated boat over the lake. Small skiffs follow in line filled with the devout populace, singing hymns to the praise of Him who here, as of yore on the Lake of Genesareth, passes over the waters dispensing graces and blessings.

From St. Wolfgang the young priest was called in the autumn of 1846 to Ried, the capital of the district of the Inn, to enter upon the newly established benefice of catechist. Here also his efforts were crowned with success. From the very beginning, by his condescending and sympathetic manner, he won the love of the children. The day of first holy communion he kept in the most solemn manner, and his sermons to children and parents on these occasions were so touching that he soon won the hearts of all. If it became known beforehand on what day Dr. Salzmann was to preach, not only the citizens of Ried, among them such as rarely listened to a sermon, but also people from the surrounding country, flocked together and filled the large and beautiful parish church long before the appointed time. A highly respected citizen of Ried, Mr. Michael Hassreidter, whose name we shall frequently

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have occasion to mention, vouches for this. From this period dates Salzmann's acquaintance with the late father of Mr. Hassreidter, an acquaintance that soon ripened into friendship. This sincere and lasting friendship began as follows: Mr. Hassreidter had long cherished the idea of founding an asylum for orphans in Ried. When he heard Salzmann preach so impressively and persuasively on the education of children, he came to the conclusion that he had at last found the man suited to carry out, together with himself, his long cherished plan. He immediately sought an interview with Salzmann and made known his plan. Salzmann was easily won for the noble undertaking. He saw in Mr. Hassreidter a man of deep faith and practical Christian charity. The two men determined to gather the necessary funds by means of a collection in the parish. A sermon by Salzmann explained to the inhabitants of Ried the object of the undertaking, and his words fell on good soil. The collection proved a greater success than the two friends had dared to hope. Even the poor contributed their mite, and many bound themselves to a regular monthly contribution, to further the good work. Thus through the efforts of two men, burning with Christian charity, the asylum was erected. It was placed in charge of five school sisters.

Salzmann, in his letters to Mr. Hassreidter, frequently mentions this first fruit of his blessed labors, and suffered no anniversary of the founding of the asylum to pass by without offering up the holy sacrifice of mass for its prosperity. And in the asylum the names of its founders are not forgotten.

How pure and noble this friendship between Dr. Salzmann and Mr. Hassreidter was, and in what a holy light Salzmann regarded it, is shown by his letters. "Your true friend's heart," he writes, "breathes towards the end

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of your worthy letter the tender anxiety lest I might forget you. Dear friend, never ! not in life and not in death, not this side nor beyond the ocean or the grave ! Our friendship is rooted in God, and took its rise in a sweet and beautiful work of charity. I refer to the orphan asylum, for which I still make my daily memento, and in whose welfare and little feasts and Christmas trees I take the liveliest interest. We may truly apply to our friendship the words addressed by St. Paul to Philemon : ‘Yea, brother, may I enjoy thee in the Lord.’ And such friendship, says Bossuet, is the perfection of love.”

On September 14, 1864, Mr. Hassreidter, after a life filled with works of faith and charity, entered upon his eternal rest. On hearing of the death of his friend, Salzmann wrote to Mr. Michael Hassreidter, to whom we owe a considerable portion of this biography : “I cannot really grieve at the death of your father. I knew him as a noble, pious, patient Christian. His eighty-four years give proof that in his youth he observed the fourth commandment ; his suffering during his last illness, we may assume, cleansed him of all dross of human imperfection and guilt ; and now what a glorious sight ! what union in God ! My love for the dear dead friend grows, for it is purified of everything earthly. That is why I love to commune with the dead.”

Salzmann labored for only nine months in Ried ; but during that short time the zealous priest had gained the affection of the people to such a degree that years of separation were unable to efface it. Years after, a tourist from Wisconsin went to a place of pilgrimage near Ried. A procession of pilgrims from Ried had just entered the church. When their devotions were over, the tourist asked a group of them whether they knew Dr. Salzmann. Hardly had those standing about heard the dear name, when they

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crowded around to hear some news of the dearly beloved priest. And when they were told of the great good that he was doing in America, when they heard that he still remembered his dear people of Ried and wished to be remembered to them all, so great was their joy that many burst into tears.

The children were the darlings of his heart. In association with them he found his sweetest consolation. To keep them on the path of virtue, to save them from the snares of temptation, was his most sacred duty. He allowed no opportunity of giving them pleasure to slip by. One day during Eastertide of 1847, after visiting the different churches with his class of first-communicants, he determined to give them a little treat, consisting of mead and coffee. Mrs. Voglmeyr, whom he jokingly called his mother, was called into requisition to help him carry out his plan. Many stories are told about this feast of the hilarious children. The children were many; the house was small. The little ones placed no restraint on their joyous feelings, and noisy disorder reigned supreme. Even Salzmann declared that the next time a little better management would be necessary.

During his stay in Ried, Salzmann was active in spreading the Leopoldine Society,* the object of which is to support Catholic missions in America.

Thus Dr. Salzmann during his short stay at Ried sowed the good seed in the hearts of the faithful people. A higher call now directed him to another, more distant part of the Lord's vineyard. In his farewell sermon to his dear

*The Leopoldine Society, named after the Empress of Brazil, the Austrian Archduchess Leopoldine, was founded at the suggestion of Bishop Rese of Detroit, who visited Vienna in 1829. Though the funds of this society are derived largely from the poor, it has given great aid to our churches and institutions.

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people he gave expression to this beautiful thought that reveals both his humility and his zeal for the honor of God: "You call me the founder of the orphan asylum. After my departure, do so no longer, for God is its founder. To Him alone be the honor!"

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO AMERICA.

Salzmann had labored scarcely two years in the care of souls; but what he accomplished during this short period foreshadowed his future remarkable success. The love and confidence of his superiors gave promise of a career full of honors; his degree in theology, obtained in the foremost school of the empire, opened up to him the road to high ecclesiastical advancement; and the enthusiastic love with which the people clung to him certainly bound him the more firmly to his native country. But the desire that Providence had planted in the heart of the child and that filled his youthful soul with yearning to leave his home for a distant country, grew stronger in him from day to day. On the one hand he saw an honorable, splendid career, a trusting people that fairly worshiped him; he saw the full enjoyment of that pure happiness that friendship and the consciousness of successful labors offer to a noble soul; on the other hand, there loomed up a life of toil and hardship in a land that he knew merely by name, among a people that knew nothing of his honorable past. But above the protest of human feeling and natural inclination there rang out clearly the voice of the Lord: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kind-

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red, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation in the many priests that thou shalt prepare for the service of the altar." Without hesitation the choice was made; the missionary was ready to devote his life and strength to the service of the Lord in America. The first external impulse towards the carrying out of this plan, long contemplated, Salzmann received from his acquaintance with Father Fabian Bermadinger, O. M. C., in Gmunden, who kept up a correspondence with the American missionary, Rev. Caspar Rehrl,* his classmate.

The Rev. Michael Wisbauer, who made the journey to America with Dr. Salzmann, learned also through Father Fabian that Salzmann was contemplating the same step that he himself intended to take. Father Wisbauer thereupon wrote to Dr. Salzmann. We have before us a letter of Dr. Salzmann to Father Wisbauer, dated Ried, January 12, 1847, in which he congratulates Wisbauer as the third in the party, and states that Father Fabian was moved to tears by a letter received from a brother Capuchin, Father Ambrose of New York, describing the great lack of priests in America. This letter is said to have given the missionary spirit a decided impetus.

Though Salzmann fairly burned with eagerness to follow the longing of his heart, he did not wish to take so important a step without consulting an experienced spiritual guide. Among his advisers was Father John Stöger, S. J., an excellent director of souls, to whom Salzmann disclosed his intention. "On the eve of my first holy mass, at which occasion Salzmann delivered the sermon," writes the Rev. Voglmeyr, "we sat at supper in the

*Rev. Caspar Rehrl was the first priest to come from Upper Austria to the diocese of Milwaukee. He arrived unannounced and unexpected, but very welcome, in the spring of 1845.

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dean's garden in Ried, when Father Stöger arrived, quite unexpected. He seemed to have known of the presence of Salzmann, for immediately after the usual greetings they retired to a room. My friend told me later on that his resolution was definitely formed at that long interview."

Easter, 1847, Salzmann commenced in Ried and the surrounding parishes to preach on the missions and the need of priests in America. He urged the people to contribute liberally towards these missions, and took not merely money, but also vestments, books, pictures, and whatever might be of service in the missions. The success of his sermons was extraordinary. At the time of his departure he had gathered seven thousand florins in cash, about a hundred vestments, many of them worn, and a large supply of linen for the altar. With the permission of his ordinary he resigned his position in Ried, and preached every Sunday and holy day, some days two and three times, wherever he obtained permission. The concourse of the people was remarkable. Everybody wished to hear him. Congregations importuned their pastors to invite the famous preacher.

A short time before this Bishop Henni of Milwaukee, on his way to Rome, had arrived in Linz and given to the Bishop of Linz, the Right Reverend Gregory Thomas, faculties to receive priests into the diocese of Milwaukee.

The longed-for day of departure approached; I say longed-for advisedly. For though Salzmann loved his country, the dear home of his childhood and youth, he gladly heeded the call of that Voice which is superior to the ties of nature, which rends the bonds of relationship, which leads the zealous missionary from the loving embrace of weeping parents to distant, unknown climes. For the last time his sorrowing father endeavored to

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detain his son; he even went down on his knees, to beg the bishop of the diocese to refuse his consent. But the wise bishop, who was himself making a heavy sacrifice, implored and besought him not to interfere where signs of Divine vocation were so evident. And thus the most serious opposition was overcome, and the young missionary obeyed the words of St. Jerome: *Licet in limine pater iaceat, per calcatum perge patrem, siccis oculis ad vexillum crucis evola.**)

“‘He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.’ was in my mind when I left home in the hope of finding amends here in the love of my people.” These words that Salzmann addressed to his beloved congregation, give us an insight into the depth of his heart, and reveal to us the feelings that racked his soul in that bitter hour of parting.

During the fore part of the month of July, Dr. Salzmann took his departure from Ried, the last field of his labors in his native land. A goodly portion of the congregation accompanied him, so that the first part of his journey resembled a procession. The missionaries had agreed to meet in Obernberg on the Inn, the home of the Rev. Wisbauer. The priests and the students of the Salesianum, who on October 17, 1872, attended the celebration of the silver jubilee of Father Wisbauer as pastor of hospitable Burlington, will recall that parting scene between Father Wisbauer and his weeping mother at Obernberg, so graphically described by Dr. Salzmann in his sermon on that occasion. Salzmann endeavored to calm the mother, to wipe away her tears by pointing out to her the high and noble calling of a missionary.

*Though your father lie on the threshold and implore you, keep on your course, and with tearless eye join the ranks of the cross.—*Ep. I ad Heliodorum.*

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In the meanwhile the number of traveling companions had increased. Salzmann had won for the American mission the Rev. Anthony Urbaneck, curate in Maria Lah, and the theologian Matthias Gernbauer. Wherever he went he was overwhelmed by all sorts of persons, who, sometimes not with the noblest motives, wished to accompany him to America; so that he had to use great precaution.

On July 5 Salzmann traveled alone to Passau, to arrange for the transportation of his baggage. He had twenty heavy boxes to take along. His course lay through Bavaria by the renowned shrine at Alt-Oetting, where Father Fabian and the theologian Francis Fusseder joined him. Here, before the gracious image of the Mother of God, Salzmann and his companions wished to implore strength and courage for their laborious undertaking and to obtain for their long journey over sea and land the mighty protection of that Virgin, whom the Church styles "the Star of the sea."

In going from Alt-Oetting to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, they got a glimpse of the famous battlefields of Mühldorf and Hohenlinden. The party now had increased to fifteen. Here they made a contract for passage in an emigrant vessel of Bremen. Dr. Salzmann and Father Fabian, who were to pay for most of their associates, determined to save expense by embarking in a sailing vessel instead of a steamer.

In Munich the missionaries spent a very pleasant time. Twice the whole party were invited to dine with Count Arco-Valey. The renowned canonist, Dr. Phillips, likewise Dr. Sepp, and several other famous men of Munich, were present as guests. It was the time of the unfortunate Lola affair. These noble men expressed their views on this sad affair in unmistakable terms. Almost daily they

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attended the lectures of Dr. Sepp, who regularly made his appearance towards evening at St. Ludwig's, where Father Stumpf and his amiable assistants entertained them in the most hospitable manner. Sunday, July 11, Salzmann sang high mass and preached in the beautiful church of St. Ludwig. On the evening of July 12 he was invited to a meeting of the St. Vincent's Society. The president of this society, the renowned canonist Professor von Moy, and the Counts Seinsheim and Arco, requested him to use his influence for the benefit of the society. They also visited the intellectual giant of the age, Joseph von Goerres, and Dr. Doellinger, who was then at the height of his fame. They were kindly received by the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Morechini, who granted them several privileges, but was unable to grant them the privilege that Salzmann desired above all, that of saying mass on board the vessel.

On July 17, having taken leave of all, our travelers left the capital of Bavaria and went by railroad, which was then built as far as Donauwörth, to Augsburg. Here they remained for some time. Thence they proceeded by rail to Donauwörth; thence to Nürnberg, where they arrived on July 20 and were detained on account of their baggage until the evening of July 21. Thus they had ample time to visit the works of art of this quaint old city on the Pegnitz, that plays so important a role in the history of art and literature.

The evening of July 22 they went by rail along the Main to Kulmbach, and the following morning to Untersteinach. This was the terminus of the railroad; and our missionaries preferred walking to Leugart, a place of pilgrimage, to driving. After saying holy mass, they traveled without interruption by way of Helmbrecht and Schauenstein to Hof. In Leipsic they made a halt. On

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July 26 they resumed their journey by way of Halle, Magdeburg, and Wolfenbüttel to Hannover, where they arrived late in the night. There was as yet no railroad connection between Hannover and Bremen; hence they were compelled to make the long journey in the stage-coach. On the morning of July 28, at 10 o'clock, they reached Bremen. Here they were told that they could not embark on the vessel for which they had contracted, on account of the late arrival of their baggage; and they were accordingly turned over to the American sailor "Rhone," bound for Baltimore. Father Probst, a friendly and genial man, interested himself in their welfare, and obtained board and lodging for them with several Catholic families, so that the time passed by very agreeably. Finally, August 2, their baggage arrived. They were conveyed on a river steamer down the Weser to Bremerhaven, where their vessel was lying at anchor. That very evening they all went on board the "Rhone" and spent the night there.

Salzmann took advantage of this delay to send a detailed description of his journey to his father and sisters, to describe to them his impressions and ask their pardon and say a last farewell, in case the waters of the Atlantic were to be his grave. This letter did not reach the author of these lines; in the recital just given he followed the journals kept by the Rev. M. Wisbauer and the Rev. M. Gernbauer, kindly put at his disposal. For the following narrative we made use of an account begun by Dr. Salzmann himself soon after coming to Milwaukee, in the residence of the bishop, and finished in Germantown, Wis., his first pastoral charge in America. This letter is also directed to his relatives, and depicts in glowing colors the impressions he received on his journey and during his early missionary labors. The letter is dated,

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Milwaukee, October 9-21, 1847. It is a testimonial of the love that the son and brother bore to his dear ones, and a proof that the Catholic missioner, though called from out the family circle by a higher vocation, is not dead to feelings of filial piety and tenderness.

"The first for whom I put pen to paper in this distant land," the letter reads, "art thou, dear, good father; and, next to you, I send greetings to them who, together with me, call you father and honored the same mother in life, and now still more honor her after her glorification. May this prove to you that the son and brother does not forget his relatives when, following a high vocation, he goes to a distant land. I am writing to-day, my second beautiful, mild morning in Milwaukee, in the dwelling of the Right Reverend Bishop, with a calmness of spirit, such as I began to feel only after realizing that all earthly splendor and honors are but as tinsel; with a calmness of spirit, as if I could go to sleep after the day's hard work, though I stand but at the beginning and am yet to put my hand to the plough of this spiritual fallow land; with a calmness of spirit that amply repays me for the hardships of my journey over sea and land."

On the vessel Salzmann and his companions were placed in the steerage. There was but one cabin, the captain's. The space allotted to them was partitioned off from the other passengers by laths. It was a dark hole, lighted up from above by stray rays of light so meagerly, that even at noon they found it impossible to read. One is tempted to exclaim with the poet:

Let him rejoice
That breathes in rosy light!
'Tis fearful down below!

—*Schiller's Taucher.*

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The very first sight of this dark dungeon filled them with anxiety and loathing. But man learns to endure everything. They immediately erected a small altar for their daily devotions. During the week they recited the rosary in common, and on Sundays a short sermon was added. Salzmann had taken along from Ried a small melodeon, which was played at their daily devotions by Father Urbaneck. The few Catholics on the vessel also took part in these devotions. On the whole, however, the steerage passengers were coarse and shameless.

The food was sufficient, but poorly prepared; as there was no cook on board. Two Bavarians, brothers, who probably had never acted in the capacity of cooks, volunteered their services as such. "When at our first meal a dish of half-burnt rice was placed before us," writes Dr. Salzmann, "I thought on tasting the stuff of the prodigal son at the trough, without, however, being able to regret my departure from my father." The hardtack was so hard and black, that Salzmann said he had never seen, much less eaten, blacker bread in Europe. He kept a piece as a souvenir "to lighten," as he said, "any future difficulty of the kind by comparison with it." Through the kindness of Captain Harvey, a noble American, they were permitted several times to have their victuals prepared in his own kitchen. The voyage, which lasted forty-three days, was on the whole a happy one. Nine long days were spent in passing through the Channel. During the first days the companions of Salzmann became seasick. On one of the following nights the vessel struck a sandbank four times; the last time so heavily that all feared it had foundered. They were not far from Calais. The vessel, fortunately, suffered no serious damage. On August 14, the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Vir-

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gin, the outlines of the coast disappeared, and our voyagers waved their last farewell to Europe.

On August 15, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, Dr. Salzmann celebrated the anniversary of his first holy mass. He delivered the sermon on this occasion, on the high sea, in a rolling vessel. The most agreeable memories soothed his fiery spirit; he was carried back on the wings of imagination to Austria's pleasant fields, to the sunny days of his childhood.

But not all days were as calm and peaceful. "Terrible," he writes, "was St. Bartholomew's night. I vividly recalled that night of 1832 when you and I, dear, good sister Mary, hurried home from Rechberg. Money in my pocket; filial love in my heart; but the path through the dark forest lighted up only for a moment by the blinding flashes of lightning. But by far more terrible was that stormy night on the sea; the dishes were thrown together and my heavy trunks were tossed about. And this was but a little storm. On September 9 the sky suddenly became overcast with grayish darkness. The captain himself feared a heavy storm; his words of command through his trumpet were awful. The sailors hastily climbed up the high masts; they had neglected to furl the sails, and the captain was stamping the deck with his wooden shoes in a tremendous manner. It grew dark, and the wind howled and roared. After half an hour the captain suddenly turned to us with an expression of relief and said, 'Fair wind!' The danger was over.

"At last, after much delay, there rose in dim outlines a long strip in the distance; it was the American coast. Everybody took new courage and for the time forgot the trials and hardships of the wearisome voyage. For a long time we sailed up and down the coast, unable to land. Finally, on September 12, the courageous captain, tired of

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sailing about, declared, ‘Now we are going in for the shore, and if we smash the ship.’” Dr. Salzmann informed his companions of the captain’s intention and arranged for a little devotion in common, to thank God for the prosperous termination of the voyage and to implore Him to grant a happy landing. To land was a dangerous undertaking, for the east wind carried the vessel irresistibly towards the shore. Luckily, it was driven between Capes Henry and Charles into Chesapeake Bay. But their destination was not yet reached. Once more the envious sea-god roused the spirits of the deep, to fill the now confident passengers with fear and terror. That very night a storm arose. The pilot expected by the captain had not appeared, and that left the vessel at the mercy of wind and waves.

“The night was dark; almost all had retired; when the awful commands and the fierce stamping of the captain right over our heads aroused us. We prayed in silence and did not realize the greatness of our danger. Only the following morning did we learn of the imminent danger through which we had passed. The storm had driven the ‘Rhone’ with great rapidity out into the bay; and during its most violent stage we passed through a narrow strait, filled with dangerous sandbanks. Great God! how we thanked Thee! We had been hurled back into the open sea. America seemed to spurn us, to cast us adrift. At noon our pilot came on board. If our captain had too much courage, our pilot certainly had too little. On September 14 in the afternoon, after plunging about for two days, our ship reached her former anchorage. The bay was raging. We could not pass the many shallow places by night; so we lay at anchor for four days.”

In the meanwhile our travelers rested their eyes for the first time on the beautiful coast, the green forests, and the

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tasteful villas of the New World. On September 18 we beheld the spires of Baltimore, and after the physicians had declared the health of the passengers to be satisfactory, we slowly moved into the safe harbor. A kind merchant of Baltimore, who had expected the missionaries, met them on board the vessel and conducted them to the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. James' Church, where the kindness of the reception and the good cheer compensated them for the privations endured during the voyage.

"We realized," writes Salzmann, "that the voyage was full of hardship; but our daily devotions helped us to endure them. And our companions bore them the more easily, when they saw us priests sharing in their hard lot. We learned that man grows accustomed even to the hardest lot. Afterwards we realized the more the hardships we had endured when others told us of their comfortable voyage. Our vessel was not intended for passengers. There was but one sailor aboard that spoke German. The captain spoke no German at all, and from his lips I heard English spoken for the first time." Though the captain was a Protestant, he was very accommodating to the priests, and especially to Dr. Salzmann. He granted the missionaries many privileges. Some days he would speak for hours with Dr. Salzmann on religious topics, and seek for instruction concerning many points. As they had no language in common, great patience had to be exercised on both sides. Salzmann exploded all mines; now his Latin, and then his Greek, saved the day. Sometimes, however, the dictionary was the only means of making themselves understood. The captain took such a liking to Dr. Salzmann that on parting he presented him with a valuable purse, which reminded Salzmann of the pleasant hours chatted away with him, as the blackhardtack

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brought back to his memory the hardships of the voyage—hardships that were pleasant in the remembrance and strengthened his trust in Providence. The captain's views on the education of children, the keeping holy of the Sabbath and his abhorrence of work and play on that day, his daily reading of the Bible and his familiarity with the Good Book, his aversion to intoxicating drinks—were considered by Salzmann as beautiful traits in the character of a noble American.

After a long and tedious voyage, Salzmann with his companions at last trod American soil, the land of his future activity. "How we now appreciate," he writes, "the solid earth under our feet, every chair and table that we lacked on board the ship, the first meal in the monastery."

Sunday, September 19, he stood again, after a long lapse of time, at the altar and said holy mass, the first time in the New World. He said the mass, to thank God for granting a successful voyage and to implore blessings upon all his benefactors in his old home. On the same day he preached his first sermon this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Salzmann and Father Fabian, O. M. C., left Baltimore for New York on business. Here they were hospitably and joyfully received by Father Ambrose, O. M. C., whom we had occasion to mention in a preceding chapter. Dr. Salzmann preached his second sermon in the church of his host. Salzmann's first impressions of ecclesiastical conditions in America were not always encouraging. On this trip he noticed the sad results of the trustee system, which embittered, especially at that time, the life of many a priest and bishop, and sowed the germs of discord and mutual hatred in peaceful congregations.

From New York they went by water by way of Albany

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to Buffalo. Gladly would he have stayed, to view the grand Niagara Falls; but his companions had preceded him, and to overtake them, he put off seeing the falls for some other time. On October 3 all of the party met in Detroit, with the exception of Father Urbaneck, who had reached Milwaukee. In Detroit our missionaries were the guests of the late Bishop Lefebre, who entertained them in his usual kind and condescending manner. Salzmann was surprised to see cigars passed around and smoked in the presence of a bishop. They finally boarded a steamer and, after meeting with the customary delays in St. Clair River, and encountering a storm on Lake Huron, at length, on October 8, sighted the western shore of Lake Michigan, and Milwaukee, their destination.

Salzmann had now reached the field of his future labors, that part of the vineyard of the Lord that he was to work and enrich with his inspired word. Long the eye of the youthful priest rested upon the small and insignificant village on the beautiful bay; and then turned southward and followed the shores of the lake, studded with "forest primeval," which in the course of a few years was to give way to the monuments erected by his apostolic zeal.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY LABORS IN AMERICA.

"I am a stranger and sojourner among you; give me the right of a burying place with you," I thought," writes Salzmann, "of these words of Abraham, when I landed on the soil that the Lord assigned to me as the field of my future labors."

As soon as our missionaries arrived in Milwaukee they betook themselves to the little church which served as a cathedral. Next, they entered the poor little board house, the dwelling of John Martin Henni, the first bishop of Milwaukee. The bishop met them at the door, welcomed them most heartily, and invited them to his room. The joy of the bishop, always solicitous for his flock, was great when these young missionaries offered their youthful strength and services to the missions of Wisconsin. In the first joy of his heart, he praised God aloud with hands raised to heaven. Salzmann speaks with emotion of this scene in later years. "There was, indeed, reason for holy joy," writes Bishop Heiss, "at receiving four such priests at once. The two students of theology, the Messrs. Gernbauer and Fussedter, were very welcome and fulfilled all our expectations."

The very first hour sufficed to fill Salzmann with love for his new ordinary. "I could not describe his kind and genial nature in an hour," he writes. "Suffice it that the first hour spent with him compensated me for all the trials of the long journey. We had so many questions to ask

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and answer that days seemed but as hours; the more so since the Right Reverend Bishop showed us about all day long and told us of his plans for the future, especially regarding the welfare of the many Germans in his diocese." The missionaries were surprised at the activity of the bishop. He would walk in advance of them and with ease run up and down the wooded hills of what is now called the West Side. As the dwelling of the bishop was very poor and small, they were provided with lodging in a private house. Salzmann now met the rector of St. Mary's Church and secretary of the Bishop, the Rev. Michael Heiss. This was the beginning of an acquaintance that gradually through mutual worth ripened into intimate friendship, sealed in heaven, strengthened by common sufferings, privations, and struggles. We recognize the working of Divine Providence in the life of these two men who, though differing in endowment and inclination, met in a higher sphere, were joined in a lofty endeavor. But let us not anticipate.

The very first evening the missionaries were assigned their districts. Father Fabian was to join his friend, the Rev. Caspar Rehrl, in Calumet; the Rev. Urbaneck, to go to St. Anthony's parish in "town 8;" the Rev. Wisbauer was appointed pastor of Burlington, where he remained beloved by all to his death in 1890. Dr. Salzmann was placed in charge of the St. Boniface congregation in Germantown, Washington County, twenty miles from Milwaukee. He was to attend, besides, the adjacent parishes of St. Hubertus, St. Augustine, and St. Joseph. Later on, St. James, St. Xavier, and Holy Cross, were added to his list.

Before the missionaries entered upon their appointments they were, at the desire of the bishop, to officiate on the following Sunday in St. Mary's Church, dedicated

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just four weeks before. After vespers, Salzmann, in the presence of the bishop, preached his first sermon in Milwaukee. He spoke on faith; its nature and qualities; and described in animated words the great happiness and the holy peace shed by faith upon those that live according to its precepts. "It was," writes Bishop Heiss, "one of the best sermons I ever heard him preach." After the conclusion of the devotion Bishop Henni advanced to the altar and gave eloquent and touching expression to the joy he felt at the arrival of the zealous priests. "I cannot refrain," he said, "from giving praise to the Father in Heaven for sending such good and zealous priests to my young vineyard." Then he addressed the missionaries themselves: "I am sure that you have carried this wish in your hearts for many years; that it became too strong to be resisted; and that now, having reached your goal, you will find peace and content." "Surely, the bishop," is Salzmann's comment on these words, "had read our hearts; for only a man who, like ourselves, had crossed the wide expanse of the ocean, and who after twenty years of labor in the missions had not abated in his holy zeal, could speak thus." In concluding, the bishop turned to the people and urged them to pray for the missionaries. Tears of joy gleamed in the eyes of many, and the *Te Deum* was sung with great fervor. "Indeed," Salzmann continues in his letter, "we were abashed and cast our eyes down to the ground when we heard the bishop in presence of the faithful express such high expectations in regard to us; but we felt, on the other hand, that we had not thrust ourselves uncalled into the priesthood, that we had come to America at a Divine call."

On October 14, Father Heiss visited the various settlements, to announce to the people the good news that soon they would have a priest in their midst. The joy of these

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poor people, long deprived of spiritual solace, was great and sincere. Towards the end of the week Salzmann left for his post. Father Heiss accompanied him as far as the "Cold Spring House." At that time the forest extended into what is now the heart of the city. Salzmann, seeing nothing but forest all along and only rarely a house, asked how long before they would reach the clearing. And when his companion told him that he would find no change as far up as Fond du Lac and Green Bay, the outlook did not please him. He had expected something vastly different. On the whole, Salzmann for a long time did not take to the region, and he frequently spoke of its dreariness. The rough and almost impassable roads in particular disgusted him, being used to the beautiful and well-kept roads that intersect Austria in all directions. In spite of this, his determination to remain a missionary in Wisconsin was unshaken. "Thousands of Germans," he says in a letter to his friend Hassreidter, "would go back to Europe if the ocean were to freeze over. I am not kept here by the ocean, but by conscience, and who can oppose the voice of God? I thank God daily for calling me to this life of sacrifice. . . . But, friends, understand me aright. I am not seeking sympathy; I am happy, though not boisterously so, in the certainty of my vocation. Pray for your faithful, distant, and perhaps truest friend."

The reception of the new pastor was simple, but hearty and touching. The whole congregation came in procession to meet him. Let us listen to the description given by the young missionary himself: "They brought me to a pretty little house. 'That is the church,' they said. We entered and prayed; and I in my traveling clothes spoke a few words of greeting and dismissed the good people with my blessing. And now I am living in the backwoods.

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of America, which are not at all the woods I had pictured to myself. The log church measures $12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ paces. Trunks of trees with the bark still on, laid one above another, and roughly plastered, form a log house. My church is so low that I am in danger of touching the roof with the chalice during elevation.*

"The altar consists of a few timbers stuck into the wall, across which two boards are laid; the tabernacle is a little blue box, standing entirely free and bare; the little crucifix on the altar is of glass, of the kind that is frequently found with the peasants of Austria.

"The confessional is a rough, unpainted box; the pews are old boards nailed to the trunks of trees, still covered with the bark. . . . The sacristy is built fast to the church. It contains a table, an empty book case, an old red vestment (they are ashamed to show the other one), two surplices—and that is all. No monstrance, no ciborium, no censer. An ancient biretta decorates the bare walls. This makes me long the more for my vestments and church ornaments, which are on their way to Milwaukee and expected with the greatest eagerness. Sunday, October 17, I said early mass and preached in the adjoining parish of St. Hubertus. Here I found matters in the line of vestments and church articles in a somewhat better condition. There are no clocks or bells in the towers. People sometimes walk to Milwaukee and are there frequently moved to tears on hearing a bell. But, thanks to the Lord! the people themselves are of good will. At present I am going the rounds of the parish on a begging tour for the church. My accommodations consist of a room next to the sacristy; it is poor and small, but near the Blessed Sacrament; and so I am in a position to

*Father Heiss had, with great difficulty, only two years previous to the arrival of Dr. Salzmann, succeeded in putting up this log church.

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lay all my cares at the feet of our dear Lord. The congregation wants a larger church and the bishop sent me here to build one. We intend to haul stones and lumber during the winter and commence to build in spring."

The letter, after greetings to a long list of friends and former parishioners in Ried, closes with these affectionate words: "And now, father and sisters and you, Henry, let us live a pious life, in order to gain Heaven, that we may there meet again in true love, if it should please God to keep us separated here below. Live with pure hearts before God and his blessed Mother; pray for me, as I daily pray for you all. Your grateful son and brother,

"JOSEPH SALZMANN,

"Missionary in America."

By his very first sermon Salzmann won the hearts of his people. "The Lord's greeting to you!" were his first words. "God's greeting in a new land! You left your German homes before me; and I stand here as a late arrival. You came here to improve your material condition; I came here not to till the soil, but to work in the vineyard of the Lord. You seek bread for the body; I offer you food for your souls; I will be your priest, and you will be my people. This be our covenant, a holy covenant with holy conditions on either side. We make this covenant here before God, who is present here in the tabernacle. You have entrusted to me the keys of your church; I with anointed hands bring to you the keys of Heaven. Hitherto you might say, 'We have no priest, we cannot attend to our duties towards the church.' But now the news flashes through the forest: The shepherd is here, come from a great distance. What has attracted him? The beauty of the land? No; for my home is more beautiful. The fertility of the soil? No; for the people of

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my country would have bounteously provided for all my needs. Ambition for honors? or love of comfort? You will not accuse me of any such motive. Or did they drive me out of Austria; or did I leave my country in disgust? Oh, no! I left my father and hundreds of dear friends. But what was my motive in coming? It was the thirst for souls, many of whom would probably have been lost without a priest and without the sacraments."

In his first sermon Salzmann told his parishioners that he desired above all two things, a school for the children of the parish, and a larger and more suitable church. The school was commenced immediately, and opened in the following year. Dr. Salzmann was convinced that the Church cannot live up to her mission, without devoting herself to the education of the children, and that a priest without a school can have but little success in his parish. He was fortunate in obtaining the services of a competent teacher in Mr. Michael Bodden, who afterwards followed him to Milwaukee.

In the course of the following year a third room, jokingly called by Salzmann the "seminary," was added to the parsonage, in which the two students of theology, Gernbauer and Fusseder, were prepared by the pastor for holy orders. A third student, Mr. Peter Deberge, was added to the number in 1848.

There was, of course, no possibility of regular class-work, as the time of the pastor-professor was taken up with his various and arduous parochial duties. The old board house, now used for other purposes, is still standing near the new church. Several years ago I spent some time in Germantown and discovered in the former abode of learning a pair of munching ruminants contentedly chewing their cud.

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As Salzmann was frequently absent on his missions, it occasionally happened that his duties at home were supplied, as well as might be, by the students. Thus, one time at a funeral, the good people prevailed upon one of the students in cassock and surplice to accompany the corpse from the church to the graveyard. Just after the student at the altar had commenced reciting some prayers for the dead, Salzmann appeared in the door and raised his hands in amazement at the sudden promotion of his scholar.

Salzmann's missionary journeys were made on horseback. He had a little Indian pony that by its balkiness caused him no end of worry. After some time Salzmann received an assistant in the person of the Rev. Kendeler, and thus was relieved of a part of his labors.

He had very much at heart the founding of a library for young people. To this end he brought many personal sacrifices and appealed to several of his friends in Europe for aid.

During his pastorate in Germantown, his acquaintance with Father Heiss had grown into a sincere friendship. "In the beginning of December, 1847," Heiss writes, "I had to make a trip to 'town 10' on the Fond du Lac road. My way lay by the church of 'town 9' (Germantown), and thus I had an opportunity of visiting Dr. Salzmann. Here I was a witness to the poor circumstances in which Salzmann lived. Nevertheless, I found him in the most genial humor, and we spent a happy evening together. Our friendship had become so intimate that when we heard of each other, or met, we felt happy. For me it was always a happy day when Salzmann came to town." Salzmann was always ready to assist his friend in his many and arduous pastoral duties; hence the people of St. Mary's congregation had many an opportunity of

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admiring the fervid zeal and listening to the inspiring words of Salzmann.

While the zealous missionary, far from the disturbing bustle of the world, lived only for his duties, the turbulent days of 1848 drew near. Shortly after the feast of the Epiphany, Bishop Henni left for Europe, leaving the administration of his diocese in the hands of Fathers Heiss and Kundig. Soon the news of the revolution in France and Austria arrived. As a most patriotic son of his native country, Salzmann took the liveliest interest in the affairs of the house of Hapsburg. With sorrow and regret he learned of the sad doings in the capital of Austria. His somewhat extreme views in these matters were frequently opposed by his fellow-priests, and many an earnest, though friendly, discussion ensued. It was in particular Salzmann's enthusiastic espousal of the divine right of kings that called forth many a warm debate.

On a pleasant summer day of the year 1848, the two friends, Heiss and Salzmann, took occasion to visit Father Wisbauer in Burlington. It was a joyful surprise for the faithful friend who was living in comparative comfort, and who received his dear guests with his accustomed hospitality. The two friends spent a day and a half with him. In pleasant chats and sweet recollection of the days of their youth, they forgot for the time the trials and cares of missionary life.

In the fall of the same year Father Urbaneck, in charge of St. Anthony's parish in Fussville, had some trouble with an obstinate member of his flock. Dr. Salzmann walked to Milwaukee, to settle the matter with the aid of his friend Father Heiss. From here the two friends walked to Fussville, but did not entirely succeed in restoring amicable relations. In consequence, Father Urbaneck was removed, and appointed assistant pastor of St. Mary's

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congregation in Milwaukee. After the return of the bishop from Europe, on Pentecost Sunday, 1849, the affair of Father Urbaneck was adjusted, and he was reinstated in his former parish. In accordance with a promise made by Bishop Henni before leaving for Europe, Salzmann was now transferred to St. Mary's congregation, Milwaukee, while the Rev. Joseph Sadler, an Austrian, who had come to the diocese about Easter of that year, was appointed rector of St. Boniface congregation in Germantown.

CHAPTER V.

SALZMANN AS RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, MILWAUKEE.

As assistant of Father Heiss at St. Mary's, Milwaukee, Salzmann entered upon a new field of priestly labors. Employed hitherto in the solitude of the forests of Germantown, far from the "maddening throng" of the world, among the hewers of the forest and tillers of the soil, he was now to turn to account his exceptional talents and great eloquence in the center of ecclesiastical life of Wisconsin. With quiet joy Bishop Heiss dwells on those days spent together with Salzmann. "Our association was such," he writes, "that even now I love to recall those days, the pleasantest of my life. Salzmann took special interest in the school, which under his watchful eye rapidly improved. His sermons pleased; and he preached 'in season and out of season,' so that we were blessed with almost too many sermons. On the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, we introduced the confraternity

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of the Sacred Heart of Mary, on which occasion Salzmann preached a touching sermon.* Our income was small. We had no fixed salary, but eked out a living from the Sunday collections and occasional offerings. We had a very simple system of managing our income. Whatever we received we put into a common fund; whatever we expended, was taken from this fund, and at the close of the month we divided equally what remained. Thus we agreed very well." There were debts on the church property, and the pew rent was too low to meet them. Most of the people were poor and had scarcely the necessities of life; so that, according to Salzmann, they divided their substance between God and their families, that is, between the church and their children.

Unfortunately the health of the rector, Father Heiss, was poor. A disorder of the spleen and liver had developed and grown so serious that a trip to Europe was decided on, to restore his impaired health. He wished likewise to visit his aged parents in Bavaria. Shortly after Easter of 1850 he made his preparations. He resigned his position as rector of St. Mary's unconditionally. The bishop thereupon appointed Dr. Salzmann rector of St. Mary's. The new rector requested the bishop to entrust the congregation of the Holy Trinity, which was just forming and for which he had been collecting, to some other priest. The bishop acceded to this request on condition that Salzmann continue to use his influence towards the completion of the new church. Father Fabian Bermadinger, Salzmann's companion on the journey over in 1847, was appointed assistant at St. Mary's. Owing to ill

*Salzmann himself mentions this sermon in a letter to his friend Michael Hassreiter: "I opened the celebration with a feeling of rare excitement and hopefulness. I seemed, so they said, to be about to fling myself from the pulpit."

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health, however, he remained only a short time. In the fore part of June, 1850, Father Heiss said farewell to his former parishioners, and, accompanied by their blessings and wellwishes, set out on his journey to his old home. He remained abroad two years, and then in October, 1852, returned to Milwaukee.

Salzmann soon found that in Milwaukee he was placed on the field of battle, and that he had to gird himself and put on his armor, to defend the truths of our faith and the holy character of his priestly order against the attacks of falsehood and calumny. The revolutionary year 1848 had brought to Milwaukee a body of men that had fled from justice in Europe and sought a refuge and home on the free soil of America. These men, while proclaiming themselves the champions of oppressed peoples, endeavored to restrict the liberty of others, and attacked the religious convictions of their fellow-citizens with the weapons of ridicule and vileness. This brood of falsehood and lies exemplified in their case that the most dangerous enemies of liberty are the loudest in their mouthings for liberty. Their rancor against everything Catholic was naturally directed in a special manner against the zealous rector of St. Mary's, who had begun successfully to frustrate their dark plans. The *Flugblaetter* (loose papers), published by V. Naprstek, a Bohemian, and called by the people *Fluchblaetter* (cursing papers), were the most shameless of the many publications of this time. Ridicule and calumny seemed to be the only weapons of this individual. His cynical mockery was turned not only against persons, but also against the doctrines and mysteries of faith. Holy Writ was characterized as a text-book of immorality and a mine of lies. Dr. Salzmann was attacked in almost every issue. His sermons were listened to, then garbled and distorted and made the

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butt of the vilest attacks and the coarsest ridicule. Salzmann was not slow to answer these filthy mud-slingers. He held up to the gaze of all the lies of his opponents, and ably defended the doctrines of faith against their vile attacks. But only too frequently these vulgar men entered a field into which no honorable man could follow without bringing discredit upon himself and sullying the spotless armor of truth in the filth of the gutter.

Several years ago a few copies of these *Flugblaetter* came to the hands of the author. A glance at them sufficed to show what Salzmann meant when he stated in church: "We know these foul sources, but we cannot wallow in their slime."

Only one more example, to show to what means these "friends of liberty" stooped in attacking Salzmann. The caricaturist of the *Flugblaetter* one day came to St. Mary's parsonage and wished to speak to Dr. Salzmann. When brought face to face with Salzmann, he played the role of a penitent sinner and professed that he had long since intended to give up his disgusting occupation, but he had known of no other way to make a living. Salzmann, suspecting nothing, took pity on "the poor man" and consulted with Father Heiss, to find ways and means of securing some satisfactory employment for him. The next number of the *Flugblaetter* detailed a garbled version of the conversation of the two fathers, seasoned with piquant additions and vulgar lies.

By this constant baiting and harassing of the Catholic clergy, matters had been brought to such a pass in Milwaukee that a priest could not appear on the street without exposing himself to indignities and insults. One time when Dr. Salzmann was driving to the depot, he met a group of radicals, as the "friends of liberty" were called, who, on seeing him, stopped to vent their spleen on him.

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"Doctor," one of them cried, "Christ did not drive in a carriage, but rode on an ass!" "I know," Salzmann retorted, "but what can I do? There are no more asses on the market; they have all become 'radicals.'" Everybody laughed at this retort, even the "radicals."

On another occasion Salzmann, with Father Max Gärtner of Sauk City, was passing through the streets of Milwaukee, when they saw a number of men of the stamp just described, standing in front of a saloon, about to block the walk against them. Dr. Salzmann thought it prudent to avoid the gang; but his pugnacious companion could not be induced to turn aside. He advanced boldly, and when he saw that the gang really intended to prevent them from passing on, he seized the boldest and hurled him yelling into the road. This, naturally, brought the passers-by to a standstill, and everybody regarded the sturdy Tyrolese Father with surprise. The priest, however, stood his ground with fierce mien and sent this parting volley at his prostrate foe: "No street loafer has a right to block the walks on an American citizen; if he does, he will be thrown into the gutter, where he belongs." Attracted by the noise, the saloonkeeper appeared at his door and, after looking the priest over, declared: "There is no fooling with a backwoodsman of that kind; he knows how to take care of himself."

Dr. Salzmann disapproved of this strenuous act of self-help on the part of his friend; but the latter would not yield to arguments, and stuck to his saying that you cannot browbeat a Tyrolese.

Salzmann was treated also to a *Katzenmusik* (charrivari); but this experiment did not disturb his slumbers. Being blessed with a sound sleep after the laborious tasks of the day, he slept on through all the racket that was perpetrated in front of the parsonage, so that only on the

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following day did he hear of this serenade gotten up for his special benefit.

More than at the insults offered him personally, Salzmann grieved over the fact that now and then such as called themselves Catholics, some of them young men, were drawn into this maelstrom of corruption. Unfortunately the Catholics had no organ of their own in which to combat the attacks of the "freethinkers." In 1851, he succeeded in founding a Catholic paper, *The Seebote*. In the beginning it was a weekly; but because the two German dailies, the *Banner* and especially the *Volksfreund*, published by an Austrian political refugee, indulged in constant tirades against the Church, it was thought best to issue it daily.

At that time this was attempting too much. After Father Heiss returned from Bavaria, he was chosen president of the board of directors of the *Seebote*. He soon noticed, however, that the paper was too heavily indebted to continue. Therefore, in a meeting of the shareholders it was decided to sell it to a person or persons who would agree to keep it up in the same spirit in which it had begun. Thus the *Seebote* passed into the hands of Dr. Salzmann and Mr. A. Greulich. After two years Dr. Salzmann sold his share to Mr. A. Greulich, who later on sold the entire stock to Mr. P. V. Deuster.* For a long time the *Seebote* had to contend with the anti-Catholic papers of Milwaukee. It fought the good fight under the able management of its first two editors, Mr. Amand de St. Vincent and Dr. Felsecker, with courage and ability; and resolutely met the assaults on the doctrines of the Church. Dr. Salzmann, notwithstanding his many arduous duties, wrote several articles for the

*The Milwaukee *Herold* is the successor of the *Seebote*

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paper, among others a long essay on the history of the creation.

A vivid picture of those turbulent times in Milwaukee is given by Salzmann in a letter, written in the midst of the turmoil, to his friend Hassreidter. We shall give a few extracts. The letter was written a short time after his return from New York, whither he had gone to conduct the father and the little sister of Father Gernbauer to Milwaukee.

"The journey has done me good. In New York, one thousand miles nearer my old home, I, standing at the altar, extended my hands; the one towards the East, towards you; the other towards the West, to those entrusted to me, my peaceful, restless home—but it can never, never, be a home to me. . . . Remarkable! A real homesickness for Milwaukee has seized upon me in the last two days of my trip of only twenty days; and although I did not arrive here until Sunday morning, I gladly ascended the pulpit. Milwaukee is, after all, the dearest place to me in this new land.

"Scarcely two weeks later the open hostility of unbelief began to show itself, never to rest. For since the revolution of 1848, that washed the dregs of Europe to our shores, brought all the trash of Hungary, Vienna and Bohemia, whatever escaped Windishgrätz,* into our midst; since 1848, I say, conditions have changed. What this band of darkness could not accomplish in Europe on account of the superior police surveillance and discord in their own ranks, they are accomplishing in America. Here they find a republic already formed, though far different from the one of which they had dreamed. The American, born and reared in the republic, listens quietly

*Austrian prison.

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to these ranters and then passes on, despising them. Hurrahs welcome these demagogues on their landing in New York, but with the last echo of the greeting their glory dies away. But now the crows, fugitives from Germany, gather around their leader, wash and deck them in the slimy colors of the local scurrilous papers, and then scolding go the rounds of the saloons. By such conduct the Germans justly lose in the estimation of the Americans; indeed, they are even now planning to check these unruly heads as dangerous to the state. And in religious matters! whoever wishes to see liberty of the press turned into license, need but to read the local papers. Fortunately most of them carry on so violently against God and altar that they shoot beyond the mark. Only the most corrupt men pay any attention to their mouthings, and not a good man is led astray, no worthy man believes them. Infidelity is actually being systematically propagated; agents are sent out to cities where victims are expected. Thus, last fall the publisher of the notorious *Fackel* of Cincinnati came among us and delivered lectures. The first lecture he delivered for the workingmen's societies, to gain the socialistic element in the lower classes; the second, on the Christian Church, which I attended, to see to what degree corruption had developed. I had great difficulty in sitting through the two hours, while he called in question the existence of God, endeavored to do away with Christ, ridiculed the Holy Ghost, spoke sneeringly of the blessed Mother of God, and with impartial ferocity denounced the tyranny of Rome and the stupidity of Lutheranism. All possible evils were attributed to priests. It was disheartening to hear the applause that greeted his remarks. Many in the audience threw scornful glances at me; these were mostly fallen away Catholics. A few brave men feared for my safety, when they saw some of

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the Jews edging towards me, and at the close escorted me home without further insult. Two days later this apostle of infidelity, Samuel Ludvigh, announced in the papers that he challenged the Christian priests and preachers to a friendly debate on the questions of the existence of God and the revelation.

"The hall was crowded; Catholics and Lutherans expected me to appear, even called for me in the hall. But who, I ask, would sully himself by contact with such a purveyor of filth? Who could stoop to such arguments as he used? But as many thought him in the right, because I had not appeared against him, I announced from the pulpit that I would during the Sunday evenings of Advent deliver lectures on the subjects impugned by Ludvigh. The crowd was immense. Pious souls trembled and prayed for me. I delivered my first lecture on the existence of God, and made use of the opportunity to render my opponents ridiculous. It was surely not contrary to the sacred character of the church that my audience several times broke forth into a hearty laugh. It was a solemn moment, indeed, when at the close of my remarks I exclaimed: 'Great God we praise thee!' and the organist, without orders from me, intoned the *Te Deum laudamus*, and the audience joined in singing the grand old anthem with mighty good will. That evening was one of the sweetest of my whole life. The next morning I was ill as a result of the excitement. I delivered other lectures on revelation, Moses, Christ, and the immortality of the soul, each, as it happened, lasting about two hours,—as long as those of my opponent, to convince the people how infinitely, how divinely stable are these fundamental truths and everything resting upon them. Since that time I have been in the bad books of the 'radicals,' who are no longer able to lay claim to science as

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their ally; and Milwaukee, considering its size, has more than its share of these fanatics.

"The first blow I received from them was at the close of the jubilee, which produced extraordinary results in our parish. They spread a terrible calumny, calculated to crush in me both the priest and the man. The strange feature about it was that within six hours it had spread over the five quarters of Milwaukee, just as Nero simultaneously set fire to Rome on four sides. It was evidently a preconcerted plan of the whole body of 'radicals.' That very evening, Friday, it was reported to me. Saturday I was indisposed. We had to hear confessions till eleven o'clock in the night, and after that I experienced sweetest peace. The day following, I had to ascend the pulpit before a crowded audience, in presence of five priests who had come to assist, and of the Right Reverend Bishop, who usually on such occasions delivers a short address at the close of the service. This time he took occasion to praise me. The people had expected that in the course of my sermon I would defend myself against the unmentionable charges laid at my door, but I disdained to refer to them in any manner. The calumnies were refuted by the contradictory statements of my enemies. No Protestant paid any attention to them; only a few fallen away Catholics were pleased. Soon after this the 'radicals' got hold of my article on Ludvigh, which I had written for the *Wahrheitsfreund*, and sent it to him. He then published the article with base comments in his notorious *Fackel*, though he was unable to refute my reasoning. In this way my enemy was the first to read my article on him, and then sent me and the inhabitants of Milwaukee his effusions in his vile sheet.

"Finally, a fellow from here whom I know and could place in prison, and would, if that would do him the least

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bit of good, published a letter alleged to have been written by me. I do not wish to go into details. It was so ridiculous that the two local dailies, though anti-Catholic, refused to publish it. He displayed the letter on his bulletin board, and kept it there for weeks, so that all that ran might read. Thus was I set in the pillory.

"By such conduct my opponents overreached themselves. I remained quiet; spoke only once from the pulpit concerning their doings and purposes. Had I time, I would send you a copy of that sermon, in order to show you that we also enjoy liberty of speech. The more readily would I do this, dear friend, since you have already published two of my sermons, though they had been subjected to no polishing and were not intended for publication.

"During all these trials the Catholic population was confirmed in its faith—which persecution strengthens—and showed me the most striking proofs of devoted and respectful love.

"Soon after this there appeared on the scene a certain Leahey, who styled himself an ex-Trappist, and published the most obscene alleged secrets of the confessional. Women were not admitted to his lectures. The third and last time he lectured, he appeared, as had been announced on the posters, in the white habit of the Trappists. At his first lecture, in a Methodist church, the Irish, whose countryman he claimed to be, provoked by a Protestant who drew a pistol, broke many chairs and dispersed the meeting. The ex-monk himself crawled under the pulpit, and crouching there drew a pistol which he always carried with him concealed under his clothes, and trembling and groaning cried for a priest to save him. Once in Detroit on a similar occasion the bishop and a priest led him, their defamer, unharmed through

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the menacing crowd. The next morning, Monday, there was unheard of excitement. Liberty of speech, the sacred palladium of the Americans, had been violated. This offered a welcome opportunity of denouncing the Catholics. Though the people despised the ex-monk, they offered him the protection of the law. On the other hand, there was great excitement among the Irish Catholics. Leahy spoke in English and, therefore, we Germans were not immediately concerned. The Irish gathered in groups, and only by force and the influence of their priests could they be induced to disperse.

"The Irish priests by means of handbills spread broadcast over the city, forbade their people to assemble. By means of the churchbell and the school-children I called the German people together and told them to hold themselves aloof. From the surrounding country the Irish came flocking in under arms. On this day the city was more crowded than on the Fourth of July, the great holiday of the Americans, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Leahy did not dare to lecture, however; but on the following day he was induced to do so, in order to prove to him that he was free to speak. He could not secure the largest hall, as the owner feared that the whole building might be destroyed. The lecture was delivered without interruption; there were more policemen in front and around the building than auditors inside.

"Though the priests had done their utmost to quiet the people and the English papers praised them for their noble efforts, the German papers not being so honorable, the 'radicals' endeavored to place all the blame for the rioting upon the priests. Their threats to assault the priests were now made so frequently that for two weeks four men unsolicited kept guard over my house and every-

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body warned me not to attend sick-calls by night unaccompanied. It was strange that one time two men, whom I did not know, came at one o'clock in the morning to call me to baptize a child. They were so ignorant and vulgar in their behavior that I told them to administer private baptism and call again in the morning. But nobody called; and before I had related this occurrence to anyone, my people mentioned it to me. They, however, referred to three men, who had been overheard speaking of a sick-call. Probably these men later on learned that we are not obliged to leave the house by night to baptize a child. Others were more concerned for my welfare than I." These extracts from the letter need no comment.

But as all attacks on holy Church, so this American *Cultur-Kampf*, after a few more impotent eruptions, died away; while the eternally sprouting tree of Catholicity, *occulto velut arbor aero* (like a tree of unknown age)* is ever striking its roots deeper and spreading its branches wider.

Gradually the leaders of this movement against the Church disappeared from the stage,† and while the union of "free men," after a short-lived period of decrepitude was at last dissolved, the majestic cross, the symbol of victory and redemption, was raised in the center of the city, high above the sea of surrounding houses.

For some time longer, religious fanaticism continued to roll its turbid waves against the bark of Peter; but we do not wish to soil these pages, dedicated to the memory of a noble man, any further by recording the names of men, who in the time of religious terrorism and fanatical

**Horace, Odes, I, 12.*

†F. Fratny, the editor of the *Volksfreund*, died after long suffering, April 5, 1856, and Votja Naprstek returned to his home in Bohemia.

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hatred, under the guise of liberty dragged liberty into the dust and dishonored the German name. Let us thank God that those storms are over, that we live in a time when such attacks provoke merely a smile of contempt. Let us hope for the honor of Milwaukee that those days have passed away, never to return.

This is only one phase of the many-sided activity of Salzmann. The pastor above all belongs to his people. While with the one hand he wields the sword to repel the attacks on truth, with the other he must be active in building up the spiritual temple of the flock entrusted to his care. And in this latter work also Salzmann was indefatigable. He sought, above all, in his sermons to arouse in his people love and enthusiasm for their holy faith. These sermons are still remembered by his people, and many of his former parishioners spoke to me of the extraordinary results produced by them. He was always eager to have solemn service, in order that sacred service might be conducted in a manner befitting its lofty character. Even when engaged in collecting in the eastern states, he left directions for the priest in charge during his absence regarding the manner services were to be conducted on the high feasts, so that nothing might be neglected that seemed appropriate to their worthy celebration. He took special pains to celebrate with all possible solemnity the day of first holy communion, in order to make a lifelong impression of this beautiful day on the hearts of the children. Father Maximilian Gärtner, who was present at one of these celebrations, often spoke in terms of deep feeling of the touching solemnity. "Before the main altar was placed the baptismal font, decorated with flowers. Here the first communicants renewed their baptismal vows. Before and after this ceremony, Salzmann addressed to the children words of faith and

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love that moved the hearts of all present. The great devotion of the children, the unbroken silence of the faithful, the stirring hymns of the choir, and, at the close, the mighty strains of the *Te Deum*, lent a dignity and solemnity to the occasion such as is not found at the coronation of an earthly sovereign. Dr. Salzmann was happy."

Such joys as these during this period of combat filled Salzmann's heart with sweet consolation. These were the roses strewn on the thorny pathway of his life. For, as Jean Paul remarks with so much truth, it is characteristic of noble souls to be pursued by sorrows, as mountains attract storms. But on them the storms spend their violence, and thus the plains are saved.

Salzmann loved his congregation; his whole heart clung to his people. But where is the congregation in which all members are good, in which tares are not mixed with the wheat? Where is the pastor that has not to contend with difficulties and ill success, that does not sow "in tears?" Though American Catholics in many respects excel the Catholics of other lands; though their generosity toward churches and schools forms a luminous example for other nations; still we must not close our eyes to their faults. The religious confusion of the land, constant intercourse with sectarians and declared atheists—though on the one hand this may serve as a spur to a faithful Catholic and strengthen his religious conviction—on the whole must work for evil and lead many a weak man astray. The icy blast of religious indifferentism only too surely chills the ardor of faith and produces an equalization of temperature between the children of the world and the children of light. This will take place the sooner, if the Catholic is not thoroughly educated and thus armed against all attacks on his faith. These remarks we thought necessary to premise for a proper understanding of the follow-

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ing letter of Salzmann, addressed to his old friend Michael Hassreidter. In this letter he voices a deepfelt grief of his heart, likewise the consolation springing from faith. The letter is written during the time of his first labors in St. Mary's parish and is dated, Milwaukee, October 9, 1849.

It reads as follows:

"Dear Faithful Friend and Brother: In truth, I do not understand how I kept from writing to you for so long a time. The dear friends among whom my thoughts abide so frequently; the dear ones into whose midst I am so often transported by happy dreams; whose names are constantly on my lips; the memory of whom can never be effaced by new ties formed even here in much-loved Milwaukee; the faithful friends who by letters and presents and mementos speak to their distant friend; indeed I frankly accuse myself of my negligence towards them, and hope to find by this *confiteor* the means of gathering up the scattered threads of the bond of friendship between David and Jonathan. To-day I am going to the children of my school; hence this letter. . . . Accept my heartfelt thanks for the beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A thousand thanks to Mr. R., and many, many greetings to the dear children that sent me the ribbons and little crucifixes. To them all, my priestly blessing and thanks. Now let me return to America. Oh! how frequently and gladly do I recall the old Ried, and with what yearning the new Ried (Germantown) that I left a short time since. Much has changed. Much has grown better; but the whole is not changed for the better. . . . They do not seem willing to entrust to us the young generation upon whom I build my hopes. Attendance at school and interest in educational matters is far from

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being what I desire. . . . My visit to the school children is my favorite one.

"My dear friend, instead of riding in the forest over stumps and stones, I am now living in beautiful Milwaukee—I almost feel a prick of conscience—in a little parsonage built hard by the rotunda of the sanctuary of the spacious and beautiful St. Mary's church; with a model pastor whose learning and piety and sobriety of judgment, coolness and earnestness, so necessary to a missionary, make me already regret our future separation. There are no secrets between us. He has spent some seven years in this country and is the secretary of the bishop. I have been ordered to build a still larger church than St. Mary's and appointed rector of the new congregation.* I shall, as soon as convenient, send you a copy of the plan of the new church. It is to be one hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-six feet wide, and thirty-four feet high. The steeple will rise to a height of one hundred and thirty-six feet. It will be in the Byzantine style.

"Since churches are rising on all sides and the city is thriving, even the lukewarm Catholics and the irreligious take an interest in their erection; for speculation is the God of the country. As, a few years since, the King of Saxony introduced himself to some students that were out botanizing with the words: 'I am a botanist and incidentally the King of Saxony'; so many here might say: 'My business is this and that, and, incidentally, I also pay a little attention to religion.' Hence the many violations of the sanctity of the Sunday. It is true that owing to the very strict law and the presence of many 'Yankees' few excesses occur; but many neglect to attend mass for

*Holy Trinity's.

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months, and even for years. Some come to listen to a sermon, and then leave to mock the ceremonies of holy mass; and these consider themselves enlightened. My dear friend, I stood at the grave of my mother, where my father and sisters were weeping bitterly, and sang the *Libera*; but I could not weep. And when I said farewell to her blessed ashes and to my father, who was heart-broken, my heart remained whole. I shed not a tear until I arrived in Passau; and there all alone in the cathedral, during the ringing of the Angelus, I wept. Here I have wept repeatedly at the altar; on the pulpit, when my full heart lacked words to depict these strange, cold hearts. They do not understand us. Many pray and then rest content like the Pharisee in the temple. I have often attempted to ingraft a tender bud, a nobler scion, on a wild tree of the forest; but nature and hot-house both proved unavailing. *Hinc illae lacrymae*, hence the woe of my heart. This is my chronic complaint, grown incurable in this country. In many an hour of meditation I grow fearful for this half of the globe that is turned so entirely towards the earth, scarcely capable of a look on high, of an elevating thought. As expert in mechanical devices and speculation, as the ancients in art and grand structures, they are in religious matters partly ignorant and indifferent, partly hostile and fanatical. They do not feel the blessings of our holy religion, wherefore I make it a point to preach on the doctrines of our holy faith. It is consoling, however, that they make no complaint against the hour and a quarter that I preach. We enjoy liberty of speech; and whatever is accomplished, we accomplish by the blessing of God through this. It is edifying, indeed, when the Church, the fair bride of the purple Bridegroom, the Heaven-born daughter of the eternal Father, snaps asunder the bonds of the state, no

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longer wears the livery of an earthly potentate; when she, the youthful goddess, served by the virginal priests of Vesta, poor with her priests, but enriching the world that will hearken to her voice, when she laughs to scorn the storms from without, and weeps only over the estranged hearts of her children. Yes, friend, here we may speak out just what we feel and think; and because with most people the priest is valued merely at his own showing he must in many regards stand like Saul, head and shoulders above the rest of Israel; he must, in truth, be a leader, by his virtues and learning surpass his surroundings. Who would have dreamt of this at our parting? Contact with the many abuses here has led astray many a priest. If you could but see the behavior in church, the many lounging about outside the windows, the many chewers of tobacco inside. Parents wait from three months to a year before having their children baptized, at least eight days (they have no time during the week!). There are many hasty and mixed marriages. Recently a Catholic girl asked me whether she might marry a Jew! Many marriages are contracted before a squire. Great and inevitable difficulties are bound to arise from such lax marital conditions and the irregular attendance at school. In a word, we have the Roman citizens under Romulus, and a Numa Pompilius is not in sight.

"May God give me strength and save me from spiritual coldness through the ardent love of the sacred heart of Jesus, or lead me back home before I become spiritually barren. The missionary, indeed, feels that he is supported directly by divine grace, and that he, removed from human affections, is drawn closer to the divine heart of Jesus; and this conviction, in contrast to the weakness and sinfulness of the man in him who exercises divine functions, I must ascribe to the thousands of Hail Marys

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sent to Heaven for me by my old friends. Strengthened by these prayers, I can and will persevere, though I am unable to discover sufficient strength in myself, unless I look on idly at the corruption found on all sides. It is almost too much to expect that the present generation be penetrated with love for our holy faith, since the tendency here is downward, towards the earth, earthy. May God work a change in the youth now growing up. I, therefore, direct all my efforts toward the young, all my love and all my time. Love I have already begun to reap, and my efforts, too, would have been rewarded with success, but for the carelessness of the parents. At last I have succeeded in forming in Milwaukee a school-society, for the purpose of affording also to poor children an opportunity of receiving a Christian education. In this society, of course, the bulk of the payments are made by Father Heiss and myself. We have a boys' school with an attendance of eighty-four. My teacher is, in every respect, the best I have met in America. He is a man that helps to support his parents, who live in the backwoods. I secured him for New Ried (Germantown) and sent him on before me to Milwaukee. We also have a girls' school with an attendance of ninety. The two sisters of Father Kundig conduct this school. On October 15, we are to have an examination, and I shall gladly empty my slim purse for the benefit of these children of the Lord and my heart. Most to be pitied are the young people of a more advanced age. At the age of ten they were taken from the schools of Germany, and on coming to these parts their education was neglected. They grow up in ignorance and easily fall a prey to the snares of the Methodists, who spread their Bibles and pamphlets gratis in the houses, and frequently preach in public places and there thunder with the greatest impudence against Catholicity. Only

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recently I succeeded in leading a Methodist woman, who had been lured away in this way, back to the old fold, after explaining to her the nature of the papal authority, of confession, of the reasons for communion under one species, etc., etc. With rare joy I then recited the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God. There are very few conversions, however; I have made but ten. And where two have been converted, ten have fallen away, if not in name, in fact."

In the same letter Salzmann seeks a contribution from his friend for his library for young people, founded to counteract the evil influence of harmful literature "that opens up a wide channel of moral corruption and often, pouring down in torrents, floods the Catholic fields."

"At any rate," he continues, "I shall work to the best of my ability, in order not to have been in America in vain, whether the soil of Europe or of this new land cover my remains. One thing seems easy to me here below: to descend into the bosom of mother earth on whose surface the rough winds blow. The soul easily parts from the body in a land where it is bound by no tender ties; where it is better beyond the sea or even beyond the grave. I am of good cheer, however. I still owe you the account of how I spent the money. That I was extremely economical you may judge from the poor quarters we occupied on board the vessel; from the compassion the captain of the vessel felt for us; from my poor little horse; and from my miserable dwelling, which my successor changed and enlarged directly. Half of my room, such is the frailty of earthly grandeur, was turned into a stable; and only yesterday I enjoyed hearing the reason why the horse of my successor for a long time refused to enter: 'The place was considered too sacred by the horse.' The frequent complaints of the cook will give you further proof of my

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parsimony." So far Salzmann's letter, only a part of which came to our hands.

Salzmann was active not merely as a zealous pastor, but also as an apostle of Christian charity. In the year 1850, Bishop Henni bought in the vicinity of the cathedral a little frame house to be used as an orphan asylum for boys, in order to give them a thoroughly Catholic education, and thus to secure them against the snares that were just then being laid against these children by an anti-Catholic sect. The little house was opened about *Corpus Christi* of the same year. Two sisters attended to the education and the bodily wants of the poor orphans. The undertaking was begun in poverty. For lack of a sufficient number of chairs the children had to take turns at sitting. The amiable bishop was quick to relieve this state of affairs by furnishing from out his own poverty furniture and food for the little ones. He visited the asylum daily, to keep himself informed as to its needs. But as the number of children increased, he was forced to seek help from others. Dr. Salzmann, thereupon, in that time of need went on a begging tour for the poor orphans. His appeal was generously responded to by the people, for everybody is ready to help in such a cause. The first parish to which he appealed was that of St. Ambrose in Elm Grove.

The little frame building in Milwaukee was the cradle of the well-known St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum near the Salesianum, in which hundreds of orphans have found a home and loving care.

Salzmann ever after continued a warm friend of the orphans. Among his sermons we find several preached in their behalf, in which he eloquently urges on the people the necessity of supporting them. In these appeals he knew how to touch the tenderest chords in the

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human heart. "Place an orphan in our midst," he cried on the feast of the orphans in 1870, "and you behold two worlds torn asunder, time and eternity separated: the mother in eternity, the children here on earth. At the grave this parting took place and made the child an orphan. Yet—the child belongs to the mother. This violent separation must call up in you stern remembrance of death and the grave. Man believes in these ideas and trembles at them, but passes on and forgets them. Then he meets an orphan, and at sight of the living child he thinks of death. . . . The dead do not return from the beyond, but you feel as if the father of the child met you; as if its mother rose from the grave to smile on you and thank you for your charity towards their child. The orphans are nature's own preachers of the eternal truths, of the last things; but as they are little and helpless and shy, you love these preachers and do not grow angry at them, as sometimes at us when we appear in our stole. Even the infidel feels this and contributes his share and helps to feed and clothe the child of that God in whom he does not believe. In his stupidity he denies God; but his heart beats with compassion, and his eye is moist for the orphan at the grave of its parents."

As Salzmann was accustomed from his earliest days gratefully to acknowledge even the smallest gift, he also instilled into the minds of the orphans this spirit of gratitude towards their benefactors. A reporter of the *See-bote* tells of a visit paid the St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum. On his leaving, the children slyly asked the sister whether he was a priest. "Why do you ask?" the sister demanded. "Because," the children answered, "Father Salzmann told us: 'If a priest visits you and makes you a present, you must always thank him in Latin, *Deo gratias*; and if he gives you very much, you must say all

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together in a loud voice, *Deo gratias, Alleluia, Alleluia!*"

Thus Salzmann proved himself a worthy priest of that Church which embraces not only the wealthy and mighty of this earth, but also the poor, the helpless, the orphan, in her holy charity, and opens to all without exception the rich treasures of her graces and blessings.

At this time the orphan-society was started, which owes its origin to the activity of Dr. Salzmann. Afterwards he resigned his office as trustee in favor of Father Heiss; "but," he said, "my love and labors for the cause I did not resign."

While caring for the poor orphans like a loving father, he did not neglect the children of his own parish. With earnest zeal he went about establishing the school-society. In an enthusiastic sermon he explained to his people the necessity for such a society. "It is good," he declared, "to care for the poor orphans; but your duty to provide for the Catholic education of your own children comes nearer home to you. Poor orphans! God knows I do not wish to deprive you of any aid. In your name I thank the people for the generous collection sent you; but my other children, my two hundred school children, must not suffer; and duty calls aloud to me, not to withdraw from my school, that nursery of beautiful plants, in which rests the hope of my Church, the necessary support, the refreshing dew."

The Poor School Sisters of Notre Dame, whose mother-house is located in Milwaukee, gratefully honor the memory of Dr. Salzmann for the many proofs of gratitude and paternal interest that he showed their convent. When Salzmann died, the venerable superior, Mother Caroline of blessed memory, sent a garland of forget-me-nots as "a testimonial of the gratitude of the Poor School Sisters of Notre Dame to be laid upon the

The St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Wis.



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coffin of our dead benefactor." "I have known Dr. Salzmann since 1850," writes Mother Caroline, "as a kind friend of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. When I was a teacher in the school of St. Mary's congregation, I first learned to know and honor him as a great friend of children and an excellent catechist. Although a great theologian, he with admirable patience and kindness knew how to come down to the level of the children and to make clear to them, even to the dullest, the doctrines of salvation. I personally experienced his kindness of heart. As every beginning is difficult, so we sisters had in the beginning to contend with great poverty. Thus it happened that on the eve of All Saints, 1851, when the sister that made the purchases asked me in presence of Dr. Salzmann what she was to buy for the morrow, I was forced to answer: 'To-morrow we shall have to live on bread and potatoes, for we have no money.' 'No, that will never do,' Dr. Salzmann quickly said. 'On the feast of All Saints you must have meat.' And he kindly drew a dollar from his slender purse and handed it to me.

"During the first years he was our regular confessor. He frequently by his presence and sermons lent dignity to our celebrations; and when our first sister died he preached so forcible a sermon that two young ladies left the world to join our order. His frugality and humility were extraordinary. When he came to us hungry and tired from some long and wearisome missionary journey, he would ask for a little luncheon; and was well content even with the most frugal meal. He regarded the very crumbs as a gift of God not to be wasted. Through his influence Father Urbaneck became our chaplain. And when on June 13, 1858, Father Urbaneck was killed in the explosion on the steamer *Pennsylvania*, he, like a consoling angel, hastened to the convent and the taber-

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nacle, there to weep and pray for his dear friend and to encourage all to resignation to the will of God. He cheered even me by saying that Divine Providence wished to keep me yet a while here below for the good of our order; while Father Urbaneck, being prepared for death by a God-fearing life, had passed to his reward.

"In the meanwhile, through the kindness of Rector Heiss and Dr. Salzmann, our convent was attended from the seminary. For a long time we importuned Bishop Timon of Buffalo to grant us Father Krautbauer for our spiritual director, but in vain. It was Dr. Salzmann who went to Buffalo as our advocate and pleaded our cause with so much success that Father Krautbauer was released and became our spiritual director. Oh! that Dr. Salzmann, our amiable friend and patron, were still living! But his life of labor and zeal for the honor of God is over. May he rest in peace and enjoy his reward in Heaven."

In these beautiful and sincere words we behold a striking picture of the blessings that a good priest spreads broadcast in all the walks of his life. We here append to this tribute of Mother Caroline the thoughtful lines in which one of her countrywomen describes the blessed activity of good priests.

With what may we good priests compare?
Removed they are and distant all,
Yet, like a father, kind and dear.

Their brow the virgin stamp doth bear,
Their voice Our Lord to us doth call—
Mysterious men they are, 'tis clear.*

*Emilie Ringsels, *Nene Gedichte*, Freiburg, 1873.

CHAPTER VI.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY—TOUR OF COLLECTION.

We have mentioned above that Salzmann on being transferred to St. Mary's church was commissioned to build a new church for the Catholics living on the south side. Though very busy with his various duties at St. Mary's, he immediately with his wonted zeal undertook this praiseworthy but difficult task. He made a collection from house to house among the Catholics of Milwaukee, and, as far as possible, used the money brought over from Austria for the building of the new church that was to be placed under the patronage of the Holy Trinity. On July 8, 1849, the corner-stone was laid. The Catholic societies of Milwaukee marched in procession to the site of the new church. Bishop Henni blessed the corner-stone, and Salzmann preached. After the ceremonies the bishop addressed the numerous gathering, and expressed his joy upon the erection of a new church and his hope that Milwaukee might become a second Cincinnati.

The building rapidly progressed, and after fourteen months there arose on the southern boundary of the city a beautiful church.

On September 22, 1850, the new church was dedicated. "I had tears in my eyes," Dr. Salzmann writes, "when on that day I stood at the altar and prayed for all those that had contributed towards the erection of the church."

As we have stated, Salzmann when appointed pastor of St. Mary's requested the bishop to entrust the church of the Holy Trinity, not yet completed, to some other priest. Father Sadler became the rector of the new con-

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gregation. Salzmann, however, had promised his assistance toward the completion of the church and the paying of the debt. In consequence of this promise, he with Mr. Christian Ott, a book-seller of Milwaukee, made a journey to the East to gather funds. Father Sadler, in the meanwhile, went South on the same errand. This is the first of the greater tours of collection undertaken by Salzmann; and on account of the poor traveling facilities, this tour proved to be one of the most difficult ever undertaken by him.

The following sketch of this journey was drawn partly from letters written by Salzmann to Father Wisbauer, who was in temporary charge of St. Mary's, and partly from the report kindly made by Mr. Christian Ott.

On September 18, 1851, they left Milwaukee. In Detroit Salzmann made a good beginning. He was not so fortunate in Cleveland, where Bishop Rappe refused to allow him to collect.

In Buffalo he was hospitably received by the Redemptorist Fathers, and made a good collection in the parishes of that city. Here he also witnessed the sad results of the differences between Bishop Timon and the trustees of St. Louis' church. As he came to the house of one of these refractory trustees, he found him milking a cow. As soon as he caught sight of Salzmann, he commenced to denounce in the strongest terms Jesuits and priests in general. "Very well, very well," Dr. Salzmann said, "vent your curses on your cow," and passed on.

In Rochester he was also hospitably received by the Redemptorists, and though it was already half-past nine, he asked for permission to preach at ten o'clock during the high mass. This permission was granted, and the collection proved surprisingly good. "I cannot expect such good results always," he wrote to his friend Wis-

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bauer, "but *gutta cavat lapidem et mendicans delet debitum.*"* For weeks a peculiar feeling of sorrow, for which I can find neither cause nor name has taken possession of me. It is not homesickness, nor a spirit of discontent. For hours a heavy sorrow fills my priestly heart, when I see the spiritual need of so many of our children and think of the responsibility we carry. At such times I can do nothing but pray, tearfully pray: 'Lord, save us; we perish!' I have nobody with me to whom I can pour out my soul; therefore, I write you and breathe these thoughts upon the dead paper. You have always born patiently with my weaknesses."

From Rochester he went to Syracuse to his old friend Raffeiner; thence to Utica to Dr. Arnold, where he spent some very happy days. In New York he was presented to the Right Reverend Bishop Hughes. At this time the Kossuth excitement was at its height. Salzmann spent only a few days in the metropolis; for on October 15 we find him in Philadelphia, where he succeeded in getting a good collection. He was very favorably impressed with Pottsville, near Philadelphia. "The neighborhood of Pottsville and the St. James's parish in Baltimore I would describe as comparatively ideal spots in this rugged section of the country. In the latter congregation I have found more altars in the houses and blessed more people than during the last four years in all America."

From here he went to Cumberland, where after the mass he delivered his shortest sermon. "I mentioned my mission and added, Open your doors and your hearts to me and do not take my coming amiss."

During the cold winter they crossed the Alleghanies by stage-coach. It was very cold. People in Pennsylvania declared that in twenty years they had not had so cold a

*The drop hollows out the stone, and the beggar wipes out the debt.

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winter. But he was eager to return to Milwaukee, to the circle of his dear parishioners. "Dear friend," he writes from Pittsburg, "though my words may sound playful, I am very serious. It is the eve of Christmas, the time which every father gladly spends in the bosom of his family. Where in this cold, distant clime shall I celebrate my Christmas? And yet I feel the weight of the words of the Master, 'No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' Unquestionably, this journey has been the most difficult of my labors in this country, but also the most consoling after its completion. I was very tired in Pittsburg, but very successful."

He spent some happy days in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Vincent, where he met a countryman of his, a frequent guest in the house of his father, and heard much welcome news about his old home and friends.

In Lebanon he won the people so completely for his cause that, not satisfied with offering him money, they also gave him a good supply of apples. "We must make him a present of some kind," the genial Suabians said, "because he is such a chatty fellow."

In Hollidaysburg, at the foot of the Alleghanies, it was so cold that Salzmann fainted at the end of his mass and had to be carried into the sacristy. That whole day he succeeded in collecting only fourteen dollars, and at the close of the day met with such rude treatment that tears started to his eyes. "But," he declared, "God arranged matters thus, to try me, whether I was prepared for days of ill success; and prayer gave me the necessary strength. From now on I met with repulse after repulse; the victor in many battles was now laid low. I was heartily glad for the sake of the time saved when a priest forbade me to collect in his parish. I knocked at the door of many par-

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sonages without hope of success, merely for the sake of the assurance that I had left nothing untried. In L. the people, having heard of my former success in collecting, begged me to spare their city. I thought of how Christ was treated by the inhabitants of Gerasa; I seemed to hear the people of L. saying, 'the blessing of this priest will ruin us,' and went my way in good humor."

The great success of Salzmann in collecting must undoubtedly be ascribed to a great extent to his remarkable eloquence. He preached everywhere, and thus swayed and gained the hearts of all. Among others, the rector of G., in Pennsylvania, learned this to his cost, when, not suspecting Salzmann's power as a preacher, and after much haggling about granting him permission to make a collection in the houses, he readily allowed him to preach. The effect of the sermon was such that the people not only contributed willingly, but even regretted that they had not more with them to give. The rector was by no means pleased with this result; and Salzmann found it convenient to shake the snow of G. from his shoes as soon as possible.

From Pennsylvania Salzmann's course lay through New York to Boston, where he was received by Bishop Fitzpatrick in the kindest manner and willingly given permission to collect. Salzmann gratefully remembered his visit to the noble Jesuit Father Eck in Boston, and to Father Theodore Noethen in Albany.

January of the year 1852 had opened, and the time had come for Salzmann to return home. In his last letter during this tour, he exclaims joyously: "O God! my release is at hand, *levate capita vestra*, be of good cheer. You need not answer this letter, for I shall soon be in Milwaukee. I hope to hear the *Alma Redemptoris* there." But the journey home was beset with many unexpected

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hardships. The crossing of the Detroit River was very difficult and dangerous. The river was frozen over, but the ice was not safe. They had to take a small boat, shove it along, and when the ice broke, scramble into it. With great difficulty and danger the two finally reached the opposite shore. Just as the last tones of the *Alma* died away on Candlemas day, 1852, Salzmann, traveling by stage from Chicago, arrived at St. Mary's. He rejoiced at the labors now passed, and did not suspect that this journey was merely a skirmish, and that soon his begging tours would take him to the Gulf and across the waters of the wide Atlantic.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOUNDING OF THE SEMINARY.

We now come to a work with which the name of Dr. Salzmann is intimately and inseparably connected; a *monumentum aere perennius*, a monument more durable than bronze; a work which is by itself sufficient to immortalize him in the annals of the Church in America; a work, the fruit of his apostolic labors, that contains within itself ever new germs of future good—the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, the Salesianum.

The important role which this seminary has played in the history of the Catholic Church in the Northwest will sufficiently explain why we give a somewhat detailed history of its founding. As the author was not a witness to the stupendous labors of Salzmann and his associates at this period, he relies in the following narrative on the information given most kindly by a voucher than whom there is none better, the Right Reverend Bishop Heiss.

The Convent of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis, Wis.



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To go back to the days in which the idea of the seminary began to take form, we must request our readers to follow us to the lovely little city of Annecy in Savoy, the birthplace of the great bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales. There on a bright summer day of 1848 Bishop Henni of the diocese of Milwaukee knelt before the altar in St. Mary's church, where the relics of St. Francis are preserved.

In fervent prayer he sought the intercession of this saintly bishop for his young but promising diocese. All at once, quite unexpectedly, a priest approached the kneeling bishop and handed him a pyxis containing relics of St. Francis de Sales. The bishop, agreeably surprised and deeply moved, kissed the sacred relics, and then and there at the altar of the saint formed the noble resolution, if God granted him the means and the men, to erect a seminary and place it under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales. With this noble resolution, formed in a holy place, the bishop returned to the shores of America, to the bosom of his own flock. But, unfortunately, circumstances were such as to give but little hope for the carrying out of this plan. Whence get the means with which to begin the work; whence, there being such a crying need of priests in the diocese, obtain men of learning to continue the undertaking? At this juncture Divine Providence sent him men that seemed to be formed for the work; men who encouraged the bishop, nay, urged him on, and with undaunted zeal were willing to devote the strength of their manhood and the treasures of their knowledge to this great and holy cause.

It was in the spring of 1853 when Salzmann, in the interest of the *Seebote*, which at that time was the organ of the German Catholics, traveled to the missions of western Wisconsin and Iowa. During this journey the

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zealous priest learned to know how great was the need of priests in those regions. From all sides the Catholics flocked to him and asked for a priest. "Send us a priest," they cried, "for we have no one to break the bread of life for us." This yearning for priests on the part of the Catholics touched a tender chord in Salzmann's heart. He sympathized deeply with these poor people. He who from the days of his youth had burned with zeal for the house of the Lord, could not carelessly pass by the spiritual needs of these people. They had come from countries of faith to the wild plains and forests of America, and now found themselves without the consolation of our holy religion. Moved by this vast spiritual fallow land, the great, the heroic determination ripened in his soul to carry out the plan, that, from the very beginning of his labors in the missions of America, had engaged his attention, though merely as a sublime and unattainable ideal, and that was destined to redeem the promise made by the bishop of Milwaukee at the grave of St. Francis de Sales.

On returning to Milwaukee he described his experience in the West to his friend, Father Heiss, and eloquently pleaded that they could no longer delay the building of the seminary. His friend, however, in the beginning did not share his enthusiasm, as he very much questioned the feasibility of the undertaking, and thought of the great difficulties to be surmounted, not the least of which was the question of funds. He, therefore, could not be induced to lay the plan before the bishop.

Finally by his earnest advocacy of the plan, Salzmann succeeded in obtaining the promise of Father Heiss's co-operation, provided the bishop approved of the project. The bishop joyfully gave his approval, and with fervent gratitude exclaimed: "O Lord, I thank thee that thou

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hast sent me priests who are determined to enter upon this work. But," he added, "would you not like to associate Dr. Paulhuber with yourselves in this great work?" Dr. Salzmann replied that Dr. Paulhuber was welcome to join them in the undertaking, if he were willing. Full of joy he then brought the good news of the bishop's favorable reception of the plan to Father Heiss.

Scarcely had Salzmann finished his report to Father Heiss, when the bishop entered the room and again expressed his joy at the good news. He explained that his mention of Dr. Paulhuber was made merely in the light of a suggestion, and not at all in the sense of a condition that he wished to impose on the undertaking. Both Fathers thereupon declared that in their opinion Dr. Paulhuber would be a valuable man for the seminary and that, therefore, his co-operation was very desirable.

But who is Dr. Paulhuber? As his name is frequently mentioned in these pages, a few brief remarks concerning him will not be out of place. Dr. Paulhuber before coming to America was the preacher in the parish of St. Maurice in Ingolstadt. During Father Heiss's sojourn in Munich, in 1851, Dr. Paulhuber applied to him for admission into the diocese of Milwaukee. Father Heiss had been provided with proper faculties for the purpose by Bishop Henni, and hence gladly received him into the diocese. Soon after this the new missionary set out for America, and on arriving in Milwaukee was placed in charge of the missions of Germantown. He was a man of wide knowledge and great oratorical ability. The lectures delivered by him in Milwaukee were famous for their solidity. Though his views and disposition were not in harmony with those of Father Heiss, and much less of Dr. Salzmann, they both agreed that his co-operation could not but be helpful to the future seminary.

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Another question that demanded a speedy answer was,
Where shall the seminary be built?

About four miles south of Milwaukee and a quarter of a mile distant from the shores of Lake Michigan, there was a small clearing call Nojoshing, an Indian word signifying a point of land extending into the water. Here there was a small convent belonging to a few sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis. This community had immigrated from Bavaria in 1849, together with two priests, Fathers Anthony Keppler and Matthias Steiger. At the request of the bishop, they purchased thirty-eight acres of land in Nojoshing and built a modest convent. As there was not sufficient employment at home for the two able and zealous priests, they frequently assisted in the neighboring parishes. Father Keppler took charge of New Koeln. At this place, the day after the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, 1851, he was seized with an attack of the cholera and died the following morning. He was buried near the convent in Nojoshing. A long procession of praying mourners, bareheaded in spite of the scorching heat, accompanied the corpse of the revered priest from New Koeln to Nojoshing. Dr. Salzmann arranged the funeral and at the grave delivered an eloquent sermon, still fresh in the memory of his auditors. Father Steiger was deeply affected by the death of his colleague. A short time after the death of his friend he went afoot on a long and painful sick-call to the Beloit Road. When he returned, he was also attacked by the cholera, and three days after the death of his colleague, fell a victim to the dread disease. These were heavy, almost destructive blows to the little colony in Nojoshing. Dr. Salzmann also became seriously ill, but soon rallied, though much apprehension was felt in his case. The little community in Nojoshing in the meanwhile was left to its own re-

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sources. Now and then it was visited by a priest from the vicinity; but on Sundays all members walked to Milwaukee, to attend mass. When Father Heiss, in November, 1852, returned from his home in Bavaria, the bishop placed this little community in his charge. Father Heiss soon realized that the community, to be successful, needed a wider field of action.* When there was talk of founding a seminary, he naturally favored a location near this convent, in order that the convent might have suitable employment opened up to it in the seminary, and the seminary in turn be supplied with the help required in such an institution. The place was an ideal one for an institution of learning. Sufficiently removed from the noise of the city, surrounded by a stately forest, offering a charming view of the wide expanse of Lake Michigan—the place seemed formed by nature to be the home of the Muses, the quiet abode of learning, where the candidate for the priesthood might devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue. Thus it happened that Dr. Salzmann, together with Father Heiss, in the month of July, 1853, in the name of the bishop bought forty acres of land adjoining that of the community. Bishop Henni, who held the deed to the thirty-eight acres of the community, now turned it over with the consent of the community to the seminary.

It was the bishop's wish that the seminary be placed under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales and called the

*Now called the Convent of St. Francis of Assisi. This sisterhood has charge of the housework in the Salesianum, the Catholic Normal School and Pio Nono College, and the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, Wis. The St. Coletta's Academy for young ladies, at Jefferson, Wis., the girls' department of the St. John's Deaf-Mute Institute, the St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum, both at St. Francis, and about thirty parochial schools, are likewise conducted by the sisters of this community.

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Salesianum. Even the temporary seminary which the bishop had started in 1851 near the old cathedral was called in the directory the Salesianum. Dr. Salzmann at first did not take to this name. He wished to call the institution the Petrinum or the Petro-Paulinum; but when he saw how determined the bishop was in the matter, he yielded and became an ardent admirer of the great St. Francis de Sales.

By direction of the bishop a spiritual retreat was given that year in Milwaukee for the priests of the diocese. Father F. X. Weninger, S. J., the apostle of the Germans in America, was invited to conduct the retreat for the German priests. Dr. Salzmann offered St. Mary's Church for this purpose, and provided, free of charge, board and lodging for all the German priests of the diocese.

At the close of the retreat, Salzmann addressed his fellow-priests and made known to them his plan of erecting a seminary. He asked them in his eloquent manner to lend him their aid and support in this great and difficult undertaking. His eloquent words were warmly applauded, and forthwith the twenty-five priests subscribed the snug little sum of two thousand dollars. Salzmann signed for one thousand dollars, which was, as he remarked, by far more than he possessed. Thus on one day three thousand dollars were contributed to the grand work.

After Salzmann had won the clergy for his plan, he turned to the laity; first of all, to his own parishioners of St. Mary's church. To this end, on the following Sunday, he preached in the presence of the bishop on the necessity and the importance of founding an ecclesiastical seminary. We think it proper to emphasize this sermon, not so much as a model of oratorical perfection, but rather as one of those orations that leave not merely a passing impression,

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but stir the heart and rouse to great and lasting action. It reminds us of those burning words of the crusaders that during the Middle Ages aroused the nations and bore them on to unknown lands, to fight for the sepulchre of the Savior.

We feel sure that many of our readers will appreciate the insertion of the whole of this sermon, because it shows us in what a holy light the zealous priest regarded the high end for which he was striving.

SALZMANN'S SERMON IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, MILWAUKEE.

An Appeal for the Founding of the Salesianum.

The Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, 1853.

"Never as long as I have lived, as long as I have ascended the pulpit, have I failed to preach on the Gospel of the Sunday; but to-day I shall do so and with good reason. 'Fear not,' I say to you in the words of the angel, 'for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy,' of the holiest joy of my life, a joy that fills my whole being, that rejuvenates me, as if I but now received the full strength of manhood. The presence of the bishop in our midst has a special significance. A garden is to be planted; a garden that is to bid defiance to the tooth of time; a garden, of whose trees your children and your children's children will enjoy the fruit of life, the knowledge of truth. Aye, great fruit trees, bread trees, are to be planted, that under their branches the weary wanderer on life's stormy path may rest from the work and heat of the day; we are to plant a nursery of priests, an ecclesiastical seminary. This is our great, our mighty, our sacred aim; this is the structure of which the first stone has already been laid,

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and of which you are kindly invited to furnish the second. If ever I have pleaded for a holy cause, I surely do so now. With fear and joy I address my people to-day: with joy, because my confidence is so great, and the cause so holy; with fear, when I consider that here and there I shall be misunderstood or only half understood, that in this serious matter many a heart beats coldly in response to my heart's warm and eager throbbing. Gladly would I withdraw, if I thought that my co-operation injured the cause; but if my efforts promote the cause, how gladly will I offer them.

"Friends, the work is great, the undertaking a holy one. The fruits thereof will be handed down to the latest generations. But, that you may properly appreciate this matter and realize how important it is that there be a sufficient number of priests, let us look about, let us consider the present need. . . . From all sides the people come and demand priests. They have bread in abundance, money for the building of churches; but what are churches without priests? Go to the western part of this diocese, and you will travel for hundreds of miles without meeting a priest. And what is to become of the children under these conditions? Take the Catholic youth of to-day in America between the years of twelve and twenty, and you will find that out of a hundred scarcely ten attend a Catholic school; so that when after ten and twelve years a priest comes to them, the catechism will be a strange book to men of thirty. They will be ignorant in matters of vital importance; they will know little or nothing of the sacraments, their number, their names, their nature. Such being the state of affairs at present, the outlook for the future is depressing. Immigration continues, the native population increases, the number of priests decreases. At this day there are in all Wisconsin

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but seventy priests. In the meantime the enemy sleepeth not; he sows his tares in the field of wheat, the minds of our neglected youth. This enemy is not Lutheranism, nor Methodism, nor any other of the countless sects, as was the case fifty years since; but a sham enlightenment, a sham freethought, a sham humanitarianism, atheism and indifferentism, and by whatever names these false systems may designate themselves. The secret societies have spread their nets over all America. Their war-cry is humanity, but their real motive opposition to, and hatred of, the Church. The handful of priests, the small garrison of Zion, is unable to protect Jerusalem; and the people flock to the false gods of Babel. What is the result? God has led us thus far; still many have fallen in the storm, dropped away as withered leaves from the evergreen tree of the Church. One need not use a telescope, nor be a prophet, if on looking into the future the eye grows dim, the heart bleeds. . . . Hundreds of pious Catholic mothers I have heard complain with tears in their eyes: 'Alas, we had to celebrate Easter in our own rooms, and the Sunday is so lonesome, so cheerless in these rooms without mass.' Are we to have a repetition of the conditions in Pennsylvania? There hundreds of people say: 'My grandfather was a Catholic; my mother was a Lutheran; and I am nothing.' All of Pennsylvania should have been, and would be, Catholic, if only a sufficient number of priests had been at hand. Go to Chicago. You will find there four churches for the Germans and only two priests. Look to the West! I know of a little town out there in which for eight years many had no opportunity of going to confession; and now they laugh at the sacraments. What can we expect of the children of such parents? What of the parents, when old age comes upon them and they are, possibly in the last hour, blessed with

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the grace of God? If then the old and feeble father produces his beads, long untold, to pray and do penance, his daughter ridicules the 'old-fashioned' prayer and derides prayer in general. When the old mother, sick in bed, tremblingly calls for holy water, the dissolute son of 'enlightenment' mockingly dashes it into her face. Do not think that I am exaggerating. *Facta loquuntur*, facts speak for themselves. O parents! happy you if your children die as little angels and precede you on their way to eternity. Your tears fall quietly on their little coffins, but you are not hopeless. The adult children are snatched from the bosom of the mother, lured away from the heart of the father, not as the children of St. Eustachius were dragged away by a fierce lion or by a strong bear, but by men with well groomed beards and insinuating manners —men with the heart and soul of devils. These children are torn from your grasp by sham enlightenment and 'free thought.' And such spoiled children, how will they treat you after you have toiled and labored for them till you have grown old and weak and helpless? Christ, indeed, said: 'What man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone?' No father is so cruel; but children sometimes grow so cruel that they will offer their father a stone instead of bread. I repeat, *facta loquuntur*, facts speak for themselves. I know that at all times there have been unnatural children; but still in them there always glowed some faint spark of religion, the foundation of the family, the bond of union with the lonely heart of the father. To-day many seek to root out all trace of religion; they mock the son that weeps with his old father and pities him; they wish to do away with all reminiscences of childhood and youth. The state has no law in favor of such parents; the fourth commandment ceases for the state with the twenty-first year of the child.

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. . . You build churches. If there are no priests, you may close them and take the keys with you into the grave. For children brought up without religion do not require churches, and will some day ask in surprise: 'What kind of buildings are these, so large and useless, that our ancestors have erected? Let us use them for our granaries, since they are the common property of all.'

"The signs of the times are apparent; here and there the fruit of the spirit of the age is ripening. The flood of 'freethought,' which is rolling its destructive waters to the very threshold of the churches, has already inundated many a hapless hearth. This is not the time to fold our hands and cry to Heaven for help; it is the time for union, for united action, man with man. For even now a great part of the future depends upon the present, and much can yet be saved. We must gird ourselves, that your children and your children's children may be saved to that faith in which your fathers lived peaceably and died happily.

"There are whole countries in which the Catholic faith once flourished and the cross shone in splendor, where now the Turkish crescent is raised on high. That this may not happen in America, let us take the necessary precautions. I say to you that we are approaching nearer and nearer to the days of martyrdom. . . . Apostasy from the faith is more common and more deplorable in our day than in the days of Luther. Hence the plaint of our time; hence the anxiety of the nobler spirits of our age; hence the demand for priests that will teach the children, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery, for adultery is a sin,' for priests who will show to the world that its humanitarianism is nonsense, that infidelity is crippled thought, mock-reason, and the greatest of sins; for priests, who, borne aloft by the grace of God, conscious of their high

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dignity, live up to their noble calling —to their name of ‘Father,’ to their title of ‘Reverend,’ for priests who at the call of the Almighty in Joel blow their trumpets, gather their flock, and with penitence and prayer between the altar and the vestibule of the temple appease the anger of the Lord. In Germany they cry, ‘Give us employment or bread.’ In America, ‘Give us priests, we have bread.’ Brethren, think of Milwaukee without priests! Where would its eight thousand Catholics be at this hour? If a mother in the backwoods speaks with tears in her eyes to her little child of the beautiful churches in her home in Europe, of the many priests there; and the child then asks her why she forsook her beautiful country —what can she answer? Not one of you, I dare say, would desire to bring over here the political institutions of the old country, the burgomaster, the many clerks, the whole swarm of petty officials, the soldiery, the whole system of government; but many a one yearns for his old pastor.

“I ask you, therefore, what is more necessary than the education of priests? Much is necessary that will come in good time; but the priesthood is most necessary for the Catholics, and that will not come in time. We have no hereditary priesthood like the tribe of Levi in the Old Law. You rejoiced when four years since four priests and two students of theology, who are now also priests, landed on your shores; but you must have noticed that now fewer priests come, while the harvest has grown larger and the work more pressing from day to day. The priesthood will never die out, no more than the Church; but priests die. What is to be done? I stand here to-day as the connecting link between the present and the future. The children of the future are not able to entreat us. If they were; if they knew what claims they have on you, their ancestors; if they realized, above all, their right to

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the hereditary faith of your and their ancestors, they would kneel before you and raise their hands and pray you—‘O parents! there is plenty of bread. Leave your fields and provide us with priests!’ Parents, you plant trees and will possibly never taste of their fruit. Why do you do this? ‘We do this for our children,’ you say. Well, then, lend also a helping hand, to plant the nursery of priests, the seminary, for your children. I have no hesitation in claiming for this institution, the Salesianum, that it will add greatly to the prosperity of the state of Wisconsin. If Wisconsin is once provided with priests, undoubtedly, a great number of Catholic families will settle in the state. If you praise the state for its fertility and its German settlers, I praise it as a rich field for the Catholic Church. Yes, this will attract the Catholic immigrant more than good harbors, good roads, and all other material advantages. There is a man from Ohio here now who with forty families wishes to settle in our midst, because where they lived they could not procure the services of a German priest. Two weeks ago there came to me a man who intends to bring over one hundred families from a Catholic village of Germany. . . . Let us, therefore, go to work. God is with us and also the guardian angels of the future students of the Salesianum. Never in my life have I undertaken anything with greater joy or more confidence. Whence this confidence? It is founded, first, in the cause itself. Can you think of anything more sacred, more important for the present and the future generations? If anything, this nursery of priests will be able to maintain the good will of the people. Secondly, in the words and wishes of the Church regarding seminaries. (He cites here the decrees of the Council of Trent on seminaries.) It is consoling to a Catholic to know that he is acting in harmony with his Church.

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Thirdly, in the prayers of the members of the Salesian Society. Thousands pray, and pray daily: 'Lord, send laborers into Thy vineyard, for the harvest is great. Fourthly, in the determination of our bishop. He has commenced many great things with fear and trembling and brought them to a successful issue; and in this he commences the greatest of all his undertakings. Fifthly, in the enthusiasm of our priests. Though they themselves do not stand in need of a seminary, they have given you a good example by their generous subscription. Sixthly, in the good will of our people. They easily understand that it is in their interest and that of their grandchildren. Seventhly, in my own experience. The Lord has cast me about in many places in the course of my short life and has changed me from a shy youth into a successful beggar, both in Austria and in this country. My enemies have maligned me in the bitterest manner; but I can stand up in the center of the hostile camp and say to their face: 'Who of you dares accuse me of fraud, of deception?' And with this confidence in the Almighty, I shall again take courage to go from door to door, in order to see whether the seed sown upon this day has taken root. I shall commence this week. Do not put my confidence to shame! From Milwaukee the news will spread to the congregations over all the state. They will learn from the newspapers how generously you contribute, and thereby will frequently be spurred on to follow your example. Nothing is too trifling, nothing too great. . . . Let him that has much, give much; let him that has little, give little; let him that has nothing, pray; let him that is rude and coarse, vent his spleen on me, and I shall bear it patiently. You know that in this, as in all my other collections, I am not working for myself. Difficulties will, of course, arise; but the

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cause is good and truly Catholic, and He who inspired the wish for this good work will also grant that we carry it on to completion. Do not say: 'God will provide us with priests.' How absurd! Where human intelligence and ability is sufficient to carry out a good work, God frequently punishes neglect by withdrawing his grace. Do not say selfishly: 'Why should I provide for coming generations? They have not done anything for me.'

"When I look at these children, your children, what thoughts crowd my priestly soul! When a boy, I also served at mass, and I am sure that many a boy here in this church has a vocation and sufficient talents for the Salesianum. Fathers, if you offer up your sons to the Lord, as Mary offered her Divine Son, and Anna her Samuel, I honor this sacrifice. The motive is much purer than sometimes in Germany, where the father thinks: 'I will allow my son to study for the priesthood; then his future is secured and I will be provided for. You are making a sacrifice, mother, when you offer the best of your sons on the altar; but be consoled. God in his generosity and omnipotence will honor you for your sacrifice. Did you not remark the heavenly joy of the parents and the brothers and sisters at the first holy mass, celebrated here on the nineteenth of December?*' Such feasts will be frequent; whole congregations will feel elated at such celebrations; for they are more than a family feast. And when at last the world retreats from your bedimmed eyes, your motherly heart will find consolation in resting on your priestly son, whom you devoted to the Lord. You may say to him: 'Son and priest, remember your mother at the altar of the Lord.' Aye, mother, this consolation I wish you when lying on your

*It was the first holy mass of the Rev. P. Deberge, Dec. 19, 1852.

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death-bed, as I but ten years since administered the last rites of the Church to my dying mother.

"When I look at these orphan boys—their parents have passed away and certainly could not hope to see one of their children a priest—I am glad to think that also the children of the poor, who usually are forced to bury their talents and to dig and toil, may be called to ascend the seven holy steps of the priesthood in our seminary. You may have no children of your own; help these children, and enable others to reach this high goal by joining the Salesian Society.

"Let us, then, undertake this great work with holy courage and steadfast confidence in God. You have heard of the great hospice on the summit of Mt. St. Bernard in Switzerland. The man that founded it had but nineteen pence in his purse at the start. Do not fear; we have more. The priests have immortalized themselves by their generosity; I hope you will do likewise. May I never see the day that this holy institution fail through any fault of ours.

"Now let us pray:

"Holy Ghost, we thank thee for this inspiration; for from thee spring holy desires, good resolutions, just works. Bless this institution, that worthy priests may proceed from its hallowed walls. Bless the prayers of the Salesian Society; bless each single gift. St. Francis de Sales, help us by thy intercession at the throne of the Almighty. Use thy influence with God in the interest of the new institution, for it is called after thee, placed under thy special protection. May thy spirit of gentleness and zeal always pervade the Salesianum. Amen."

On July 31, 1853, the new cathedral in Milwaukee was consecrated. Many eminent prelates graced the occasion

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with their presence. The papal legate, Archbishop Bedini, afterwards Cardinal, performed the act of consecration. That eloquent champion of the rights of American Catholics, Archbishop Hughes of New York, delivered the sermon, which was, as even the enemy admitted, a masterpiece of oratory. Besides these prelates, there were present: Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis; Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati; Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg; Bishop Lefebre of Detroit; and Bishop Vandevelde of Chicago. It was a day of rejoicing for the Catholics of Milwaukee; while the enemies of the Church raged in impotent madness. The most ridiculous and nonsensical reports of the festivities were circulated by the anti-Catholic papers. Archbishop Bedini, in particular, was the target of their hatred and spiteful attacks.

The old slander that he, when governor of Bologna, ordered the execution of the unfortunate Ugo Bassi, was renewed, in order to arouse the feelings of the people against the noble prelate. It was a groundless slander, without the least foundation in truth, and directly exposed as such. When a Catholic of Milwaukee showed the Archbishop these slanderous articles, he glanced over them hurriedly and then remarked with a smile: "If a tree is to grow, fertilizer must be added; I am not surprised at the wonderful growth of the Church and Catholic life here, since you are so well supplied with manure."*

Two days after the consecration of the cathedral, the feast of the Portiuncula was celebrated in the little con-

*In what spirit the noble and humane prelate bore the organized attacks made on him in many of our large cities by anti-Catholic cliques, we may see from a letter that after his return to the "Eternal City" he wrote to the Archbishop of Baltimore: "What little value," he says, among other things, "would my mission have in the eyes of Christ, if it were strewn only with roses? I bless the thorns that cause me this humiliation."

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vent in Nojoshing. Fathers Heiss and Sadler were present, when to their great surprise a conveyance arrived, from which alighted Archbishop Bedini, Archbishop Hughes, and Bishop Henni. They had come to inspect the site of the future seminary. Father Heiss conducted his eminent guests across a valley, through which Deer Creek draws its lazy length along, to the forest-clad knoll, upon which the seminary was to be reared. The Archbishops were delighted with the location, and Archbishop Bedini remarked to Bishop Henni: "Make this spot a sacred one." Both guests then spoke words of praise and encouragement to the bishop and urged him to persevere in the holy work. After partaking of a luncheon prepared by the sisters, the visitors returned to Milwaukee. Bishop Henni frequently spoke with great pleasure of these guests; and when he visited Rome, he was immediately asked by Cardinal Bedini: "Did you build on that hill near Lake Michigan?" With great satisfaction the bishop replied: "Yes, Your Eminence, the good work has been successfully done with the help of God."

After that time Salzmann knew no rest. The thought of the seminary occupied his mind day and night. He frequently said, "The seminary and I are one." This was severely criticised by some, but he meant it in the best sense.

How much the bishop had at heart the building of the seminary, we may judge from his activity and great zeal in the matter. He deeded to the seminary some property located in the neighborhood of the cathedral. "We shall all perish," he one day exclaimed, "if we do not soon build the seminary."

To obtain the funds for building, the Salesian Society was organized and a collection ordered to be taken up in the whole diocese. The priests were directed to hold

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special devotions during ember days, to implore the blessing of God upon the arduous undertaking. The collection proved satisfactory, though not generous. As Dr. Salzmann was as yet rector of St. Mary's, Father Heiss and also Dr. Paulhuber frequently had to take his place when he was away collecting. But of these tours of collection that occupy so important a space in the life of Dr. Salzmann, we shall speak more at length in the following chapter.

It was in September, 1853, that Dr. Paulhuber left Germantown for Nojoshing, where he lodged in the "Brothers' House." Soon after he went to Sheboygan and Manitowoc, to buy lumber for the seminary. Even before winter set in, a part of the forest near the convent was cleared, to make room for a brick-yard. To obtain the fuel necessary for burning the bricks, a farm was purchased about three miles from Nojoshing. The hillock decided on as the site of the seminary was also cleared of the large trees before winter. All these affairs were under the direction of Dr. Paulhuber. In early spring he built a viaduct across Deer Creek valley, to connect the convent with the seminary. Thus the good work was pushed along.

On January 29, 1854, the feast of St. Francis de Sales was solemnly celebrated in St. Mary's church, to impress anew on the people the importance of building a seminary. The Right Reverend Bishop assisted at the solemn high mass. Father Heiss preached the eulogy, in which he sketched the life of the saint, and showed how the great and learned St. Francis owed his sanctity to his Christian education.

Easter, 1854, Bishop Henni removed to his new residence near the cathedral. Thereby his former residence near St. Peter's church became vacant. The bishop de-

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sired that the students who had applied for admission into the seminary be lodged for the time in this vacant house. Dr. Paulhuber wished to begin classes here, while Father Heiss did not consider the place suitable for the purpose. But Dr. Paulhuber was not to be dissuaded and one day, to the great surprise of Father Heiss, there appeared in the *Seebote* a notice signed by himself and Dr. Paulhuber, in which it was stated that instruction would begin in the temporary seminary on May 10. Though this notice was published against the will of Father Heiss, he did not refuse to join in the new move, as the bishop desired his co-operation. Instruction, therefore, commenced in this provisional seminary on the day appointed. As it was late in the school year, it was determined to continue the classes during the summer months. The cholera, however, prevented this. Within twenty-four hours this fatal pest claimed three victims from among the students. The others quickly dispersed. The newly ordained priest, Joseph Holzhauer, the future pastor of St. Joseph's congregation, was the assistant at St. Mary's during these terrible days of visitation. With tireless zeal he hurried from house to house, from sick-bed to sick-bed, to visit and console the sick and dying. Happily, this scourge did not assume any great proportions that year and soon disappeared; so that classes were resumed in September.

Dr. Salzmann, however, had no heart for this provisional arrangement, and still less the rector, Father Heiss. The expenses were great, the income trifling. Added to this were other difficulties, constantly on the increase, so that the rector was finally compelled to declare to the bishop that he wished to sever his connection with the institution. When the bishop then threatened not to build the seminary, Father Heiss proposed to allow Dr. Salzmann and Dr. Paulhuber to continue the

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work alone. If this arrangement should not prove successful, he would rejoin them, if they so desired. The bishop, however, would not entertain any such proposition. Father Heiss then promised to stay, under condition that the temporary seminary, near the old cathedral be closed. He offered to take the three theologians, Bergmann, Minderer and Weinhardt, who had almost finished their course, to the "Brothers' House" in Nojoshing and to prepare them there for holy orders. This offer the bishop accepted. From this time on, Dr. Paulhuber's connection with the seminary ceased. As Dr Salzmann's time was fully taken up with collecting for the seminary, he offered with the consent of the bishop to withdraw from the pastorate of St. Mary's in favor of Dr. Paulhuber. Dr. Paulhuber thereupon, in the winter of 1854, became rector of St. Mary's.

While Dr. Salzmann went collecting from house to house, from state to state, Father Heiss remained in Nojoshing, where he attended to the preliminaries of the building of the seminary, and prepared the three theologians for holy orders. It was the end of May, 1855, before the contracts for the building were let. Mr. Victor Schulte of Milwaukee drew the plan; he also took the contract for the carpenter's work and superintended the building. By July 15 the walls of the basement and of the first story were almost completed. On this day the solemn laying of the corner-stone of the seminary and the chapel was to take place. Dr. Salzmann had arranged great solemnities for this occasion.

Vicar-general Kundig, who was enthusiastic for every good work, took upon himself the arrangement of affairs for the occasion in Milwaukee. All congregations of the city were invited. Salzmann's heart beat for joy on this day so memorable in the history of the seminary. "O

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help me pray!" he writes to a friend; "pray with your whole congregation that the clouds be dispelled and blessings pour down." The day of the laying of the cornerstone was to be a holiday for the Catholics of Milwaukee and Wisconsin, a day that was to usher in a new era for the Catholic Church of the Northwest.

In an appeal to the clergy and the people of his diocese, the bishop urged all to take part in the festivities and implore the grace of God upon this institution and its future inmates. This appeal met with glad response in the hearts of the faithful. Between four and five thousand people flocked to pleasant Nojoshing. The lake-shore road presented a confused mass of pedestrians, buggies, omnibuses, all sorts of conveyances—all bound for the seminary. In place of the giants of the forest, there arose in part before the eyes of the visitors the massive walls of the new seminary, upon which their hope for the future was centered. Towards eleven o'clock the bishop appeared and was conducted in procession to the festal scene, where the choir sang in his honor a welcoming hymn, composed for the occasion.

The rector of the seminary, Father Heiss, preached the sermon. He pointed out to the faithful assembled the necessity of a seminary for the Church and the Catholics of Wisconsin. "Thousands upon thousands of Catholics leave their old homes to find a refuge in our country. They come with the faith inherited from their forebears; and this precious heritage they wish to leave undiminished, unaltered, to their children. But how are they to keep the light of faith, if they have no priests? Here, Catholic people, you see an institution rising in which the Catholic youth of the land, your sons, may imbibe learning and prepare themselves to secure this priceless heirloom of faith, this pearl beyond price, to their de-

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scendants; this holy Faith that St. Boniface in ages past brought to our forefathers and sealed with his blood."

After the sermon the ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone were performed by the venerable bishop, surrounded by fifteen priests. Pontifical mass was then celebrated. At its close the bishop himself, despite the oppressive heat of the noonday sun, made a short address to the German Catholics. "What I have succeeded in doing in my diocese, I have accomplished, after God, with the aid of my good German priests," the venerable pontiff declared. "Now, that I have lived to see this day, I can die in peace; and this place, this chapel, shall be the final resting place of my mortal remains."

The building now progressed rapidly; but later on, owing partly to frequent rains and partly to scarcity of bricks, a pause ensued. In October, Father Heiss accompanied Bishop Henni to the Provincial Council of St. Louis. On this occasion Father Heiss obtained from the Vicar-general of St. Louis, Father Melcher, permission for Dr. Salzmann to collect in the diocese of St. Louis, of which permission Dr. Salzmann immediately availed himself with the best results.

Before winter set in, the seminary was under roof. Father Heiss proposed to stop building during the winter; but Dr. Salzmann was eager to continue, for he wished the seminary to be ready for dedication on January 29, the feast of St. Francis de Sales. The work was, therefore, rushed forward; and on the appointed day had progressed sufficiently to permit of the solemn dedication.

First, the bishop blessed the temporary chapel.* At the close of the ceremonies, in the course of a short address, he appointed Father Heiss rector, and Dr. Salzmann procurator, of the seminary.

*A part of the present refectory.

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There were twenty-five students enrolled. Besides the rector and procurator, the faculty consisted of two professors, Father George Rehrl and the convert Mr. Bernard Dorward, who offered his services to the seminary for a nominal salary, a mere pittance. In a pastoral letter January 29, 1856, Bishop Henni voiced the happiness that on this day filled his soul.

Before continuing the history of the Salesianum, let us for a time direct our attention exclusively to the course pursued by the illustrious subject of this biography, and accompany him on the tours of collection that he made with wonderful confidence in God, to gather the funds for that grand institution of learning, the founding of which we have described in this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOSTER-FATHER OF THE SALESIANUM—THE FIRST DECADE IN THE HISTORY OF THE SALESIANUM.

We are now come to a period in the life of Dr. Salzmann that fills us with anxiety; because at this stage more than ever we are fain to confess our inability to do even common justice to his extraordinary activity. We are to describe his journeys undertaken amid thousands of obstacles, to gather the means for the erection of the seminary. Yet, we must not pass over this period of Salzmann's life in silence; because in it we find the splendid record of his unselfish devotion to the cause and of his persevering zeal. It is beside our purpose to give a detailed account of these journeys; but to show the reader how difficult the task is, we shall sketch briefly the first of

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these journeys, as it was described to us by a priest, a warm friend and admirer of our hero.

Late in the fall of 1854, Salzmann set out for St. Anthony's parish in "town 8," where he paid eighty dollars for a half-blind and knock-kneed nag. From here he rode twenty miles to St. Lawrence, where the friend just referred to was pastor. Here he had to take the good-natured bantering of his friend at the expense of his poor riding outfit. The following morning the two friends rode twelve miles to Juneauville, now Theresa. They were kindly received by Solomon Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee.*

The next day, the last Sunday after Pentecost, Salzmann preached with irresistible eloquence and remarkable success. "It was a sermon," says his reverend companion, "that would have attracted attention in the grand cathedrals of Europe. His subject was Faith and Infidelity. The eyes of the hearers were lustrous with joy and holy enthusiasm. Everybody was eager to contribute towards the new seminary. Over one hundred dollars was the fruit of this first appeal. Encouraged by this result, Salzmann traveled the same day nine miles

*Solomon Juneau was the first white settler in Wisconsin south of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien. He arrived at the present site of Milwaukee in 1818, and there built the first log house in 1822, near the mouth of the Milwaukee River. In the year 1835 he was appointed the first postmaster of Milwaukee, which position he held for nine years. In 1846 Milwaukee became an incorporated city. Soon after, Juneau removed to Dodge County; but his heart still fondly clung to Milwaukee, which he frequently visited. In honor of Juneau's daughter Therese, the name Juneauville was changed to Theresa. Juneau died November 14, 1856, in his new home on the Wolf River in Shawano County. His mortal remains were transferred to Milwaukee, where they found a resting place in the Catholic cemetery. The funeral obsequies were solemnized in St. John's cathedral amid a vast concourse of people. Solomon Juneau was a staunch Catholic, faithful to his Church, and withal a man of noble character and brilliant parts.

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further to Ashford, where he also succeeded in obtaining a substantial sum for the seminary. On the following day he went on three miles further to St. Kilian, where he said mass and preached in the house of Mr. Andrew Flasch.* That same day he rode twelve miles to the Bavarian settlement of St. Andrew, where he likewise preached and conducted service. On the following morning he went back to St. Kilian, and thence six miles to St. Bridget's. But it was impossible to reach his destination that day. Night surprised the two riders, and as they did not deem it advisable to advance in the dark through the dense forest, they spent the night in a little farmhouse which they fortunately discovered. Before resigning themselves to the arms of Morpheus, the two paced to and fro in the dark of the night for two hours, and refreshed their weary spirits by chatting about the dear days of their youth and the delightful fields of their old home. On the following morning they reached St. Bridget's, where they held service in a small farmhouse, Dr. Salzmann preaching. The Catholic settlers here gave willingly to the good cause, most of them five or ten dollars. Thursday evening they returned to St. Lawrence, and rested for a day. The following Sunday morning Salzmann preached in St. Lawrence, and in the afternoon, in Sts. Peter and Paul, six miles distant. Monday morning the two missionaries rode twelve miles to Neosho, and returned the same evening to St. Lawrence. Tuesday morning they went, accompanied by a third priest, to "town 9," where they spent the night. Thence they returned to Milwaukee. The Right Reverend Bishop was much encouraged by the success of this trip. Salzmann from now on allowed himself no rest. On the following day he rode with his two companions twenty-five miles to

*Father Kilian Flasch, the late bishop of La Crosse.

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St. Xavier's, the congregation of his dear old friend Father Fabian, where on the following day, December 3, the feast of the patron of that church, St. Francis Xavier, was celebrated.

This was merely the beginning of his laborious journeys, merely the skirmishing before the battle. These journeys were made at a time when Wisconsin was a wilderness, the means of travel the poorest, and there were almost no roads. But his zeal for the cause, his ardent enthusiasm, helped him to overcome all obstacles. "Oft in my wanderings," he writes to a friend in Austria, "I feel wonderfully stimulated, for the word 'seminary' supplies me with a never failing source of strength." It is not our intention to accompany Salzmann on his many tours of collection and to mention all the places in which he made his powerful appeals. This would necessitate a list longer than the Homeric catalog of ships. Of him also we may say that he "saw the cities of many men and learned to know their opinions."* We may be sure that he learned to know the opinions of many men, for these are most easily learned when we ask people to loose their purse-strings. He went even as far as the Gulf, and New Orleans contributed its share towards the seminary. But the dioceses of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Chicago contributed most liberally towards this noble work.

It was not the great distance covered, however, not the incessant preaching and the other priestly duties performed, that made these tours of collection disagreeable and laborious. All these difficulties were gladly met and expected by the zealous priest. As we may easily imagine, he did not always meet with the same kind reception as on the first tour just described. His way often led him

**Odyssee*, I, 3.

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to the houses of the irreligious and the enemies of religion; and these people, far from aiding his cause, denounced Salzmann and his undertaking in the strongest terms. How could they consistently help along an institution destined to educate young men for the priesthood, when they denounced the priesthood itself as a product of superstition and ignorance? It is not surprising, therefore, that Salzmann had to submit to many indignities, and that instead of receiving a generous gift he frequently encountered a flood of curses and abuse. His companions on some of these journeys could many a strange tale unfold. Often he escaped physical violence only by sudden flight. Thus in Milwaukee he one time entered the house of a "freethinker" who became exasperated at the mere sight of Salzmann. "Look at those pictures!" he said, pointing to the walls of his room that were hung with obscene prints. "Those pictures are by far dearer to me than your pictures of the saints." "That may be," Salzmann replied in disgust; "but then your mind must be filled with very obscene conceptions." These plain words so angered this knight of "freethought" that he sprang up and madly rushed for Salzmann, who thought it advisable to withdraw as speedily as possible from the presence of this coarse fellow.

While the noble priest willingly submitted to all indignities heaped upon his own person, and opposed his inexhaustible store of patience to the rude attacks of hatred on himself, he never forgot that, as a priest of the true Church, he was in duty bound to defend her doctrines, "in season and out of season," against the onslaughts of the enemy. Always accustomed to bear witness to truth, whether convenient or otherwise, he earnestly repelled the haters of the faith, even at the risk of not receiving the alms asked for. His very cour-

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age in defending the cause frequently gained for him the esteem of those who at first had received him with a contemptuous smile.

One time while collecting for the seminary, I think it was in Ohio, he entered the house of a man who was reading a newspaper. Scarcely had he recognized the priest in Salzmann, when he scornfully turned away from him. In spite of this, Salzmann advanced and made known his mission. "I have no money for such a purpose!" was the gruff reply. In the meanwhile Salzmann had noticed that the paper which the man was reading was the notorious *Flugblaetter* of Milwaukee, with the tendency and character of which sheet we have acquainted the reader. "What are you reading?" Salzmann asked, glancing at the sheet. "This is the *Flugblaetter* of Milwaukee," the man replied sneeringly. "It is a very interesting paper. I am at present reading about a certain Dr. Salzmann. That must be a peculiar fellow, for every issue has something to say about him." "And do you believe all those stories?" Salzmann asked. "Well, I sometimes think they are exaggerated, but where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." After chatting for some time, Salzmann finally made himself known, to the great surprise of the reader of the *Flugblaetter*. The man admitted that in the Salzmann of the *Flugblaetter* he had expected to find a man of different stamp, and that he could not be the monster painted there. After these explanations they had a friendly conversation, and before Salzmann left the man went to his strong box to get his contribution towards the building of the Salesianum.

The hostility towards the very object of the institution for which he was collecting, was not the only obstacle that Salzmann had to contend against. People who were

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not at all opposed to the idea of a seminary, believed that Salzmann's plan of founding such an institution by means of voluntary contributions in those hard times was simply too daring and preposterous. One prelate whom he accosted for a contribution told him outright: "I shall gladly give you a couple of dollars, if you need them for your own use; but I shall not give you a cent for the cause you represent. Under present conditions, you will never succeed; you are attempting the impossible."

Still Salzmann was not easily silenced by objections and opposition; his ready wit usually furnished a quick and telling reply. One time a farmer wished to excuse himself from contributing by saying that he had a large family of children to provide for. "Well, in that case," said Salzmann, "you will need a priest for your children alone. Therefore you ought to give me something for my seminary."

Frequently, to be sure, Salzmann, when collecting in distant states, far from his friends, yearned for the quiet of retirement, for peace and cessation from the constant toils of his vocation. "Often I feel a longing," he writes to his friend Hassreidter, "for some quiet retreat, undisturbed by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, the puffing of the steamer; for the seclusion of a lonely cell. My life is too strenuous; wave dashes over wave; and I have come to such a pass that not to be begging is sweet peace to me. How beautiful is the future life in which no Martha need be solicitous about material things, where we can all sit at the feet of our Blessed Lord."

In his wanderings he often had to suffer the pangs of hunger and many privations. Frequently during the day no refreshment was offered him; and while providing food for others, he paid no heed to his own wants. Frequently also he shared in meals that were far from appe-

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tizing and from which many would have turned in disgust. Thus one time he was collecting in G.... for the poor orphans from early morning till two o'clock in the afternoon without eating a morsel. Finally a poor woman offered him something to eat. On the table were "potatoes in their jackets," bacon and bread. Into these delicacies an unwashed boy, who was leaning over the dishes, was digging with such vigor that his face, mouth, and hands, might have served very well as a sort of bill of fare.

Without ceremony Dr. Salzmann sat down near the hungry lad and ate heartily. His companions, two good-natured farmers, watched the scene with great amusement and joked and laughed about the two strange table-fellows. Finally Salzmann arose and said: "Now you have had your laugh and I, my dinner."

In a country parish of Wisconsin a rather comical misadventure overtook him. He was riding a small horse over a muddy road, his feet frequently trailing in the mud. The horse soon noticed this, and ere long Salzmann's feet stuck deep in the mire, while the enterprising horse, free from its burden, galloped lightly from under him. Salzmann called this his "Absalom adventure."

In the same year, 1855, he collected in the principal cities of the South and East; in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and many others. He was wont to speak with especial satisfaction of those cities in which he met with a kindly welcome and substantial contributions. Among these St. Louis and Cincinnati took first rank. He was very fond of speaking of his sojourn in St. Charles, Mo., and New Vienna, Ia. Beautiful Westphalia, Mich., he also held in grateful remembrance. One day he returned to the seminary, his face radiant with

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joy, and, on meeting me, exclaimed: "Just imagine! I have been in Germany." And when he saw that his words puzzled me, he added: "I have just returned from Westphalia, Mich., and it was like being in Catholic Westphalia. Oh! it does the heart good to come upon an entirely Catholic community here in America, a community in which the truly Catholic spirit of the old home still survives. This I realized in Westphalia." And frequently after, he would dwell on this consoling visit. The good people of Westphalia likewise were delighted with Dr. Salzmann, as I convinced myself on a visit which I paid that congregation. With quiet joy I heard the older people speak of that visit of Dr. Salzmann, of the good his presence had wrought, of how thoroughly he had prepared the children for first holy communion, of how touchingly he had preached on that occasion. Such experiences were drops of healing balm for the fretted heart of Dr. Salzmann, friendly rays of light that broke through the dark clouds of his storm-laden life and filled him with new courage and confidence in God. Thus the kind Father in Heaven rewards his faithful servants even here below, and in the hour of bitter trial sends comfort and relief sufficient to sweeten a sea of woe.

At such times not only a feeling of consolation and joy filled Salzmann's heart, warm gratitude also welled up in him for the generous alms received. Though in his life he many a time reaped dark ingratitude and disheartening misconstruction of his motives, still such experiences were unable to dampen the ardor of his gratitude. This quality of gratitude seemed to be ingrained in his nature. He often remarked jokingly, "I am bold in begging, but I am grateful." He gave many touching examples of this gratitude. His remarkable memory in the matter of gifts received, surprised all his friends. When-

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ever anyone was mentioned from whom in years past he had received a donation for the seminary, he invariably knew the exact amount contributed. It was a common matter to hear him say: "N. N. gave me, so and so many years ago, five or ten dollars for the seminary." When any of these persons visited the seminary, they were always made very welcome by Salzmann. Though engaged in the most pressing occupation, he would find time to entertain the benefactors of the seminary for hours, and to inquire most minutely after their domestic affairs and about their well-being.

Finally, in October, 1855, Salzmann returned from his first great tour of collection after the work on the seminary had already been started. He walked from Milwaukee to Nojoshing. "At sight of the seminary," he writes, "I felt amply repaid; it has risen to a height of sixty-four feet *et alta a longe cognoscis*.* It presents a good view of Milwaukee and looks down on the roof of the cathedral. With Father Heiss I stood on the roof and grew dizzy—at the debt."

We shall now take up again the thread of our narrative and acquaint the reader with the principal facts in the history of the institution whose solemn dedication we described at the close of the preceding chapter.

The beginning was small; only half of the building scantily furnished; the debt enormous, the interest amounting to one thousand dollars; the students poor, and on the day of dedication numbering only twenty-five. But with courage and confidence in God the superiors of the institution turned to their holy work; disregarding material cares, they labored with all their might at the education and sanctification of the young men in

*It is visible from afar.

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their charge. Aside from the collections there was but little income. The board and tuition of the students was ninety dollars per year. Most students paid only in part, and many were received gratis on account of their poverty. Mr. Dorward, a layman, was the only professor that drew a salary, a very small one. The other professors received merely board and lodging. Books, clothing, etc., they had to purchase with the money they received as stipends for masses; and at that time such stipends were few and far between. Not until 1867 was a salary (\$150.00) fixed for the professors of the seminary.

Poverty, however, was the least of the difficulties. Far more irksome and trying were the cares and labors to which the first professors of the seminary were subjected. The brunt of it all fell heavily on the shoulders of the rector, who frequently had to teach the most diverse branches. Thus he sometimes taught on the same day — moral theology, mental philosophy, Greek, mathematics, and physics; certainly a remarkable variety. Constant application and a most conscientious use of time were necessary to do justice to all these branches. He said mass at five o'clock in the convent chapel; at seven o'clock he was hard at work, and he prolonged his studies till late into the night. The difficulties were increased by the heterogeneous character of the students. There were American, Irish, and German boys; boys that had passed through the gymnasia of Europe and had come to this country to complete their theological education; boys that had received a haphazard education in the district schools of America, and stood very much in need of a thorough drilling in the rudiments of English grammar.

Thus the poor rector had to be all to all, in order to be able to control this heterogeneous body, to form and fashion it, to instill into it one and the same holy zeal, to

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lead it on to the same goal. But Father Heiss was a master in this difficult art; and where all other means failed, his mildness and fatherly kindness were sure to succeed. "The fear of offending our revered rector," writes a former pupil, "was sufficient to prevent us from breaking the rules; and a holy emulation in study and in every good effort was in evidence more and more from day to day."

Dr. Salzmann, to whom was assigned the by no means enviable task of providing the means of sustenance for the institution, preserved under all these difficulties his courage and confidence in God; so that he was frequently blamed for being too optimistic. He was obliged, of course, to practice rigid economy on account of the enormous debt of the seminary and the scarcity of money. The students of that time were hardened by privations, so that the poverty and privations of missionary life were nothing new to them. More than once the young seminary resembled the house of the widow of Sarepta; but the "foster-father" was always ready to take his staff and go the rounds from house to house, to gather bread and other necessaries for those entrusted to him. In spite of his exertions, sometimes dark clouds would gather about the seminary and envelop in gloom the heart of the devoted procurator. "There are thirty thousand Catholics in this diocese," he writes to a friend, "and we are starving. And yet many have prayed in *feriali, Frange esuri-enti panem tuum.** The Capuchins in Ried of yore tolled their bell of want but once, and were immediately provided for, I wish Your Reverence would ring your Easter bell in *hunc tenorem,*† and would kindly take up a flour collection for us. Your very destitute Dr. Salzmann."

*In the Breviary, Break your bread for the hungry.

†To the same tune.

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Presumably, he was weighed down by similar cares, when on January 3, 1857, he wrote to a lay friend the following affectionate lines: "Your kind attention—how have I deserved it?—does my heart good. It proves to me that I did not offend you by not granting your request. That you were included in the memento of the first mass I said in the year 1857, it is needless to assure you. I spent the first moments of the year alone with God, but felt depressed the whole day, until I offered up all trials of the coming year as a sacrifice to Him and to his institution, the seminary.* As soon as time permits, I shall pay you a visit, though I avoid M. as far as possible. For there they wounded my heart in a frightful manner and, though sore of heart, I feel how dearly I once loved that congregation."

On the eve of St. Michael, 1858, the students of the seminary had gathered about their beloved rector, to extend their congratulations on his nameday. After the congratulations, the rector thanked them for this proof of their love and esteem; but the thought of the future oppressed his fatherly heart. Whence procure bread for so many? He admonished the students to sincere piety and diligence in their studies. The times were hard; if help did not arrive soon, the worst was to be feared, he said. Tears threatened to drown the voice of the distressed rector; the students also were filled with sorrow and anxious thoughts for the future. At that moment Dr. Salzmann, who had been standing at the side of the rector, stepped forth, and, with that expression of confidence and trust which dispels like a bright ray of the sun the menacing clouds of anxiety, sought to raise their

*It was Salzmann's custom on every New Year's eve to remain up till twelve o'clock, in order to devote the first moments of the new year to God. He kept up this practice to the end.

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depressed spirits and inspire them with new courage. He also admonished the students to persevere in their vocation. God would not forsake his own. They should have frequent recourse to the intercession of St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Divine Savior, the great patron of the needy, in whom he himself placed unlimited confidence. His words acted as a soothing balm on the anxious hearts, raised the clouds of despondency, and dispelled the feeling of sadness.

Though amply provided with cares of his own, Salzmann's noble heart beat in sympathy for the wants of others. When his friend Hassreidter wrote him concerning the dearth in Austria, Salzmann answered: "Oh! that I were rich. . . . How gladly would I send you help! How high the price of grain has risen over there! Frequently my grace at meals is: 'Lord, send your Habakkuks thither where they sow in tears, and have no harvest; where they dine, but are not sated.' Here also the price of grain is high, but the poor man can have plenty of bread, if he wishes. Wisconsin has been these two years the most prosperous of states. Solomon prayed, in his choice of graces, not for riches, but for wisdom. When the German over here grows well-off, he wishes to become rich; and all such, says Christ, fall into the snares of the devil, partly in the accumulation, partly, and almost certainly, in the use made of their riches. Here we may see the greatness of the sins of omission. If riches and what followed in their wake, made Solomon impious—Solomon, who owed his wealth to God and who was called by God the wisest of men—how can we expect the German-American to overcome the temptations here where the golden calf is adored in almost every house? America has the blessing of Esau; but there are few children of Jacob here. Hence the Catho-

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lics here consist largely of the poorer class of people, of the laborers and the middle class; and these build our churches and schools, and organize our charitable societies. . . .

"Concerning my incardination into the diocese of Linz, you are mistaken. My battlefield is America; here I shall die. I must also add that only for the sake of Heaven can one give up Austria."

In the year 1858, Salzmann suffered a heavy loss in the death of his friend, Father Urbaneck. The same year came very near dealing a mortal blow to the seminary. On Christmas day when the Very Reverend Rector Father Heiss, accompanied by a student, was driving back to the seminary from St. Mary's church, where he had preached the sermon, their buggy was struck by a passenger train on the Chicago and North-Western Railroad. The horse was killed outright and the buggy shattered; but, as by a miracle, Father Heiss was unharmed and the student merely scratched. That day the hand of Providence had visibly interfered in behalf of the seminary, and saved the beloved rector for a long and useful career.

In other matters likewise, the young institution enjoyed the special protection of God; and the seed sown in tears began to ripen for a happy harvest. In an article to the *Wahrheitsfreund*, Salzmann describes in his characteristic, picturesque style his impressions on the day when for the first time students of the seminary were ordained priests. "December 16, 1859. Never-to-be-forgotten is this day on which the first fruits of the seminary, fourteen in all, received holy priesthood. The vast crowds, that the large cathedral could not hold on that Ember day, must have experienced feelings similar to my own. Twenty priests assisted their newly ordained brethren

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and the bishop, who, unable to conceal his emotion, discoursed in stately Latin on the dignity of the priesthood. The people could not follow his words, but they saw his fatherly tears. An hour later, the young priests returned home to the seminary, to finish their retreat with a meditation on the *donum perseverantiae*, the grace of final perseverance. At the viaduct they were met by the students headed by the Salesian banner. They all marched in procession to the chapel, where the young priests gave their blessing to the students of the seminary, to the brothers and sisters, to the fifty orphan boys, and blessed also us, their professors, and vowed holy, active loyalty to the seminary. In truth it was the most solemn feast of the seminary, and I think the brightest day of my life. All were serious and despite the farewells little was said. We understood one another without words. Christmas-tide this year had a special significance for Wisconsin. Several congregations have rushed forward their churches since last autumn to have them ready for the first masses of the young priests. . . . In spite of the great hopes raised by this sixteenth of December, we are going backward instead of forward. And why? For lack of schools, and still more for lack of seminaries. You Catholics in Wisconsin and beyond its borders, who have received me, a stranger, kindly in years past and heeded the cry of the land, speaking through me, for priests—all you Catholics, behold what you have helped to found, and rejoice in the monument you have reared for the welfare of your children, for the propagation of our holy faith. Yes, from the moment when the bishop spoke to the first fruits of the Salesianum: ‘Go forth into the wide world and save what can be saved’; from the consecration of that hour, clergy and people as co-founders of the noble work, the seminary, receive a ‘may

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God bless you!" echoing beyond the borders of the grave. But, brethren, lend your aid also in the future! Our faith may surely demand sacrifices of us; the children deserve this of us, yea, may claim it."

Sorrow and joy form the plot of life's ever-shifting drama; and close upon this happy day of light and sunshine, followed a day of mourning that filled Salzmann's heart with sorrow. On April 3, 1860, his father died in the Salesianum at the good old age of seventy-three. He had come to America, to spend his last days near his son and die in his arms. Though the priestly son on leaving his home had severed the bonds of blood, there still dwelt in his grateful bosom that warm and affectionate filial love that the Creator himself implanted in the heart of man and that the Savior sanctified by his blessed example. A touching proof of Salzmann's filial love we find in a letter written the day after his father's death to a friend:

"Yesterday evening at half-past five my good father breathed his last in my arms. I write this to you immediately, because I wish you to say the first holy mass that you say after receiving this letter for the repose of his soul. I am sure you will not refuse me this request. Please say three or five Our Fathers with your people for him after the mass. I know prayer is helpful, for 'it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.'"

At last the building of the seminary chapel had progressed sufficiently to allow of solemn consecration. Much had to be arranged, many things procured for a worthy celebration of this day; and all this fell to the province of the busy procurator. He did not mind such burdens; it was far more difficult for him to put up with the false construction placed on many of his actions. For while

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his noble heart beat joyfully in anticipation of the happy day, he discovered to his sorrow that many impugned his noble motives and placed obstacles in the way of the good work. On Saturday evening, the eve of the consecration, exhausted by his many labors, he entered the home of a Catholic layman, an old friend, and wept bitterly over the rudeness shown him in many houses. After a few days he returned to this friend, to excuse himself for the pusillanimity and the weakness that he had given way to on that evening.

On the day appointed, June 30, the chapel of St. Francis de Sales was consecrated by the Right Reverend Bishop. Fifty-five seminarians, a large number of priests, and a vast concourse of people, witnessed the edifying ceremony. The ceremonies began at seven o'clock in the morning and lasted till two in the afternoon. During the consecration of the altar, the famous missionary, Father F. X. Weininger, S. J., preached in front of the seminary from a platform, erected for the purpose, in inspiring words on the zeal of the first messengers of the Gospel and the grandeur of the Cross. At the close of the ceremonies, that lasted fully seven hours, the bishop made a brief, but heartfelt address, in which he explained the object of the new chapel and urged the seminarians to be men of faith, prayer, zeal, and temperance.

We subjoin an extract from a letter that Salzmann wrote at that time to a friend in Austria:

"Noble, Dear Friend—You prophesy that I shall visit Austria in 1864, and I myself hope this may come to pass. O dear Ried! my second parting from you will pain me more than the first. But it is only for a brief span of time, and I hope to find strength in the Lord. Your protest against the assailants of the Concordat is dignified, sublime. Religious consciousness is awaken-

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ing; the indifferentism of the time of Joseph II is on the wane; only he that is heavy with sleep refuses to rub his eyes and says: ‘Go away with your light; this truth shines too brightly; I do not wish to be disturbed in my slumbers.’ Too bad for good Austria! But I still have hopes for her. The future will teach. Let us wait.

“How freely and mightily the Church might develop here in the United States, if her representatives were but Eliases. Now, because the worldly-minded and proud people are turned entirely to the things of this world and do not comprehend that ‘the child is the father of the man,’ we are retrograding in spite of all the boasting of the papers. A great deal of trash has immigrated, and you cannot gather ‘figs from thorns.’

“Our seminary has been making great strides forward, not only in the sciences, but also in the more important matter of a truly Catholic spirit. . . . How soothing it is in our labors to notice that God is pleased with our efforts.

“Give my hearty greeting to Mr. A. and request the senator to take counsel of his own abundant good sense. There are times of intellectual disease. Mind must first become virtue. Very few minds nowadays distinguish between sophisms and proofs; and in this enlightened century we cry with reason: The intellect is in greater danger than faith. . . . ‘The time is out of joint,’ indeed. License of speech has brought about indolence of thought. Who examines? The number of minds that are developed in a quiet and healthy, determined and straightforward, wise and equable manner, is much smaller than at any time during the last seven centuries, says a philosopher of this century. Who can convert a shallow and perverted mind? Socrates speaks in the same tenor of the sophists of his time. I rejoice, at

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any rate, at the storm of protest that is sweeping over the land against the 'edict on religion.'

"Give my love to the dear little ones. They are the true philosophers, for they have not been spoiled. Oh! that I could be with you for an hour! You shall hear more the next time from your most faithful friend,

JOSEPH SALZMANN."

In the meanwhile—thanks to a kind Providence and to the restless energy of the zealous pioneers—the Catholic Church made rapid progress west of the great lakes. In the diocese of Milwaukee, where in 1844 there were only eight to ten thousand Catholics, only one stone church and that not completed, and two or three log churches; where the bishop, John Martin Henni, had at his disposal only five or six priests: there were in 1862 more than one hundred and ninety thousand Catholics, over two hundred and forty churches and chapels, and more than one hundred priests.* On a confirmation tour through the northern part of his diocese towards the close of the year 1861, Bishop Henni dedicated twenty-five new churches. There was scarcely a city without its Catholic church or chapel. The material progress of the state was no less remarkable. Through large, almost impenetrable forests, through which a few years before the missionaries had plodded on foot and on horseback with unspeakable difficulty, now rushed crashing and thundering the giant locomotive. Still, the zealous bishop complains about the need of priests, especially since their number in the last few years had dwindled owing to death and return to Europe. The demands of the congregations for priests became more insistent. There were sixty-five students in the

*Report of Rector Heiss to the Leopoldine Society, 1862.

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seminary. Unfortunately, the seminary, even at this stage, had to face financial difficulties that more than once menaced its very existence. In his report of 1864 to the Leopoldine Society, the Very Reverend Rector Heiss describes in burning words this sad condition of affairs. "Though much has been accomplished with God's help in this short time, there are still many difficulties to be overcome, to ensure the future of the seminary. We have heavy debts, and most of the students can afford to pay little or nothing; thus our current expenses often cause great embarrassment. It is very difficult, also, to arouse and preserve a vocation to the priesthood in the young men over here. America, more than any other country, is taken up entirely with material things. The number of those who feel themselves called to the priesthood is very small; and if these notice, on the one hand, that they can reach this goal only by long years of serious study, and, on the other, that the priest after attaining his end must lead a life of sacrifice and privation, the holy desire of their heart is easily smothered. Therefore, in my opinion, the candidates for the priesthood during their stay in the seminary ought not to be pestered with financial difficulties. The seminary ought to be for them a happy home, with all that the fond term implies; a home where they can live without care, and receive their intellectual training; a home to which, as to a father's house, they may hope to return in the troubles of after-life for help, counsel, and consolation."

In the meantime the unhappy war of secession had opened. "The dogs of war" had slipped their leashes. The clangor of arms resounded through the land, and during four long years the avenging angel of war spread death and desolation over the homes of peace. The quiet home of the Muses, the Salesianum, also experienced the

The Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, the "Salesianum," from the north.



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sad effects of the war. *Inter arma silent Musae.** Everybody dreaded to be drawn from the quiet walls of the seminary by the recruiting officers, to be enrolled in the ranks of the warriors that were marching to the battle-fields in the South. Many of the students paid a heavy sum to free themselves from military service. Dr. Salzmann also was levied and exempted from service only on payment of three hundred dollars, a large sum for him at that time.

Happily the Northwest was far removed from the actual seat of war. No cavalry laid waste our peaceful fields; no thunder of battle rolled and echoed within the borders of Wisconsin. Another scourge, however, joined itself to the avenging angel of war and threatened to undermine the prosperity of the farmers for years to come. Legions of worms destroyed the crops, so that hundreds of farmers did not reap as much as they had sown; and owners of eighty acres were obliged to buy their bread. This failure of the crops, together with the enormous consumption of the war, drove the price of even the most necessary things to dizzy heights. There were high war-taxes on everything, even on matches. These were hard times for the procurator of the seminary with his one hundred and ten students.

"Great trials demand great sacrifices and mature great souls. The Catholic Church under the prudent leadership of her episcopacy steadily advanced, conscious of her high calling in these tempestuous times, unshaken by the vacillating politics of the day, pointing out to the nations by her firmness the basic principles of true popular happiness. The noble conduct of our bishops compared with the fanaticism of the ministers of the sects in political matters, removed all danger of an anti-Catholic move-

* "In time of war the Muses are silent."

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ment. All over the country where the voice of the cannon was hushed, the Church pursued her benevolent course. The danger of losing the growing generation was also past, as the Catholics, in particular the German Catholics, had erected parochial schools at a great sacrifice."* At that time, before the sword rested in the scabbard, Salzmann conceived the great idea of building a Catholic normal school for young men. This matter will be treated in a subsequent chapter.

How active Dr. Salzmann had been during these troublous times, is indicated by the fact that as early as the first half of the sixties he had collected for the seminary the sum of forty-two thousand dollars, clearly demonstrating that the people took a lively interest in the great work and understood that the progress of the Church in the vast Northwest hinged to a great extent on the prosperity of the seminary. The Salesian Society, founded by Dr. Salzmann, whose members bound themselves to contribute a dollar annually towards the support of the seminary, was spreading far and wide. Salzmann did not neglect to impress on his students the necessity of being grateful to their benefactors. The rosary was recited daily and a mass said every Thursday in the seminary chapel for the benefactors of the seminary, which custom has been retained to this very day.

The first decade of the Salesianum was passed in these critical times amid changing fortunes. The first storms had been successfully weathered and strengthened by struggles and trials, the seminary looked forward to a bright future. Filled with joy and consolation Salzmann wrote: "Hitherto God has showered his blessings on the seminary; may he bless us also in the future. May this

*Salzmann's report to the Leopoldine Society, 1865.

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hope of the Church, the seminary, develop and grow vigorous and continue to bear blossoms and fruit; may it train very many Samuels in this country for the service of the Lord to the joy of the bishops, the consolation of the professors, the reward of all who have contributed toward its erection—above all, to the salvation of all those in our midst that are still to be saved from out the flood of sin and ungodliness."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO EUROPE IN 1865.

For eighteen years Salzmann had labored in the missions of America. They were long and trying years, as he himself confesses. Now he wished to see again his old home, to which his heart still clung with the love and enthusiasm of a true patriot. It was not, however, to be a mere pleasure trip. His object was to gain friends for the seminary, to obtain men endowed with the spirit of sacrifice for the missions of America, in particular for the diocese of Milwaukee, which had within two years lost twelve priests by death. Another reason for undertaking this journey was to secure for the Salesianum a theological library, a long-felt want.

As early as 1863 Salzmann had often thought of revisiting the home of his youth. "This hope," so he writes, "is, humanly speaking, a great consolation for me. But I am prepared for all kinds of disappointments. I wish merely to visit the grave of my mother, far from that of my father, and that of many a friend now resting in the Lord.

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I would be very glad of an opportunity of kissing the ring of Bishop Rudigier, whom I esteem very highly. When confirming in Münzbach he remembered and spoke of me."* At last after a postponement of two years, the journey was undertaken.

In the company of his old friend and companion on the journey of 1847, the Rev. M. Wisbauer, he left his dear seminary, July 11, 1865. Before he left this his second home, he visited the grave of his father, and there prayed and shed tears of sorrow and filial love. Several of his priestly friends accompanied him towards evening to the beautiful harbor of Milwaukee.

When the vessel which bore the beloved priest hove in sight of the Salesianum the whole shore was illuminated. This was the godspeed the students had prepared in honor of their departing procurator.

After landing in Grand Haven the two travelers went by way of Detroit and Buffalo to New York. Traveling was easy now and rapid. The train rushed at great speed through the Canadian forests, through which thirteen years previously on his collection tour Salzmann had been carried in a rumbling stage-coach. On July 13, our travelers found themselves in the midst of that sea of houses, New York. Here they were kindly received by the Redemptorist Fathers, and on July 15 boarded the steamer "Edinburgh" of the Inman Line. Salzmann was now again rocked on the bosom of the vast ocean, that he had crossed eighteen years before. At that time he was on board a small freighter bound for a distant, strange land, to labor and toil among utter strangers; now a magnificent steamer was carrying him back to his home, to the

*On the occasion of a confirmation in Münzbach, Bishop Rudigier asked to be shown the house in which Dr. Salzmann was born and spoke words of high praise of his former pupil.

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dear land of his fathers, where hundreds of friends and associates were eagerly awaiting his coming. Though his heart beat joyfully at the prospect of once again seeing his old home, the same thoughts that led him on in 1847, now stirred his soul. He had not undertaken the journey on pleasure and fruitless leisure bent, but to gain new laborers for the vineyard of the Lord and return with them to the home of his adoption. On July 26, eleven days after leaving New York, the coast of the Emerald Isle, the Isle of Faith, loomed up before their eager gaze. Though Salzmann and his friend had paid their way as far as London, they determined to take advantage of this opportunity to travel through Ireland; the more so, because at that time the National Exposition in Dublin attracted thousands of strangers from all quarters of the globe. Dublin was in festive attire, and even in the remote corners of the isle there was in evidence unusual bustle and activity. In the harbor of Queenstown, where their steamer landed, a boat race was in progress. A number of small skiffs leaped over the water, and one of them barely escaped being struck by the proud steamer.

From Queenstown they traveled by rail to Cork, the third city in size of Ireland. It lies at the mouth of the Lee and boasts one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. They stayed long enough to view the city and the principal objects of interest, among which was the monument erected recently to the memory of the renowned apostle of temperance, Father Matthew. Ivies, clinging to the rocks and walls, reminded the missionaries that they were in the land of green, on the Emerald Isle. From Cork they were whirled by rail through rich pastures and wavy cornfields by way of Thurles and ancient Kildare, that presented a charming view, nestling in the center of a

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fertile valley. It was classic ground, over which their fiery steed bore them, ground hallowed by the struggles and the blood of a noble people fighting for its faith and liberty. Salzmann's heart beat more quickly at the thought that he now was in the midst of a Catholic people that for centuries had sacrificed their life and property and political rights for the inestimable boon of the Catholic faith; that he now was in a land, that, in the beautiful centuries of Faith, was styled "the Isle of saints and scholars" and in piety and learning was the light of the nations of Europe.

At six o'clock in the evening they arrived in Dublin. The streets here swarmed with a mass of people, gathered from all parts of the British Empire, to see the great exposition. After Salzmann and his companion had said mass in St. Paul's church, they visited the exposition. They did not remain long, however, in the bustle and turmoil of the capital; for that very evening they left Dublin, and near midnight landed in Holyhead, on the coast of England. As they had tickets from Liverpool to London, they went from Holyhead to Liverpool, and thence to London, where they were kindly received by the German Fathers in charge of St. Boniface church. On the following day they visited the principal sights of the metropolis. On the evening of July 30 a meeting of the German school society was held, at which Dr. Salzmann delivered an eloquent address on the importance of Catholic schools. The next evening, July 31, they crossed the Channel to Ostend. Unluckily, on this trip Salzmann lost the staff with which, as he said, he had built the seminary. Some years previous to this, he had written to a friend in Austria: "I shall come to Germany and Austria, to take up a collection for our seminary, and shall not lay down my begging staff until the work is finished. Then I will

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lay me down to rest ; the staff they shall place with me in my grave, as Columbus was buried with his fitters." This was not to be. He, however, procured another staff, that served him equally well on his begging tours.

Without stopping, they were hurried along over the lovely plains of Belgium. In Cologne, Salzmann paid a visit to Canon Halm and was received with great distinction, as the Canon was well informed as to the character of his guest by a nephew who resided in Milwaukee. He was so pleased with his visitor that he arranged two banquets in Salzmann's honor, at one of which the coadjutor Bishop Baudri was present. Archbishop Melchers also received him in the kindest manner and gave him a substantial donation.

From Cologne they continued without stopping until they reached Munich. Salzmann was now very anxious to reach his old home so near by; even the charms of the Rhine, famous in song and story, could not induce him to linger. He was drawn irresistibly towards the beautiful blue Danube. His first visit in Munich, he paid to the mother-house of the Poor School-Sisters, who were highly pleased at the report given by Salzmann of the progress their Order had made in Milwaukee. After he had paid his respects to the officials of the Ludwig Society, Father Kagerer, the secretary, and Mr. Lebling, the manager, and had made a faithful report to them of the progress of the Church in the diocese of Milwaukee, he and Father Wisbauer left for Salzburg. Here Father Wisbauer remained, while Dr. Salzmann hastened on to Linz, where he arrived on the evening of August 4. On August 6 we find him in the Augustinian Abbey of St. Florian, where he preached the sermon at the first mass of his nephew. Now followed happy days for Salzmann, days of unalloyed joy, such as he never again lived to

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see. He was kindly and honorably welcomed wherever he went. Though he had been absent eighteen years, his name was not forgotten. His memory was still fresh in his old fatherland; thousands of hearts still warmed to the beloved priest, who in the first years of his priestly life had proved himself such a faithful laborer of the Lord, and who now returned to the circle of his friends as a worthy missionary. Though Salzmann enjoyed to the full the company of his old friends and associates, and the scenes of his youth and early labors, he never forgot the object of his journey and the needs of the Church in America.

Towards the end of August he made the retreat with the priests of the diocese of Linz. On September 3 he joined his friend, Father Wisbauer, in Wels, where he had the pleasure of meeting his fatherly friend, the Canon Ozlberger, like himself a native of Münzbach, now eighty-six years old. On September 6 Dr. Salzmann and Father Wisbauer went by boat to Vienna. From here, the same evening, they traveled to Baden, to visit Salzmann's sister. In the company of his brother-in-law and other friends he returned to the imperial city and revisited the scenes of his student days, scenes alive with fond recollections. In Meidling he visited his favorite sister Marie.

The late Baroness Caroline von Auersperg, on whom Marie waited, invited the missionary to her house, and paid him every mark of attention and respect that his calling and his services to the Church merited so richly in her eyes.

On September 13 the two companions parted. Father Wisbauer was anxious to return to his dear people of Burlington, and therefore, after an absence of scarcely

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six weeks, hastened back to America, while Salzmann lingered several days longer in the capital of Austria.

In the course of this and the following year, Salzmann visited the various institutions of learning in Austria and Germany, to gain students for the missions in America. Wherever he went he won the hearts of the students and was received with enthusiasm. He spoke in his characteristic manner with great warmth, but without exaggeration and with great simplicity, on the urgent need of priests in America, on the longing of the Catholic people for good priests. He described missionary life in this country as laborious and full of privations, but rich in merit for eternity. The author of these lines himself was a witness to the enthusiasm aroused among the students by Salzmann's addresses. But Salzmann was very cautious. He did not accept all that came. He first procured from the rector of a convictus, or a university, a list of all students that he might accept with good conscience for the American missions, should they apply. Among other institutions he visited the famous Academy of Münster in Westphalia. Here he secured four strong men for the missions, the Messrs. Abbelon, Cluse, Kamp-schrör, and Koke, of whom the first three are exemplary priests in active service and the last is gone to his eternal reward.

He also visited the theological convictus connected with the University of Innsbruck and in charge of the Jesuits. Here he was joined by two students: The one, Father Gartner,* labored with great success among the Slavs in this country; the other, the author of this biography.

Gladly would Salzmann have used this opportunity to

*Died in 1877.

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visit the Eternal City, a long cherished desire of his heart; but he feared that this would interfere with the object of his journey. With a heavy heart, therefore, he gave up this plan for the sake of his dear Salesianum.

In a letter which he wrote years after to a friend in the city on the Tiber, he congratulates him on his good fortune in being in the Holy City, and, especially, in being so happy as to see the Holy Father frequently. "*O ter quaterque beate!* O thrice and fourfold happy are you, who have beheld him so often. *Quoties, quam laetus aspexisti!* You will bring us his blessing for our institutions, *ex quibus lapides vivi et electi aeternum maiestati divinae praeparabunt habitaculum.** How I regret that during my journey to Europe I was unable to find time to visit Rome. At that time the *cohortes barbarorum*, the savage hordes of barbarians, did not as now ravage, and render unsafe, the Eternal City. Well, I suppose I am not born to enjoy myself; for during the thirteen months that I spent in Europe I lived like a beggar, rarely paying for what I ate."

In Innsbruck he visited his old friend, the Premonstratensian Father Maximilian Gärtner, one of the best and most deserving of the early pioneers of Wisconsin. In the parish of this friend in Völs, Salzmann preached an affecting sermon on the trials and labors of a missionary. Instead of appealing to the poor people, his friend, Father Maximilian, offered a handsome donation, at which Salzmann cried out for joy: "This first fruit shall be the seed, the blessing, attending on all the addresses that I shall make in my old fatherland in behalf of the child of my love, the Salesianum."

He was also active in behalf of the library. To save

*Out of which choice and living stones will go forth to prepare an eternal dwelling for the Divine Majesty.

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expenses, he resorted to a somewhat peculiar method. In his travels he visited the most famous Catholic writers of Germany and requested them to present copies of their works to the seminary. His plan proved very successful, and soon he had in this manner collected a great number of valuable books, chiefly theological. Salzmann was also received with great kindness by that excellent popular writer, famous the world over, Alban Stoltz, who invited him to an excursion into the Schwarzwald and took special interest in his plans.

There was one author who did not seem inclined to make the donation requested by Salzmann. "Books," he said, "are money." "My God!" Salzmann replied, "you ought to be glad to have your learning transplanted to America and appreciated there." This reasoning seemed to move the scholar, who then smilingly handed to Salzmann the products of his pen. The venerable abbeys of Austria, which he visited, presented him with a great many duplicates from their libraries, so that Salzmann was enabled to take along to America thirteen large cases of books.

Salzmann's happiest moments were spent in the company of the dear friends of his youth. He made it a point to visit the places where he had been active as a young priest, and where he still found the monuments of his self-sacrificing zeal. In Ried it was in particular the house of his deceased friend Hassreidter that he visited, and where he was welcomed in the most amiable manner by the son of his old friend. To this day Mr. Hassreidter remembers with great pleasure those days when he had the satisfaction of entertaining the dear guest from America. "How joyously," he writes me, "Dr. Salzmann would return from his tours, happy at the good success of his labors. How glad we were when he came

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and told us of his experiences! My sister Catharine bustled about to serve him, and he frequently in his letters desired to be remembered 'to his solicitous Martha.' "

On his journey through the various countries of Europe he kept up a correspondence with his friend in Ried, describing his impressions and experiences. From Gmunden, he writes as follows:

"How happy I was in Windisch-Garsten! It was snowing when I arrived, but the grandest of suns drove the fog from the summit of the mountains, as if at my command. Just now the parents of a student from Gmunden were with me, excellent people. It is edifying when people with tears in their eyes, but resolutely, make this sacrifice. This surely must draw down the blessing of God on such homes. Dear St. Wolfgang, where I imagined I had been forgotten, made it difficult for me to say farewell, such was the hearty interest they took in all my plans. I hardly deserved all their kindness, but accepted it from the hand of God in recompense for much unkindness endured with patience in the New World."

Very beautiful and touching is a letter that Salzmann wrote from the capital of Austria to the same dear friend. It shows us in the most beautiful light Salzmann's warm and grateful heart:

"I cannot find words to express my gratitude for all the love and kindness that I neither found nor sought elsewhere in Europe. Though I filled whole pages with such expressions of gratitude, they were but words. You have honored in me the memory of the friendship between your dear father of blessed memory and myself; and I feel sure that he rejoices at this even in Heaven. Whether I shall personally bring you a few keepsakes, or forward them from Linz, I cannot as yet say; but it

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hurts to take leave of you all. I shall never forget the pleasant evenings spent in your house, and must always remain your debtor. . . . Recently, an American priest, Father Sadler, at present in Haag, Lower Austria, came and urged me to take up a collection there, though I am not acquainted in those parts. Our dear Lord ordained that this my last collection should be the most successful of all. I would not have believed it possible to find so kind a people in Austria as I met there. . . . In Vienna I spent the carnival. They say masquerades are growing more common. Thanks to the Lord, I saw none. . . . I am quite sure of good results in Vienna for our seminary; and this is, of course, the principal object of my trip to Europe. I am prepared for everything, even for death in a watery grave — that would mean surcease from many annoying cares. It is now 11:30 P. M. To-morrow, Ash Wednesday, I shall continue my letter. Yes, covered with ashes, holy ashes, the pilgrim passes through life, from one corner of the globe to another, till his weary feet find rest at the portals of eternity."

In All Saints, in the Mill Quarter, he spent two happy days in the house of a former fellow-student and chum in Linz, the Reverend Voglmeyr, pastor of All Saints. "It was a special dispensation of Providence that led Salzmann to our midst," this worthy priest writes. "Before anybody thought of his coming to visit his old home, my aged mother, in whose house in Ried Salzmann when a catechist had passed many a pleasant hour, began to express certain wishes that she desired to see fulfilled before her death. Her first wish was to see Salzmann again. This she repeated many times. My sister and I kept telling her that this was impossible; but mother insisted on seeing Salzmann before dying. All at once

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it was rumored that Salzmann was to visit Europe. ‘Did I not tell you that I would see him?’ my mother exclaimed. And he came. He remained with us for two days and delighted in recalling the days of long ago. I cannot describe to you the heartiness of that meeting, the mutual joy, the sad parting. It was the last time they were to meet, and this they both realized.” But not in all places was his cup of joy unmixed with bitterness. He was everywhere received with the greatest kindness by the friends of his youth; but Austria, his native land, was not the Austria of old. Owing to the restless activity of a party that endangered the interests of the Church no less than those of the State, a sad change had come upon many places. The heart of the zealous priest bled at the havoc wrought by modern liberalism in thousands of homes. A new, strange crop had sprung up in those beautiful fields, in which he had sown the first seed of his priestly zeal. This was done by the enemy. It seems that he looked deeply during his short stay in Ried, for he remarked to a friend in Münzbach: “O Ried! It is no longer the old Ried! It is not Ried!” Perhaps he foresaw the sad and dangerous times coming, that within a few years were to destroy the peace and happiness of this beautiful Catholic city. Even at that time Salzmann must have met with sad experience, must have seen the dark clouds gathering and “casting their shadows before,” though he never expressed himself concerning this matter.

Salzmann found favor also with the great personages of this world. Louis I. of Bavaria, enthusiastic for everything noble and great, gave him the royal sum of three thousand florins for the Normal School. The Emperor Francis Joseph, for whom Salzmann to his dying day felt a special veneration, received him in special audi-

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ence. His Majesty was very gracious, and on dismissing him presented him with a large donation. Salzmann took special pleasure in the audience granted him in Salzburg by the Empress Caroline Augusta, that indefatigable benefactress of churches and noble-hearted friend and mother of the poor. She had heard of Salzmann, and received him in the most friendly and gracious manner, with that sincere reverence and respect which this truly Catholic ruler always displayed towards the priests of the Church. Grateful as Salzmann always was, he felt a particular gratitude towards this noble lady; and when the sad news of her death reached here he celebrated a solemn requiem for the repose of her soul. The largest sum (six hundred gulden) that Salzmann received for the Salesianum, was the gift of the Emperor Ferdinand the Good in Prague. He was received in audience also by his royal Highness the Duke of Modena, who, likewise, presented him with a goodly sum.

He did not neglect to pay his respects to the Protector of the Leopoldine Society, Cardinal Ottmar Ritter von Rauscher, and to make a report to him concerning the missions in America, and, in particular, concerning the Salesianum. The noble prelate took great interest in the needs of the Church in America. "Unfortunately," he remarked, "our means are inadequate. The Leopoldine Society, despite the generous support it receives, appears to me like a man that undertakes to water a large field of wheat with a hand-sprinkler."

Early in July, 1866, we find Salzmann in Paris. Here, as elsewhere, he found little time for the grand monuments of art and industry in the great world-city on the Seine. Though he took great interest in the beautiful in art, he controlled this natural bent and sacrificed his pleasure to the welfare of the seminary. A political

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report, however, drew his attention and aroused sad feelings in his patriotic bosom. It was the news of the defeat of the Austrian army at Königsgrätz, July 3, 1866. Salzmann was with the Papal Nuncio when the sad news arrived.

During his stay in Paris he visited the famous Abbé Migné, the publisher of the works of the Fathers of the Church. For one thousand francs he purchased the two hundred and twenty-one volumes that had appeared up to that time, for the library of the Salesianum.

Never to be forgotten was his visit to the renowned Monsignor Ségur, who by his instructive writings, translated into almost all languages, had sown the good seed in the hearts of thousands.

Salzmann was invited to dinner. The aged priest, blind for several years, was guided to the table by a boy. "One thing," I often heard Salzmann say, "I shall never forget—the devotion and noble dignity with which Monsignor Ségur, the blind and silver-haired old priest, made the sign of the cross. This alone revealed to me the depth of his piety."

Here, then, two noble priestly souls, two real benefactors of mankind, had met; two men, who, though sprung from different races and speaking different languages, thoroughly understood each other and moved in a higher sphere. The one had labored with his ready pen, the other with the power of his eloquence and the incessant martyrdom of his apostolic labors.

From France Salzmann betook himself to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and remained for three days in its capital, where he was the guest of Bishop Adames. He delivered an address to the students in the ecclesiastical seminary; but as only a short time before the famous apostle of the Indians, Father De Smet, S. J., had taken

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up a collection there, Salzmann could not hope for financial success. He succeeded, however, in gaining some students of philosophy for the American missions: the Messrs. Jacoby, Probst, and Sassel. Fathers Jacoby and Probst are worthy pastors in the Archdiocese of Dubuque.* As time was short, he hurried back to Austria through Germany, that was echoing with the din of war.

In his own home, Upper Austria, Salzmann's appeal had fallen upon willing ears; for several students of the gymnasium in Linz declared their willingness to accompany him to America. These were the Messrs. Friedl, Huber, Pichler, Ruckengruber, Zeininger, and Zitterl. They were joined later on by two students from Kremsmünster, Messrs. Heller and Zechenter. Dr. Salzmann in time had the consolation of seeing all these enter the ranks of the priesthood. The former pastor of Holy Trinity in Milwaukee, Father Sadler, joined the party at the solicitation of Dr. Salzmann, to take a chair in the Salesianum.

In the meanwhile the pleasant days spent by Salzmann in his native country were drawing to a close, and it was time to say farewell.

For the second time he said adieu to friends and home, to return to those distant shores where he had found a new home. This second parting was a second sacrifice made to the Lord; but he had grown accustomed to sacrifices. Far more than his native land and the friends of his youth; far more than the venerable city of the Emperors, with its grand traditions and sturdy people—he esteemed his holy vocation and the care of the children of his love, for whom he had toiled in the sweat of his brow.

Salzmann left instructions for all who wished to follow

*Father Sassel died May 6, 1883.

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him to be in Bremen on July 28. We all punctually appeared. Here, besides those mentioned above, the student Frederic Metzger, afterwards pastor of Kaskaskia, Ill., joined the party, as also two nuns. Father Leander Schaffer, an Augustinian, joined us in Southampton. Sunday, July 29, our steamer, the "New York," put to sea. The voyage was a smooth one; but after a few days cholera broke out on board our ship. Unhappily, one of our party, a nun from Augsburg, was attacked by this terrible scourge, and died in a few hours, after receiving the last sacraments from the hands of Dr. Salzmann. This case spread fear and anxiety among us; but, fortunately, the angel of death was satisfied with this one victim from our party. The other passengers, with the exception of a few children, escaped unharmed. On August 14 we descried land in the distance, and soon our eyes feasted on the beautiful country that spread out before us; on the pretty and often palatial villas that dot the banks of the Hudson. On landing in New York, Salzmann and his companions called on the Redemptorist Fathers on Third street, where they were kindly received. The Fathers provided board and lodging for the students in the party with some Catholic families. On the following day, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, Salzmann preached in the church of the Holy Redeemer. In the exuberance of his grateful heart, he gave expression to the gratitude he felt at their successful landing, and gave thanks to God, the Father, and to Mary, "The Star of the Sea," for guiding them in safety over the waters of the deep.

From New York our party went to Buffalo by the Erie Railroad. Here we remained for two days as the guests of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Mary's church. From Buffalo we traveled, without stopping over, to Chi-

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cago. I cannot refrain from describing our somewhat striking entrance into this "Queen of the West."

On the journey from New York, a trunk filled with large folio editions was accidentally broken. Salzmann, therefore, requested each of the students to carry a volume. When we arrived in Chicago we were to go to Salzmann's friend, Rev. F. Kalvelage, the pastor of St. Francis' church, which was some distance from the depot. With Dr. Salzmann at their head, the fourteen students marched in single file through the streets of Chicago; and as their leader now and then had to inquire his way, the whole procession was frequently at a standstill. This strange caravan attracted a great deal of attention. Each student carried a large steamer rug on his back, held in one hand the tin cup and plate used on the voyage, and lugged under the other arm a mighty folio that recalled the early days of the art of printing. They certainly looked as if en route for the wild and woolly West on some scientific expedition! Probably with the intention of affording an amused public ample opportunity of reviewing this remarkable parade, we had to retrace our course several times, and thus pass through the same streets a second time. Finally, the protecting walls of an omnibus screened us from the gaze of the curious crowds.

At last, on the evening of August 21, we reached our destination. Rejoicing to have done with the wearisome journey, we entered the halls of the Salesianum. Dr. Salzmann immediately conducted us to the chapel and admonished us to thank God for the successful termination of the journey.

Salzmann's return was hailed with delight by all the inmates of the seminary. On the evening of August 21 the booming of cannon on the lake shore announced to the neighborhood that the dear foster-father of the Salesi-

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anum had returned to his own. A poem of welcome by M. J. Joerger* told the glad tidings to those living at a distance.

In a report which Dr. Salzmann made to the Leopoldine Society in Vienna soon after his return to America, he thanks from the fullness of his heart his generous friends and benefactors in Europe for their "gifts to the missions, that are more to him than gems to the jeweler. But of far greater value," he continues, "are the living stones that I was so fortunate in procuring for the Church in America. I refer to the priests and the candidates for the priesthood who accompanied me with courage and enthusiasm to this western land. Most of them were bound to the old country by tender ties. Even now I see the venerable father in Gmunden standing before me, and hear him speak, with tears in his eyes, these Catholic words: 'Reverend Father, I place my son in your hands and offer him up to the Church in America; but it was my heart's desire to be present at his first holy mass.' 'Father,' I answered, 'these words fit you for Heaven.' † Thus the question, Whence take priests? can now be answered with greater confidence; and this confidence affords a bliss to my priestly heart, a bliss that I would not exchange for all the goods of the earth."

If, on the one hand, this happy outlook was a source of consolation to him; on the other hand, the days of financial troubles and privations were not over. A wearing anxiety for a long time weighed him down and, as he himself confessed, crippled his energy, so that for a

*Dr. M. J. Joerger, author of a volume of poems entitled "Waldveilchen," Wood Violets; for eighteen years rector of St. John's, Jefferson, Wisconsin, died in Watertown, Wisconsin, Sept. 29, 1901.

†The student in question was Gottlieb Haringer, who arrived at the Salesianum a few months after our party, and died May 10, 1869, a deacon.

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time he was unable to regain his wonted composure. "They tell me here that I am homesick, though I must confess to my shame that miserable money is at the bottom of my indisposition. . . . Even though I feel discouraged at the heavy debts on the Salesianum, I can under no consideration allow the progress of the young and noble candidates for the priesthood to be interrupted; this would mean to frustrate the very aim and object of the seminary. Great consolation is vouchsafed me in my sufferings *quibus parturio singulos singillatin.*"* Often Salzmann during the last years of his life would dwell on that visit paid his old home; oft his weary mind would conjure up the charming banks of the Danube; and he would live over again the days spent with his dear friends. "Shall I ever see Austria again?" he asks in a letter to a friend. "Oh! I breathe new life from this hope, and feel my spirits sink when realizing how improbable this is of fulfillment. Perhaps July 20, 1880? *Si ego adhuc vivus!*† We dream our dreams, though we know they are impossible of realization."

Alas, this hope was but a beautiful dream; for he was never again to see his native land. Scarcely had he returned to his dear Salesianum, when he devoted himself with new zeal to its welfare. Though busy in many directions, and, as we have seen, struggling with pecuniary difficulties, he paid special attention to his classes. From time to time, however, he was obliged to take his staff, to collect money and victuals for the seminary.

On July 22, 1867, the second of the missionaries who in 1847 had crossed the ocean together, passed on to his eternal reward. On this day Father Fabian Bermadinger, O. M. C., died in Port Washington, in the house of

*In suffering I, as it were, give birth to each one.

†If I be alive.

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his devoted friend, Father Francis X. Sailer, after long suffering endured with exemplary patience. His death closed a life of beneficence, strenuous activity, and privation. It was by a kind dispensation of Divine Providence that the good father, only a few days before his demise, returned, as if by accident, to the place where he had labored longest and where he had gained the greatest merits for Heaven, to receive his palm of triumph like a tried warrior on the field of battle. Salzmann had just returned from a collecting tour in St. Louis, when I, arriving from Port Washington, brought him the sad news. Though fatigued after his long journey, he did not delay, but hastened to pay his deceased friend the last tribute of honor, to render him the last service of friendship. He reached Port Washington at eleven o'clock that night and immediately repaired to the church, where his friend lay in state, and imprinted a warm kiss on the pale lips now cold in death. Only at the urgent and repeated solicitation of Father Sailer did he consent to go to the house for a little refreshment. After this he immediately returned to the church, and remained there on his knees all night, praying beside the remains of his friend. A truly touching example this, of true love transfigured by faith; of love that endures beyond the grave; that extends into the domain of the spirit world, in order that by its intercession the disembodied soul of the friend may wing its way through the purifying flames to the regions of eternal Light.

Let us close this period in the life of Salzmann with the mention of a feast that occurred during this time, the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, August 8, 1867.

Though Salzmann never sought recognition and thanks for the noble works that he performed, he could not but

The Chapel of the Woods, St. Francis, Wisc.



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give ear to the loud and persistent demands of his many friends and admirers who wished to assemble around him on this joyful day of his priestly life. On this occasion the esteem and honor in which he was held by the priests of the diocese was abundantly evident. They appreciated to the full the services of this great man to the Church in Wisconsin and the Northwest. A large number of priests from far and near hastened to the seminary to offer their congratulations and show their esteem for the venerated priest. Salzmann, however, wished to prepare himself for this day in the most becoming manner. In solitude and intercourse with God he wished to review his past, in order to enter upon this day with the proper disposition and to renew his spirit and gird himself afresh with confidence in God. He therefore withdrew for three days to the Chapel of the Woods, near the seminary, and there by an earnest retreat prepared himself for this beautiful and important day in his priestly life.

During these days of retirement in the solitude of the forest, at the shrine of the Virgin, he probably wrote those lines that we find among his papers—lines of self-depreciation that unfold to us a touching picture of the sincere humility with which he regarded his life and labors; a humility which we admire the more, the more we esteem the greatness of the man. Reviewing with his piercing and enlightened gaze the days of his life, he clearly comprehended the sublimity of divine things and valued human things at their true worth. He declared in simple humility that his labors were of no value, and that he was but a useless servant of the Lord. “How often,” he exclaims, “have I preached; a hundred, aye, a thousand times, and with what fruit? With none for myself, none for others! . . . Baptized to the cross

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of Christ, I have loved the world! I have become as ‘unsavory salt and as a lamp that is put out.’” At the thought of his unworthiness he is seized with that fear that makes the severity of the judgment of God terrible even to the just man and causes him “to work out his salvation with fear and trembling.” “Woe is me! ‘Out of my mouth God will judge me.’ How long he has waited for me! He has given me everything, and I have made him no returns. ‘He looked that I should bring forth grapes, and I brought forth wild grapes.’ I have forgotten Him who never forgot me. ‘Fear and trembling are come upon me and darkness hath covered me.’ *Ab improvisa morte libera me Domine.*”*

These were the thoughts of the man who had done so much for the honor of God; who had preached the word of God with so much zeal; who had never sought the praise of men; who was able to say on his death-bed: “This is my greatest consolation, that I have done nothing for my own honor, but all for the greater honor and glory of God.”

The feast was delicately and thoughtfully arranged. In the gloaming, the priests, the students, of whom a great number were present, although it was the time of vacation, the orphan boys, and the children of the parochial school—went in procession to the Chapel of the Woods singing hymns and saying prayers. The students carried torches, whose flickering lights produced the weirdest effects in the gloom of the forest.

After a brief devotion in the cozy little chapel, they returned to the seminary, where Dr. Salzmann received the congratulations of the orphans in whose interest he had always been so active. Thereupon a student of the-

*From an unprovided death save me, O Lord!

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ology thanked him in animated words in the name of all the alumni of the Salesianum and bestowed the meed of praise on his efforts in behalf of the seminary.

On the day itself, August 8, Salzmann celebrated solemn high mass of thanksgiving in the chapel of the seminary. The sanctuary was crowded with priests, who, surely, called down from on high the blessing of God on the beloved celebrant. After dinner, a Latin address was delivered by one of the students. Dr. Salzmann replying in the same tongue turned this flood of praise from himself to the rector, Father Heiss. Turning towards Father Heiss, he said: "*Ego muros exstruxi, hic autem spiritum infudit.*"* I remember well the surprise and applause elicited by this remark; for all knew, and Father Heiss would have been the first to acknowledge, that Salzmann had been instrumental not merely in the material progress of the seminary, but also to a great extent in its intellectual and spiritual improvement. The beautiful anniversary passed like a bright sunbeam, falling on and lighting up Salzmann's varied and stormy career. Had human respect and earthly motives ever influenced his actions, we would say: It was a day which, by the spontaneous recognition of his great and successful labors on the part of his many friends and admirers, filled him with proud satisfaction and new courage; heightened his self-esteem; and brightened his outlook into the future.

*I, indeed, built the walls, but he infused the spirit.

CHAPTER X.

SALZMANN AS RECTOR OF THE SALESIANUM.

September 6, 1868, was a day of mingled joy and sorrow for the Salesianum; a day of which Salzmann was wont to say: *Exultavi et lacrymatus sum in ea.** On this day the Very Reverend Rector Michael Heiss was consecrated in the cathedral of Milwaukee as first bishop of the newly formed diocese of La Crosse. In him was honored a man who by the treasures of his learning and the depth of his piety was destined to adorn his high position. It was a sore loss for the seminary. The man was about to leave us who, together with Dr. Salzmann, had shared in all the vicissitudes of the seminary, had been faithful and true in good and evil days; the man whom hundreds of priests and students honored as their teacher and father; who by his extensive and thorough theological learning had been at once the ornament and the pride of the seminary.

Naturally, the seminary, both the faculty and the students, took the most lively interest in this event. A special train, furnished free of charge by the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, carried them to Milwaukee, where they witnessed the ceremony of consecration. "It was an elevating celebration," Salzmann wrote to a priestly friend in Austria, "both for us and for the unassuming and simple rector, at whose side I labored for fourteen years in the most varied circumstances, and who has been my best and truest friend. In bidding farewell to the Salesianum he

*I rejoiced and wept on this day.

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was kind enough to call me, in a voice choked with tears, his best friend."

On the following day Bishop Heiss came to the Salesianum, the scene of his past labors, and celebrated his first pontifical high mass in the seminary chapel. He was accompanied by Bishops Henni, Grace, Lefèbre and Hennessy. It was a joyous day for the Salesianum, a day on which the sorrow of parting was forgotten in the joy of the moment.

On the following Sunday Bishop Heiss consecrated a new altar in St. Mary's church, Milwaukee, his former parish. Just twenty-one years had elapsed since the dedication of the church. Salzmann preached. We give prominence to this sermon not only because it is a masterpiece of pulpit oratory, but also because Salzmann seized upon this opportunity to express publicly his loving veneration and great esteem for his old and tried friend, from whose hands he now for the first time received the preacher's stole. The very introduction reveals to us the unusual elation which in that hour thrilled the heart of the orator.

"For twenty-one years I have worn the stole of the preacher and have used it, I suppose, thousands of times; but to-day I feel its weight, for this is an august occasion. My heart feels this and my tongue is almost silent; these very walls preach; the altar-stone speaks in words of fire; a bishop consecrates; God descends to men; and men are to find words for such an occasion! Mary, the Queen of Heaven, intones her *Magnificat* and the angels listen in awe; but I shall in silence recite the *Benedicite*, in which the three young men in the furnace call upon all creatures to praise God, their own efforts being inadequate. You, happy parishioners, celebrate to-day your marriage feast. To-day twenty-one years pass in review before our inner eye. Just twenty-one years ago the Right Reverend Con-

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secrator of to-day, as pastor of this congregation, rejoiced in the dedication of his church. In his modesty he never imagined that in years to come he himself with mitre and crozier would consecrate the altar in this glorious temple. . . . It is easier to bring to the light of day the gold and other precious metals through the dark tunnels from the bosom of the earth, than in a manner befitting this august occasion to express the feelings that on this day transport me. I shall rely on the offertory of the mass, in which I offered up to God the hearts of this people. I console myself with the thought that you also are affected by the solemnity of the occasion, and I trust to the blessing given me by the newly consecrated bishop before beginning my sermon."

After sketching in outline the ceremony of the consecration of the altar, he passed over to the grand and holy dignity of a bishop. "What is a bishop?" he asked. "A speculator recently remarked that a bishop is as important as a railroad for a city. For us, however, the bishop means the preservation of our faith, the propagation of Christianity, the continuation of the priesthood. Without bishops there can be no priests. Happy the city and the land in which the bishop plants his crozier; for his ring unites him with his see in inseparable wedlock. What has made Wisconsin populous? What has made Milwaukee great? It is the bishop's crozier.

"But to-day what is it that causes you to rejoice in a special manner? It is the person of the Right Reverend Consecrator here present, to whom we may aptly apply the words of the Magnificat: *Et exaltavit humiles.** Imagine to yourselves to-day the joy of his good parents in Heaven, when a St. John or a St. Paul or some other apostle approaches them and says: 'Rejoice, your son has

*He hath exalted the humble.

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become my successor. His dignity traces back to me in unbroken succession.' Then the heavenly glory of the parents is resplendent with new lustre; for up there a bishop is regarded as above the kings of the earth.

"Two years after his ordination the Holy Spirit, whom he received when ordained, impelled him to go to the missions of America. It was in the year 1842. Twenty-six years ago he labored in Covington, Ky., and far and wide in that vicinity his priestly zeal was exercised. There our Right Reverend Ordinary met him and secured him for the missions in Wisconsin, a larger field with fewer laborers. He found but four priests in the vast tract of Wisconsin. Here in Milwaukee he found a small church; three little rooms for the bishop and himself, the bishop's secretary; and scarcely seventy Catholic settlers, who were almost as poor as their bishop. Soon a German church was built,* for which Father Heiss collected from house to house for two months in Cincinnati. Full of joy he returned with his collection, and now the new church made rapid progress. How much has happened during these twenty years, and how many have passed away to their reward! You few old settlers, tell your children and the later settlers, how twenty-one years ago to-day the little body of German Catholics of Milwaukee for the first time knelt here where the Indians still hunted and fished; how you felled the last trees; how many a day-laborer divided his earnings between God and his children, between his church and his family.

"But I must not pass over in silence what the newly consecrated bishop has been to me. In the year 1847 I learned to know his kind heart, and soon to prize his sterling worth. In 1850 he went to Europe to visit his aged parents; and when he returned we decided to build a

*St. Mary's.

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seminary. I would never for a moment have entertained the thought of carrying out such an undertaking without his support; and alone I could never have overcome the thousands of obstacles that lay in our path. What we suffered, God knows. I put up the walls and paid debts, while the Right Reverend Bishop in our midst infused the spirit; and it was and is a good spirit. Under his management the seminary has sent forth more than one hundred and thirty priests to ten dioceses; it has prospered; and it is to-day wellnigh the largest ecclesiastical seminary in the United States. Many who refused to aid us on the plea that we had undertaken too much have been put to shame. Thus we have lived and labored together amid all sorts of difficulties since 1856, in which year, on the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the seminary was opened. In Bishop Heiss the seminary loses the man of learning, a priceless gem. He goes forth in the name of God, and with him goeth blessing."

For almost a month the new bishop remained with us. The feast of St. Michael, his patron saint, was fixed upon as the day of his solemn enthronization. On the eve of his departure the professors and students assembled around their former rector to bid him a last farewell. It was a sad farewell for the seminary; but the bishop also left with a heavy heart. He thanked us for our love and our good wishes. Then he turned to Salzmann, who was standing at his side, and said: "I leave with you my best friend; he will take my place; and this makes it easier for me to leave you. I leave you a friend, who will care for you with no less love than myself."

In the morning the bishop left the scene of his past labors, to commence anew a life of apostolic poverty. For no grand cathedral opened wide its portals to receive him, no proud palace awaited him in his episcopal see. His

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cathedral was a small frame church, burdened with a debt of nineteen hundred dollars; his dwelling was very modest. Soon the wilderness, watered by the heavenly dew of his wisdom, was changed into a beautiful garden.

Often in later years Bishop Heiss would speak affectionately of the great interest taken by Salzmann in his elevation to the episcopacy, and of the inestimable services rendered by him in smoothing over many difficulties. "Salzmann rejoiced most sincerely over my appointment to the see of La Crosse," writes Bishop Heiss. "He did what lay in his power to smooth over the roughness and remove the difficulties of my position as bishop of the poor diocese of La Crosse. He saw to all details as if it had been a matter that concerned his own person. May God reward him for all his unselfish kindness towards me, which was especially grateful to me in those trying times. When I left for La Crosse he arranged an escort consisting of professors of the seminary and other priests, and a delegation of Catholic laymen of Milwaukee. When our St. Joseph's church was dedicated in 1870, he preached the sermon; but to my sorrow I was absent at the time at the Vatican Council. When I returned about Christmas, 1870, he came as far as Chicago to meet me. He paid his first and last visit to me in La Crosse during the vacation of 1873, half a year before his death. At that time he was very much depressed on account of the straitened circumstances of the Salesianum and the Normal School."

The position of rector of the Salesianum became vacant by the elevation of Father Heiss to the episcopacy. Dr. Salzmann, as was expected by all, received the appointment. For five years he was at the head of the seminary, and under his wise and prudent management its reputation steadily increased, as did also the number of the students. He endeavored, above all, to animate the can-

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dicates for the priesthood with a truly ecclesiastical spirit. He pointed out to them the dignity of the sublime vocation to which they believed themselves called. And who could more effectively have imbued them with reverence and love for the priesthood than he who was himself an ideal priest; who with the weapons of eloquence and learning had fought so bravely against the hydra of infidelity; who for truth's sake had suffered calumny and persecution; who amid great privation and exposed to intolerable indignities had gone a begging over all the land; and who was himself an example of apostolic poverty? Therefore, his words made a deep and lasting impression on his pupils. "Dr. Salzmann's words and admonitions," writes one of his former pupils, "can never be forgotten by me. They are to me as guiding stars in the wilderness of life."

"As long as I live," wrote another pupil, "I shall honor in him my benefactor, counselor, and father, and gratefully pray for him."

In his sermons to the students, Salzmann frequently and impressively referred to the inestimable grace of being called to the priesthood. "The call to the sanctuary, the vocation to the priesthood, lies entirely with God; is God's affair. The little Samuel was brought by his pious mother into the tabernacle; but the Lord guided the heart and the steps of the mother. When a weak mortal is called to be a priest of the most High, we must look upon this as a mark of predestination. If this chosen one ponders how his vocation stands in the most intimate relation to the incarnation of the Word, to the mysteries of Christmas, Good Friday, and Pentecost; if he considers in the light of faith that he is called to represent the Son of man on earth, to do His work and preach His word, 'It is consummated,' also to others; in the name and power of

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Jesus to bring through the mediating office of the priesthood the salvation wrought by Jesus to those that are willing to be saved. Considering all this, the candidate for the priesthood must adore God's merciful decrees and cry out with the Apostle, *O altitudo divitiarum sapientiae et scientiae Dei!**

In a sermon delivered on the feast of St. Francis de Sales, he describes with great beauty and truth the first germs and early growth and development of the vocation to the priesthood in the heart of a young man. "Rarely does God interfere by a miracle, as in the case of St. Paul on his journey to Damascus. God respects the liberty of choice in the youth; but He plants the seed of the vocation and renders its development possible; gives time and favorable conditions for growth: *Sapientia aedificavit sibi domum. Attingit a fine usque ad finem fortiter et disponit omnia suaviter.*"**

"Thus we find a sweet, mysterious trait often awakened in the child. The boy builds his little altar in a corner of the room, adorns it with a crucifix and pictures of the saints, vests himself in a paper vestment and endeavors with great earnestness to imitate the priest at the altar. There is often a deep significance latent in the play of the child, says a poet. Afterwards the boy takes pleasure in serving at mass; he is now imitating the angels who came to our dear Lord to serve Him. There at the altar, he is very near to the God of grace; there the precious seeds of piety and virtue are sown in his heart and find abundant nutriment. If he now preserves his innocence, as St.

*O depth of the riches and of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God.—Rom. XI. 33.

**Wisdom hath built herself a house. She reacheth, therefore, from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly.—Prov. IX. 1.—Wis. VIII. 1.

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Francis de Sales did amid the dangers of Paris and Padua, he is irresistibly impelled to commence his preparatory studies; if he does this within the precincts of an ecclesiastical seminary, his education for the priesthood will proceed without extraordinary difficulty. On the soil of early Catholic bringing up there will sprout forth spontaneously a tender devotion to the blessed Virgin; the presence of the holy Eucharist nourishes his soul and keeps alive his piety; the very nature of his studies makes him loyal to his Church. He wishes to serve his Church, to become her worthy servant by means of deep and holy studies; he suffers with her sufferings; rejoices in her joys; thus there develops in him a complete devotion to her and a noble enthusiasm for all her interests."

"Without learning, no true priest!" he cries out in his last eulogy on St. Francis de Sales, January 29, 1873. The times of the Apostles are past, the times in which the nets of the fishermen were exchanged for the keys of Heaven and the publican arose from his toll-bench an apostle.

"The profane sciences, too, must be cultivated by the candidate for the priesthood. Let those who esteem Horace and Cicero in the light of oracles, be instructed and converted by their oracles. You must know how to handle the weapons of your opponents. Philosophy is the only weapon of many; put them to shame on their own ground."

Having in mind the superficial character, the craving for gold, the grasping disposition, the "itching palm," so common in this country—Salzmann endeavored to lead his pupils to those higher spheres to which the priest must ascend, if he wishes to become a true leader unto Heaven.

"Here where superficiality and want of principle run riot; here in America the scarcity of priests and the mis-

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sionary conditions excused many things that later on revenged themselves on those that had abused these primitive conditions; revenged themselves at a time when the Church ceased to supply the deficiencies, because the priestly grace secures, protects, and bears aloft, only the true missionary; here in this country your holy patron, if he were to come down among you to-day, would insist above all, on laying the foundation of a truly priestly self-esteem. Let this foundation be laid deep down in the depths of humility; for the drifting sands and the flightiness of this land heaves up here and there high dunes, and the frost of later years raises and cracks the walls.

. . . The sea runs high, the spirit of the times rolls its breakers over the world. . . . Have a high conception of your mission, and use well this time, your time of probation, for *corruptio optimi pessima* ;* when corruption appears among angels, the earth mourns and satan exults. Take for your model the great saint whose name you bear, O sons of St. Francis!"

When abolishing abuses and insisting on a strict observance of the rules of the seminary, the wise and prudent rector took occasion to call the attention of the students to their high and important calling, and thus to urge them on to joyous and willing obedience. Once when he felt constrained to rebuke some students of the higher courses for laxity in the observance of the rules of the seminary, he spoke these beautiful words: "Gentlemen, when in the future you come to me as priests, I shall be the first to kneel down before you (here in his dramatic way he knelt down), to ask your blessing; but as long as you remain in the seminary, I must earnestly admonish you to observe conscientiously the rules of the

*The corruption of the best is the worst.

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house." At another time when a delegation of students came to his room, to complain about certain abuses of the existence of which he had already been informed, he pointed to a crucifix and said: "Look here before you begin to speak, lest passion lead you astray and impel you to offend against charity."

Salzmann always insisted on a punctual observance of the rules, and the least infringement of a rule was sufficient to provoke a sharp reprimand. Although in such cases his words sometimes sounded passionate and offensive, his good intention was always apparent. It was always clear that his object was not to wound the offender, but to correct the offense. Just those very persons who were severely reprimanded by Salzmann when in a passion, were later on won over by the sympathy he showed and the kind, fatherly counsel he gave them in their troubles.

I remember one case in particular. Salzmann had corrected a student rather sharply. The student bitterly resented the tartness of his manner. Salzmann himself afterwards believed that he had been too severe, and even went to the student to excuse himself and beg his pardon. Whatever we may be inclined to think concerning this step, certainly this action on the part of a man of Salzmann's position and standing was an act of humility and self-denial worthy of our respect and admiration.

His faculty of "being all things to all men," his real concern in the weal and woe of his charges, especially fitted him for the duties of his position. Whenever a student in any difficulty of whatsoever nature turned to Dr. Salzmann, he was sure to find sympathy and good advice. In the midst of the most urgent business, he would devote hours to such a student, enter lovingly into his troubles, even to the smallest details, and talk over

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his plans. What a lively interest he took in the fortunes of his scholars, even after they had left the seminary, we may see from one of his letters, addressed to a student who was about to go to Münster, to complete his theological studies. "I wish you luck," he writes, "in going and coming, and I live in the hope that you will gain the respect and love of your superiors in Münster, as you have ours. Make a conscientious use of your time, and gather the nuggets of gold, particularly, deep interest in the science of theology, modesty, and humility. Go under the special protection of God and His blessed Mother. *I bonis avibus et redi ad tibi sincere amicum, J. S.** His heart was filled with the joy of a father, when he saw that his words bore good fruit, and the behavior of the students met his expectations. "God has sent us," he writes to his friend Wisbauer, "on this eighth of September, so many pious, talented, and apparently chosen *invenes et pueros*** that I am *perenniter†* reveling in the sweet joys of a father."

His love and sympathy extended even beyond the grave. In a letter to a friend he asks for a memento "for the truly pious student of theology, William Plaster—but soon, or he will not need it." Very beautiful and touching are the words of the introduction to his sermon at the funeral of this student. "At the bier of our beloved student, after the shipwreck of our stranded hopes, I gaze with mournful eyes to Heaven, whence the arrow of death was sent, and ask for consolation and demand an answer to the question, *Quare hoc fecisti?*‡ The answer given by the Judge over life and death is, *Beati mortui qui in*

*May birds of good omen attend you and may you return happy to your sincere friend, J. S.

**Young men and boys.

†Constantly.

‡Why hast thou done this?

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Domino moriuntur.† You hear this answer, this beatification, which applies to the soul of this departed youth."

Even before Salzmann became rector, his heart cherished with fatherly affection "the sons of the seminary." When the good and pious student John Seemann died in his home in Sauk City, Dr. Salzmann insisted that his remains be brought to the seminary and buried there "as the first of the dead of the Salesianum." He also delivered the funeral oration. Father Max Gärtner, who was present on the occasion, writes to me from Tyrol that tears filled the eyes of the preacher and forced him to pause, so that the students standing about wept aloud.

Salzmann's love for the dead forms a beautiful trait of his character. "Prayer and memento," he writes to a friend in Austria, "are beneficial to the dead. And if I sometimes seem to neglect the living, notwithstanding my good resolutions, I am certainly not so forgetful with regard to the dead. I expect friendship in the other world and speculate on it. My love for the dead increases, for such love is certainly free from all earthly ingredients. That is why I commune so gladly with the dead." One time he said in my presence: "When I read the mass on Thursdays for the benefactors of the seminary and at the memento for the dead recall the deceased benefactors, it sometimes seems to me as if the dear souls arose before my eyes and cried out to me, 'May God reward you, may God reward you!'"

With good reason, therefore, we may apply to him the words of the poet:

Announce to all this ruling without fail:
Your love, your heart, is true and leal to all,
If true and leal to friends beneath the pall.*

†Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—Apoc. XIV. 13.

*Schrott, *Bienen*.

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This hearty and sincere interest taken by Dr. Salzmann in the joys and sorrows of his students, explains why almost all students ordained at the seminary invited him to preach at their first mass. He made it a practice to accept these invitations whenever possible. I have heard many priests say with great pride: "Dr. Salzmann was the preacher at my first mass."

He was, however, urgent, not only in the matter of piety and virtue, but also insisted on solid learning. A priest to be successful in his calling, must answer to the words that God through his prophet spoke to the sons of Levi: *Labia sacerdotis custodient sapientiam.** Especially in our time, which, not without reason, plumes itself on its intellectual achievements, the priest of the Church must descend deep down into the mines of science. He must by the thoroughness of his learning be able to beat into the dust the outcroppings of a false science, that is ever ready with clamorous pretension to attack the dogmas of the Church. Salzmann, therefore, insisted that his students be thoroughly grounded not only in the sacred sciences, but also in the various branches of profane science. He himself for several years taught Church history and universal history, continuing the latter up to the time of his death. We may justly call universal history, which he had thoroughly mastered, his favorite branch.

Even after the most varied and distracting occupations of the day, he would study history far into the night and thus find recreation for his weary mind. The Breviary and the study of history formed during the last years of his life, as he himself said, his sole recreation. He devoted himself to this study, not in a superficial manner,

*The lips of a priest shall keep knowledge.—Mal. II. 7.

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nor merely to burden his mind with a vast array of facts, for he abhorred superficiality. He sought to understand the great phenomena in the lives of nations and states in their ultimate causes and in their causal relation, and to trace that guiding thread, which, spun by the hand of the most High, reveals to us the plan of the Almighty in the history of mankind. Always enthusiastic for what is true and noble, he denounced with characteristic vigor what was small and mean.

As a faithful son of his native land, he fondly dwelt on the history of the great men and rulers of the house of Hapsburg, who in the beautiful centuries of faith had ruled the destinies of Austria, had stemmed the flood of harmful innovation, and thus secured for ages the precious heirloom of the Catholic faith to their people. Thus in hours of serious study he would "refresh his mind" by associating with the grand figures of the past and forget the miserable politics of the day.

He sought to build up on Austria's glorious past his hopes for her future; and despite the upheavals of the present, fondly hoped that a nation that had done so much for religion and the Church could not pass away. His patriotic enthusiasm, however, made him regard current events in too rosy a light and caused him to give himself up to fond dreams that a more sober observer might characterize as optimistic illusions.

On the other hand, he denounced in the most scathing terms the Austrian liberalism of the day, which, regardless of the grand past of Austria, was coquetting with foreign nations and expecting from a political Judas's kiss, from treacherous alliances, from betrayal of her hallowed institutions, the salvation and prosperity of the monarchy. He therefore exhorts a friend in his old home to sturdy struggle for the rights of the Church.

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"How strong," he asks, "is the Austrian popular party? Does it do its utmost? Strike back when struck, in the press and at the hustings? By word and deed? The enemy compels the clergy to mix in politics. Do not underestimate the power of the press! The people must be trained to fight in the armor of the constitution against the filthy Goliath of modern liberalism, that, I hope, will soon be rotting in the grave. . . . Dante consigns the traitors to their country into the lowest depths of hell and has them punished with the most shameful punishments. . . . and in the confusion of our day it is consoling to believe in a *justitia commutativa** and to be able to intone on the brink of eternity the *canticum Moysis*."†

His enthusiasm for history that is called by the eloquent Roman "the teacher of life," was contagious. He knew how to imbue his students with a love for this study, and thus to form their minds and mold their characters. He was far from content with the mere lessons assigned; but mindful of the old saw, *non scholae sed vitae discimus*,‡ he endeavored by his lectures and apposite remarks to create an abiding interest, in order that the students might be induced to follow up later in life the studies begun in the seminary. Besides history, Salzmann taught Latin for several years. He was peculiarly fitted also for this branch. He was at home in the classic authors of antiquity and read them up to the end of his life with such interest that he could scarcely be drawn away from them. I can speak from experience in this matter. As it happened, I taught frequently in the class-room which was occupied the previous hour by Dr. Salzmann. It was

*Retributive justice.

†The canticle of Moses.

‡We study not for the school, but for life.

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quite common for Dr. Salzmann to keep his students beyond the allotted time, so that I had to wait outside with my class. I often called his attention to this, and he invariably promised "to do better the next time." But then he would chance upon some beautiful passage in Horace or Vergil, and, forgetting his good resolutions, fall back into his old fault. He knew how to arouse in his students an interest in the old classics, and thus to put life and spirit into the work. Horace was his favorite poet, and I often heard him quote the polished lines of the great Roman lyric and satirist. But with better reason than the luxurious Venusian, Salzmann could say of himself: *Exegi monumentum* ;* for he left behind beautiful and grand monuments, not merely of stone, but the more enduring monuments of love in the hearts of the Catholic people.

While teaching his students to delve into the works of the wise men and famous writers of antiquity, he sought at the same time to direct their thoughts to the higher regions of knowledge opened up to mankind by Christianity. "Thanks be to God!" he cried out one time, "Thanks be to God! that besides the schools of Athens and Rome there are others in which the 'foolishness of the cross' preaches wisdom; that besides Zoroaster and Plato there are teachers who sat at the feet of Jesus and drank of the streams of living water flowing from His bosom, and have thereby refreshed the whole world. Our soul now drinks from out the fount of eternal Light; and our mind is nourished with the words dropped from the lips of the Savior."

How much at heart Salzmann had the progress and qualification of his students, we can judge from the fact

*I have built me a monument.



The Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, the "Salesianum," from the south.

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that at the close of every semester he himself conducted the examinations, which occupied fully two weeks. The whole morning, from eight to twelve, and the afternoon, from two to seven, with one hour of recess, he spent in the examination room; and instead of curtailing the time, ~~relap~~ ^{due to} to his old fault of keeping the classes after ~~hours~~. He was by no means a mere silent spectator, but himself examined in most of the branches. By happy remarks he lent life and variety to the objects treated, and enlivened the hour. He invariably praised the diligent and encouraged them to perseverance; to the remiss and negligent he appealed for greater earnestness and more determined effort in their studies. He always wished to be present at the examinations, and, if absent on a collecting tour, would hasten back to the seminary to superintend them. In this regard, also, Salzmann was the soul of the seminary. By constant supervision of their progress, he wished to raise the intellectual standing of the students and to fit them to labor with success in their future calling. Therefore, we may justly apply the beautiful words of St. John Chrysostom to him: 'More highly than a painter or a sculptor or another artist in this line, I esteem him that understands the art of forming the hearts of youths.'**

We are not surprised, therefore, that these unceasing labors for the honor of God were favored by divine blessing. Salzmann himself felt it and gratefully praised the benign influence of Divine Providence. Thus, in the beginning of the school year, 1808, he writes to a friend in Austria: "We have two hundred and seven students in the seminary, eighty-four of whom are theologians. Next Ember week thirty-five will be ordained

*St. Chrys. in Homily 60 on Matth. XVIII.

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subdeacons and sixteen priests. This year the Salesianum will furnish thirty priests for nine dioceses. This is, indeed, the blessing of the Lord; but frequently it makes me tremble with fear and draws me down on my knees on account of the heavy responsibility involved."

After reviewing this strenuous and many-sided activity of Salzmann as rector of the Salesianum, one would be inclined to think that all his time was required for the seminary and that it was impossible for him to interest himself in external matters. But his noble heart was open to every good cause. Wherever good counsel was needed, trouble to be smoothed over, a difficult tangle to be unraveled, Salzmann was at hand; and by his wise and prudent words, his sympathetic and tender heart, brought order out of chaos, union out of disunion, and won all hearts. Frequently, congregational difficulties were to be adjusted. The bishop would then call on the wise and prudent rector of the seminary to calm the excited minds and restore peace and harmony. He always took upon himself this often difficult and thorny task; and in most cases his mildness and prudent management brought about the desired result. He understood, as few men, the character and wishes of the Catholic people; knew how to speak their language, to enter into their way of thinking, and thus to gain their love. He was a man of the people in the noblest sense of the word. The people were won by the charm of his personality, by his sincere words, and loving, sympathetic heart. In the most varied difficulties, therefore, they turned to Salzmann; for they knew that his great heart embraced them all. Though many repulsed him during his life, and opposed his views; though many failed to honor and respect him as he deserved, we need but to recall the days of his last illness, to understand how attached the Catholic people had grown to the

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beloved priest, and how deeply they realized what he had been to them and what they were about to lose in him. This interest was shown, not only in the immediate neighborhood, not only in Milwaukee and Wisconsin; but also in distant states where Salzmann had sojourned merely for a short time. A friend informed me that in Missouri he had found Salzmann's likeness adorning the walls of many houses. The good people had cut these pictures out of almanacs and fastened them to the walls of their rooms.

Thus the truly noble, as a matter of course and unconsciously, gains the respect of all whom he meets, as the poet says:

The noble man the noble aye attracts,
And holds them fast.*

He knew, in particular, how to win the hearts of children. With them he would become as a child. He knew how to enter into their ideas and games, and understood fully the wishes of their little hearts. His excellent memory here stood him in good stead. He remembered for years the names of persons that had presented him with donations for the seminary, and generally was also able to recall the names of the children he met in the house and to address them by their names on his next visit. In many a child's heart his condescending manner and his genial disposition aroused and developed the dormant germ of a vocation to the priesthood.

At the close of this chapter we shall mention yet another phase of the activity of the busy rector, which shows us his great veneration for his ordinary and his loyalty to him. For years it had been the desire of his heart that Bishop Henni, now old and venerable, be raised to the

*Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*.

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dignity of an archbishop. He by no means kept this desire to himself, but expressed it in public and brought all his influence to bear to bring about this happy event. He wrote to several archbishops in the United States about the matter, and a letter is extant in which he appeals to a friend in Rome and urges him to further the plan. How great would his joy have been, had he lived to see the day on which the legates of the Holy Father came to Milwaukee bearing the pallium, the insignia of the archiepiscopal rank, to the venerable Pontiff. The Most Reverend Archbishop himself was deeply moved at this recognition of his zeal and loyalty to the Holy See.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL OF THE HOLY FAMILY AND PIO NONO COLLEGE

The figure of Salzmann would stand out in bold relief from the pages of the history of the Catholic Church in America and thousands would bless his memory, had his efforts ceased with the building of the Salesianum. But this did not satisfy him. Instead of resting on his laurels after the hardships of his priestly career, hardships that had furrowed his face with deep lines, he wished in the evening of his life to undertake a second great work, to found a Catholic normal school.

With good reason did the bishops of America in several synods assembled, lay special stress on the building and maintenance of Catholic schools; with good reason did the generous pioneers, who first sowed the seed of the

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Gospel on the soil of America, consider it one of their fundamental duties to build Catholic schools near the churches they had reared. They fully realized that the precious seed of faith would soon be "scorched by the heat and choked by the thorns," if the priest and teacher did not instill into the minds of the little ones the doctrines of our holy religion and preserve them from the dangerous snares of seduction.* Without teachers good schools are impossible. The teacher himself must be imbued with a truly Catholic spirit, if the tendency of the school is to be really elevating, if the children are to be safeguarded in every particular, and secured to the Church. Such teachers were sorely needed in America. Good and trustworthy teachers had become the crying need. Salzmann believed that he was called to furnish good teachers to supply this deficiency. From the very first days of his missionary labors in Wisconsin, the erection of good parochial schools had been the object of his special solicitude. "If on any one point the friends and enemies of the Catholic Church are a unit, it is on the question of the importance of schools. Both hold to the view that the future belongs to him that controls the schools."

The founding of a Catholic normal school was not a new idea, not a mushroom growth; but a plan that had occupied his mind for years. As early as the year 1864 he wished to carry out this idea, and the "brother house" near the seminary was selected for this purpose. Circumstances, however, were not favorable; so the plan was abandoned for the time. The undertaking itself was very hazardous. America had to be educated to the idea

*"The erection of Catholic schools is in many respects as important an object as the building of new churches." Pastoral letter of the first Provincial Council of Cincinnati, 1855. cf. J. L. Spaulding's Life of Archbishop Spaulding, p. 201.

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of such an institution. It is true that in 1863 the plan of erecting a Catholic normal school had been agitated. But, though several Catholic newspapers simultaneously published favorable articles and several school men favored the plan, nothing came of it. A meeting, convened under the auspices of Archbishop Purcell, succeeded in establishing a school journal, which unfortunately ceased to appear after two years.

Salzmann was not blind to the difficulties of the undertaking. "Because the teacher," he writes, "with you over there as also here in the New World, is underestimated and under-salaried, especially in this country, where a young man with a good command of English and German soon receives high wages, therefore nobody believed in the feasibility of the plan. Hence our misery and this procrastination. Still the Catholic Church, as the divinely established institution of salvation, according to the testimony of eighteen centuries, does possess the specific against every disease of every age in the rich treasure of her experiences, doctrines, and sacraments. In her case we may say, What is necessary, is possible; and with this conviction this new work was undertaken."

We can easily imagine that from many sides warning voices were raised against the project; also on the part of such as approved of the idea and admired Salzmann's progressive spirit, but had little hope for the success of his plan. They emphasized especially the novelty of the idea, which is frequently the stumbling-block of great undertakings. He was reminded that he would scarcely be able to find a sufficient number of young men who in the "land of the almighty dollar" possessed enough spirit of sacrifice to fit themselves for a profession which from a pecuniary standpoint was by no means tempting. These objections were not without foundation, and, for one that looked

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upon the undertaking from a merely human standpoint, they had an overwhelming force. But Salzmann was not the man to be deterred by human considerations and pecuniary difficulties from an undertaking to which he believed himself called. "Friend or foe," he answers these doubters, "whatever you may be, I have a higher opinion of that noble fraction of our young men and hope to find more than in the days of Noah and Lot. This same objection, if entertained, would have prevented the building of the seminary. I expect to be able to prove the correctness of my views within a year, though I am willing to wait much longer, even for partial success."*

When Salzmann, in 1865, made his trip to his old home, he had in view the founding of a normal school. In Munich he made known his plan to that generous promoter and benefactor of the American missions, King Louis I of Bavaria, who, as we have seen, contributed three thousand *gulden* for this purpose. This donation was looked upon by Salzmann as a sign from on High for him to begin the work. But the constant efforts required for the maintenance of the Salesianum after his return from Europe and his appointment to the position of rector in 1868, prevented him from carrying out his plan. At last, in 1869, he believed the proper time had come, and again took up his begging staff. Again he appealed to the generosity of the Catholic people, and took upon himself the cares and responsibility connected with the new building. He opened the subscription in Milwaukee, where Mr. P. V. Deuster was the first to sign.

Despite the doubtful outcome of the undertaking, he did not wish to put up a temporary structure, but built with an eye to the future. The exterior of the building

*"Wahrheitsfreund," August 31, 1870.

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was to be worthy of its name, the first Catholic Normal School in the United States. Its very exterior was to be symbolic of its object, to foster a spirit of faith in the future teachers. Salzmann, favoring the styles of the Middle Ages, chose for this building the Gothic style, which by its slender forms rising heavenward is typical of faith that lifts the heart of man from the groveling occupations of this nether world to the luminous heights of Heaven. He placed the institution under the protection of the Holy Family; for by the help of schools permeated with the spirit of the religion of Christ the family was to be restored to the quiet happiness of the domestic hearth on the model of the Holy Family of Nazareth. Furthermore, by this choice of patronage, the Central Verein of German Catholic men, who had likewise placed themselves under the protection of the Holy Family, was to be reminded of their promise, made at the conventions in Chicago and Louisville, to be the sponsor and guardian of this "Benjamin," at least until the young ward had attained the years of maturity and independence.*

On the feast of the Holy Trinity, June 12, 1870, Bishop Melcher of Green Bay laid the corner-stone of the new building. It was an edifying ceremony. Thousands of people had come from Milwaukee and the vicinity, on foot, in buggies, in wagons, and by a special train furnished free of charge by the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, which company also generously donated all the ticket money of that day to the Normal School. "The conductors," Salzmann writes to a friend in Austria, "do not remember ever to have seen such crowded trains. The roofs of the coaches, even the cowcatcher, were literally covered with passengers, so great was the attendance on

*Salzmann, in a letter to a friend.



The Pio Nono College and the Normal School of the Holy Family.

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this joyous occasion." The building now was rushed along and after barely six months a beautiful Gothic structure, the Normal School of the Holy Family, crowned the hill near the Salesianum. Those were days of strenuous labor and great exertion for Salzmann. But he did not repine; for greater trials and more excruciating cares had oppressed his mind and steeled him against every hardship. Sometimes a feeling of despondency would creep over him, when he thought of the great debt he had shouldered; but the conviction that the work was pleasing to God soon restored his courage and his trust in Divine Providence. Thus he writes to his friend B., as follows: "What is this sum in comparison with our debt of forty thousand dollars? But, *non despero.*"*

"We are now working at the Normal School in earnest," he writes in another letter. "I need only forty-five thousand dollars more. May God assist me and his holy archangel and his foster-father. *Omnia possibilia sunt credenti.*"† I need great confidence in God; but God gladly grants good gifts. It is we men that have little hearts."

Again and again he made urgent appeals for help to the Catholics of America. He placed great reliance on the Central Verein, which society he also requested to stand as godfather to his "Benjamin." Twice in succession, on Whitsuntide of 1869 and 1870, Salzmann was invited to preach the sermon at their convention. He used these occasions to call the attention of the delegates of the Central Verein, assembled from all the states of the Union, to the necessity of Catholic schools, and begged them to support that institution which was designed to train teachers for Catholic schools.

*I do not give up hope.

†All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark IX. 22.

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He preached at the convention held in Chicago in 1869. Though suffering at the time from a severe attack of hoarseness, that made it difficult for him to speak, he would not break his promise, and with great difficulty delivered a sermon that made a deep impression on his audience.

"Friends," he cried out, "give to the Church liberty of action; allow her to diffuse her blessings over all the land. We have thus far enjoyed these blessings. The power of the Holy Ghost, as existing in the Church, will never wane, despite the eighteen centuries that have rolled by, despite the most distant corners of the globe to which it has extended. Before the Church shall pass away, the blue welkin of heaven will collapse; before faith shall cease, the mountains will fall together in a mighty crash. Thus we to-day celebrate the feast of Pentecost, as the apostles did in the year thirty-three. Here is Jerusalem, here is the hall, here is St. Peter's church, here Peter preaches; what kind of an audience Peter shall have, depends upon you."

"America is the youngest daughter of the Church, but she is endowed with a valiant spirit. I ask you, What were the conditions twenty years ago? But what would the conditions now be, if each one of us stood at his post, lived up to the holy mission assigned to him, and carried it out, not among outsiders, not among the sects, but the *propaganda fidei* in our own midst, with regard to ourselves, the spreading of the faith at our own firesides, at the sacred altars of our own homes, in the workshop, in the factory, in the family? We have no state that protects us, and we need none. Great things have been accomplished. I need not recount to you the churches that have been built, the different religious communities that have been established, the hospitals, the

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educational and charitable institutions that have been reared, the societies that have been organized. One work has been neglected. It is the Catholic school, the common school. Is it not high time now, is this not the proper place, to speak of the school? Is the school not the first-born daughter of the Church? So it was in Europe previous to 1868. Now, they have introduced schools without religion, non-sectarian schools, and they have already begun to reap the bitter harvest. . . . I, therefore, appeal to you for help. Help me found an institution which will provide competent teachers for our Catholic schools. I know very well that I cannot oblige you to undertake this noble work. I do not speak of any obligation on your part; but surely you will not take it amiss, if I look with hope and confidence to you. I wish to give you the honor and merit of raising a monument to yourselves by helping to found this institution; I do not wish your children in the days to come to reproach you with having arranged great processions, with having held grand conventions, amid the blare of trumpets and the waving of banners, without having called into being a living intellectual creation. This I wish to impress on you to-day.

"But if the Central Verein wishes to violate its own decrees formulated at the conventions of Pittsburg, New York, and Cincinnati, then I take leave of you with a sad heart; then this is a sorrowful Pentecost, a black Sunday in the annals of my life. If forty thousand be not ready, I shall choose seven thousand who have not bent the knee to the idol of a false liberalism. And if I do not find these seven thousand ready, I shall turn to Gideon, the warrior of the Lord. He had twenty-two thousand men, but the timid returned to their homes and only ten thousand remained; and of these, also, all but three hundred

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returned from the well to their homes; but to the little army of three hundred God gave a glorious victory.

"Holy Ghost! Point out to me the three hundred heroes of Gideon. As Thy angel touched with his wand the sacrifice of Gideon and fire burst forth from the rock and consumed the sacrifice, so now send the thousands of guardian angels of the children of these men and bless the offering of the three hundred. I do not give up the hope that inspires me, that my bishop cherishes; else this great convention in Chicago would disperse without results, as the great Rhine disappears among the sand-dunes of Holland. When I pray for your children with hope and faith and love, their guardian angels surround me, wipe the perspiration from my brow, and banish fear from my heart."

On Pentecost, 1870, Dr. Salzmann again addressed the delegates of the Central Verein assembled in convention in Louisville, and again spoke with great warmth in behalf of the Catholic schools.

"When I think of the future and ask, Who is at fault? I think of the prophet Jeremiah, who says: 'The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the teeth of the children are set on edge.' If the trunk is diseased, corruption advances in geometrical progression. The Church must have a remedy for every evil of every age; and she has it, if it were only recognized. This remedy is the solid education of the young, in the nursery and in the school. But, unfortunately, the years of schooling are all too short; and the methods of teaching are frequently very poor, though we occasionally find a good teacher.

"We must save the children for the Church. Look at our Irish brethren. Two million of them are said to have landed on these shores, and, being blessed with children, they ought certainly by this time to number four million.

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But the entire number of Catholics in this country to-day, including the Irish, the French, the Spaniards, the Germans, and other nationalities, does not exceed four million. We must, therefore, begin with the education of the young. Found schools that are not merely drilling machines, but that are, in truth, nurseries of faith, up-builders of the whole man with all his faculties, the intellectual, the moral, the physical. Ten years ago Archbishop Hughes of New York remarked that churches are not as essential as schools, and that the crying need is good schools with good teachers. I can place no higher work before you, Catholic men. The Normal School is by no means the crowning glory. My heart aims at a greater work; it desires to establish a Fulda in America. In Fulda, at the tomb of St. Boniface, the German bishops decided to found a Catholic university. We also need a university; but first come the common schools, and then, the university. If your son wishes to enter one of the professions, he need not then go to Europe or to one of the universities of this country, hotbeds of indifferentism, whence they return to you filled with the spirit of irreligion. He need not become a priest. As an educated layman he can bring honor upon his Church, and labor in her interest. This ought to be the object of the Central Verein. Now, I have disclosed to you my heart, my heart's desires for the future, and even beyond the confines of the grave. Do not forsake me; do not repel in me your own children! The Society for the Propagation of the Faith annually baptizes thousands of heathen children in China. Shall China fifty years hence establish a society to baptize your children?"

Though the great expectations of Salzmann were not fully realized by this society of Catholic men, his repeated appeals were not without result. "Praise to the Lord,"

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he writes to a friend, "some branches of the society have kept their promise, and more is in sight."

By Pentecost Sunday, 1872, the donations of the Central Verein had reached the sum of three thousand one hundred and fourteen dollars, according to a report read by Father Etschmann at the convention in Dayton, Ohio. The mission societies in Vienna and Munich had also sent generous contributions. Finally, on January 2, 1871, the beautiful structure was dedicated by Bishop Henni, and the first students were received. Dr. Salzmann was more than happy. "Praised be the name of the Lord," he cried out, "for now the millions of Catholics in this country have a normal school. It was dedicated and opened by the bishop of our diocese on January 2. The Right Reverend Bishop was deeply moved; for, in spite of his many years in the episcopacy, he had never before dedicated an institution of this character. His words went to show that the school belongs to the Church; that the Church cannot permit that her first daughter, the school, be taken from her; that in this question, in these critical times, America seems destined to offer a bright counterpart to the conditions prevailing in Germany.

"We have as yet but nineteen students; but the teachers of these future teachers find recompense and consolation in the great diligence of their pupils. It is evident that these young men, one and all, were attracted hither not by the desire of their parents, nor by earthly aspirations, but solely by their own choice, influenced by the grace of God."*

Once again he appealed to the Catholic young men of America. "Young men of America, lend your assistance. Help to make the profession of the teacher as honorable in Christian communities, as its high character deserves.

*"Wahrheitsfreund," January 18, 1871.

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Young men, Europe at present on either side of the Rhine needs thousands of warriors, and thousands are slaughtered. Thus does ambition lead, and when the rulers rage, the people pay the penalty. There the soldier is greater than the teacher. Let us in this country restore the divine order of things. It is a matter that concerns the greatest and holiest interests of mankind; Faith and Religion, Time and Eternity, are at stake. Young men, future pupils of the first Catholic Normal School in America, your names shall be perpetuated and victory is ours, victory is certain. I live in the hope that if you help to establish this first Normal School, the institution itself will prosper by the interest which you take in its welfare. Oh! that I could but select the truly noble and resolute young men among you. Do not fear, do not hesitate. I can share with you my own courage and confidence in God, for I have been made strong by much opposition. That this undertaking will meet with many difficulties, I can plainly see from the many formidable obstacles encountered right at the outset, obstacles that only our dear Lord can remove; so that at the close I may exclaim with the pious Aeneas:

*"Tantae molis erat germanam condere scholam."**

Both institutions were now under the management of Dr. Salzmann; for, though he had striven hard to secure a rector for the Normal School from among the priests of the diocese of Milwaukee and elsewhere, he had not succeeded. Some were willing to come, but could not obtain the consent of their bishop; others were deterred by the greatness of the debt and the doubtful future of the school. In a word, they all declined the honor, and one day I heard Salzmann exclaim almost discouraged, "Now I have offered the position of rector to fourteen

*So difficult it was to found a true school.

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persons, but all have refused." Thus he was burdened with both institutions, with a double load of care and responsibility. During all these trials he was consoled by the diligence and excellent spirit that prevailed in the Normal School. I often heard him mention with pride the good behavior and the diligence of his students in this institution. They seemed indeed to be his "crown of joy."

It was the fondly cherished wish of Salzmann that the congregations themselves would take the matter in hand; send young men from their midst to the Normal School and defray the expenses; look upon it as a matter of honor to educate teachers for their own schools. Then the congregation might say, "This is our teacher; we have helped him to his vocation." Some congregations acted upon his suggestion. "Your letter," Salzmann writes to a friend, "was a source of great consolation to me; for this has been my plan for a long time. The congregations, or some good friends, ought to take upon themselves the expenses of able normal students. The parochial schools themselves would be greatly benefited by such a proceeding."

There was yet another field of Catholic education in which Salzmann was active. To provide for such young men as wished to become neither priests nor teachers, but desired to enter a business career, he opened Pio Nono College with the consent and at the urgent request of the bishop. As he foresaw that in the beginning the Normal School would be only partially occupied, he used part of the building for the college, but wished it to remain entirely separate and distinct from the Normal School. The object of this college is, according to Salzmann, "To afford to that portion of the Catholic youth of America, which is usually exposed to many dangers of the world after first

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holy Communion, a higher education in a Catholic environment, in order that they may not be compelled to receive their technical training in schools in which the spirit of indifferentism is rampant and their love for their holy faith and their high ideals impaired. The college bears the name of the great sufferer of the century, certainly the greatest man of the present time. Recently Pius IX. condemned indifferentism as the greatest pest of the century, since it carries in its train the spirit of opposition to the Church and the germs of atheism and communism. To safeguard our youth against these dangers and lead them on the right road, is the object of the college; for our holy faith is and must always remain the most precious gift of Heaven to earth."

On September 14, 1871, the college was formally opened by the Right Reverend Bishop; and Salzmann saw with satisfaction that his appeal had been heeded by many families in the Northwest. For many of them had sent their sons to Pio Nono College, to receive a business training and a higher education. We shall close this chapter with a brief reference to a society that took its rise in the Normal School of the Holy Family, the American Cæcilian Society. The American Cæcilian Society, like a mighty, wide-branching tree, now counts its members by the thousand, and holds in grateful remembrance the prominent part Dr. Salzmann took in its formation. Salzmann understood that the Catholic Normal School would be the proper place to prepare the way for a reform of church-music in America. Though not a professional musician, he was endowed with a nice sense of the appropriate in liturgical matters. He had long felt that a reform in the church-music of the country was very necessary; that it was high time to banish from the sacred precincts of the church theatrical music with its striving

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for effect and its voluptuous tones, and to restore the sublime daughter of Heaven, plain chant, true church-music to her place in the sanctuary. He was not content with idle complaining. A man born to action, he immediately set to work. He opened a correspondence with Dr. Witt, the president of the German Cæcilian Society, in order to obtain able teachers of church-music for the new Normal School. Dr. Witt joyfully welcomed this plan, and induced two of his ablest scholars to go to America at the invitation of Dr. Salzmann. In the year 1872, the Messrs. John Singenberger and Max Spiegler came to Milwaukee, to take charge of music in the Normal School. Soon after their arrival, the American Cæcilian Society was formed on the model of the German Cæcilian Society that had been productive of so much good in Germany.

On May 7, 1873, there assembled in the refectory of the Normal School several persons interested in church-music, principally students of the Salesianum and the Normal School, for the purpose of organizing a Cæcilian Society. Dr. Salzmann, who was heart and soul for the movement, was chosen chairman by acclamation. In addressing the meeting he dwelt on the necessity and the object of the new society. Thereupon, the president and the other officials of the society were chosen. This was the beginning of the American Cæcilian Society, which to-day, twenty-nine years after its organization, counts its members by the thousand in all the states of the Union.

Salzmann's efforts in this direction challenge our respect and admiration the more since in this he was influenced, not by the natural enthusiasm of the artist, but solely by his zeal and love for the beauty of the house of God, a zeal and love that spurs on the priest of the Church to great and noble deeds.

CHAPTER XII.

SALZMANN'S CHARACTER AND PRIESTLY LIFE.

In the preceding chapters we set before the eyes of our readers Salzmann's efforts in behalf of his fellowman; we viewed the grand monuments reared by him, that proclaim louder than words the achievements of his zealous faith and self-sacrificing spirit. But we are not to rest content with mere phenomena, with his outward successes, with that which strikes the eye and attracts attention. These are but the outward effect, the visible result of an inner cause, the plant bursting forth from the mysterious recesses of the seed. The wonderful activity of Salzmann points to a deep, underlying cause, and exhorts us to cast a penetrating look into the heart of this man whose labors have filled us with reverence and admiration. We cannot admire the works of a man, be they never so splendid and beneficent, if mean and low motives, and not a high and noble purpose, be their well-spring. In the light of this truth many of our contemporaries appear small and insignificant; though they stir up a great deal of dust and make never so much noise, and are heralded in the papers as heroes of mankind and benefactors of the people. Only too frequently we find underneath a glittering exterior a small and repellent selfishness, that, in the eyes of an unbiased observer, detracts from the merit of these self-styled great men. And this we find particularly in our country, where the dollar rules supreme, where the ideals of the nation are steadily, surely yielding to a crass materialism; and grabbing politicians are devouring the sacred heirloom of liberty, for which the fathers of the Republic risked their all, their very lives.

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Salzmann came to this land of egotism and materialism. He seemed destined to hold aloft to men a pattern of higher striving and nobler motives, and to show his contemporaries by the force of his example how to set aside all personal, selfish interests and labor for holy ideals; not earthly advantages, but the eternal reward of Heaven. Whoever knew him will do him the justice to say that his works were not the result of low and selfish motives, but the outgrowth of a pure and loving heart. Even those who did not share in his views, who regarded his busy life from a lower standpoint, had to admit that he cared least of all for himself; that his own needs and comfort were always placed in the background, when he was striving for a high end; that he never sought applause and gratitude; that he labored with steadfast courage despite the trying misconstruction of his motives, the base ingratitude, and the want of encouragement and support, which seemed always to be his portion.

But if he was not actuated by earthly advantages and the applause and the admiration of the world, we must look deeper for the source, whence flowed that inexhaustible stream of benefaction and blessing.

The motive of his actions must be sought in his holy enthusiasm for everything that is great and noble. We use the term enthusiasm not in its ordinary meaning, but in its original sense; as the old Greeks employed it, when they defined it as a manifestation of divine life in the human heart.* It is that high and noble enthusiasm of which the pagan poet sings,

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.†

*Plato, Timaeus, 70, a.

†There is a God in us, and by his warmth we are set aglow—Ovid, Fasti. VI. 5.

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Salzmann was gifted with this enthusiasm to an exceptional degree. He was often reproached for viewing things in too rosy a light. To a certain extent we concede the justice of this exception; but would Salzmann have accomplished the noble works that now as *monumenta aere perenniora*, as monuments more enduring than bronze, perpetuate his memory, had he lacked this enthusiasm? Without it he would frequently have been tempted to let matters take their course, to give up his grand works in the face of the many seemingly insurmountable obstacles that lay in his path, and to bewail the impotence of man. But his enthusiasm carried him victoriously over all these difficulties and led him on to success.

If we seek for the source of this enthusiasm, we shall find it in his unfaltering trust in God. Salzmann's trust in God was frequently subjected to severe tests, but always came forth unscathed and undiminished. I was frequently present when he complained of difficulties that at every step seemed to grow larger and more formidable. At such times a feeling of despondency may for a moment have taken possession of him; but he would soon regain his composure, and, as was his custom, grasp the hands of the one standing nearest and shaking them heartily, declare, "You know we place our trust in the Almighty." Many a time I heard him declare that a special blessing of God seemed to rest on all his labors; that God's benign Providence had again and again paved his way and removed all difficulties. If an undertaking, of the success of which he had been in doubt on account of mistakes on his part, proved successful, he would say, "Did I not tell you? Our dear Lord turns my very failures into successes."

To show how the Lord in many cases paved the way for him, he loved to tell an incident that happened while he

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was collecting. Salzmann wished to take up a collection for the seminary in a church in C., and accordingly requested the pastor to allow him to preach on a Sunday, to enlighten the people as to the object of his coming. The pastor, probably harassed by many other collections, refused to grant this permission, saying that he would preach himself, and Salzmann might sing the high mass. But just as the mass was to begin, the pastor was called away to attend a sick person, which obliged him to request Salzmann to preach. "May I speak about my collection?" he asked the pastor. "Why yes, you are irresistible," the pastor replied in sheer desperation. "Our good Lord is surely with you." The result was that Salzmann preached a forcible sermon and received a generous collection for the Salesianum.

Even when considerations of human prudence seemed to make for the infeasibility of certain projects in which he was interested, his firm faith and his trust in Providence never wavered. He had made the motto of the holy patron of the seminary his own, "One ought never to give up a business entrusted to us by God, but have the courage to overcome all obstacles."*

The success he achieved in his labors goes to show, however, that this unbounded confidence in God by no means excluded human activity, and that he did not proceed blindly. He did not hesitate to express his views on this subject. One time he was complaining about the great lack of priests, when a bishop, who overheard him, remarked, "*Deus providebit.*"† "*Providebit,*" Salzmann immediately replied, "*sed per vos episcopos, quos posuit Spiritus Sanctus regere ecclesiam Dei.*"‡

*Boulanger, Studies on St. Francis de Sales. II. p. 15.

†God will provide.

‡God will provide, indeed, but through you bishops whom the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God. Acts, XX. 28.

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Let us now turn to another phase of his priestly life, and see how Salzmann, apparently taken up entirely with worldly matters and devoting his whole life to the service of others, labored unceasingly at his own spiritual improvement, and thus became a model for priests who strive after perfection in their high calling. He who prepared hundreds of young men for the priesthood proved himself by his example a model for them, and, like his divine Master, practiced what he preached.* When he took his degrees in theology, he defended the thesis, "If the priest wishes to sanctify his people, he must first sanctify himself." Only those who knew him well and long can fully appreciate the holy perseverance and the conscientious fidelity with which he performed his priestly duties.

Whence does the priest draw strength, whence obtain courage and confidence in the thousand labors and cares that daily and hourly confront him, if not from the altar, from the sacrifice of the New Law, that he offers up daily, and whence he gathers rich treasures of grace by intimate union with the Lord of Heaven, the Creator of all grace and sanctity? There in the most intimate communing with Jesus Christ, he receives his coat of mail for the battle that he must fight with Satan and against the world and his own weakness. Salzmann realized this to the full.

Hence, his great devotion during the holy sacrifice of mass. Whoever had an opportunity of attending a mass celebrated by Salzmann, will remember his great devotion. The very tone in which he spoke the mystic prayers of the mass showed forth the intense piety that filled his soul. It was not a matter of mere routine; no thoughtlessness, no carelessness entered there. If anything in the

*Acts, I. 1.

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mass or in the liturgy as a whole appealed to him in a special manner, he used to mention it to his colleagues and pupils, to fill them with admiration and reverence for those holy prayers and ceremonies hallowed by the use of ages.

He observed most conscientiously the rubrics of the Church. It was a real pleasure to see him at the altar on some festive occasion; to observe the dignity and grace with which he performed the sacred rites. Here he seemed to be in his element, so natural and graceful was every movement. He frequently remarked that he seemed to possess a liturgical instinct that prompted him to do the right thing, even when for the moment the exact liturgical rule had escaped his mind. If now and then he blundered, he would say with a smile, "To-day my liturgical instinct forsook me; the next time I'll have to change this."

Just one anecdote, to show with how great care he endeavored to carry out even the minor rules of the liturgy. Dr. Salzmann and I said mass at the same hour; and thus we usually met at breakfast. As often as the name of the saint of the day occurred in the canon of the mass, Salzmann on seeing me would say, "Did you not forget the *inclinatiuncula** in to-day's canon?" But if I caught him in any such mistake, he would exclaim, "O how forgetful I am! Now you have spoiled the whole day for me."

Naturally, therefore, his heart glowed with love for that holy mystery that forms the focus of our holy religion, the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. I was always edified when Dr. Salzmann carried the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession. During the procession he would recite from memory again and again with great devotion the beautiful verses of the *Lauda Sion* and the *Pange Lingua*, which hymns he knew by heart. He insisted that the pro-

*Little bow.

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cession on *Corpus Christi* be conducted with the greatest possible solemnity, the more so, as the location of the seminary in the heart of a wood, far from the turmoil of the city, was peculiarly adapted to such a display.

In the last year of his life he remarked on the occasion of a thirteen hours' adoration in the seminary, "To-day we can pray to our heart's content; to-day I shall lay aside all worldly cares and refresh my soul in prayer." And indeed he spent the whole day in the chapel, with few slight interruptions. He seemed to feel that he would not live to see this day again.

But how could a man in Salzmann's position, a man in constant touch with worldly cares, preserve such a deep and fervent piety, unless he had earnestly striven to foster it? And where does the priest find for his soul that nourishment which, in the midst of the world and its cares, keeps alive in him the spirit of prayer and interior recollection; that bread of the prophet, by the sustaining power of which he travels over the rough and steep road that leads to the Holy Mountain? Where shall he find the oil, with which, in the storms and dark paths of life, he is to keep alive the light of faith and love of God? Where, if not in meditation? This means of sanctification so necessary for a priest, Salzmann regularly employed. From it he derived the holy enthusiasm and the staying power that enabled him to bear the greatest burdens, to stand firm and unshaken amidst the tempests that raged around him, and to become a refuge and a staff to hundreds of others. We need but to glance into his diary, to learn how zealously he practiced meditation, how he strove to rid himself of faults and to acquire that degree of sanctity which fits the priest for the great and holy duties of his sacred calling. "Ask yourself daily," he addresses himself in his diary, "ask yourself daily, On what rung of

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Jacob's Ladder are you standing? God is standing on the highest. Thither you must endeavor to ascend. . . . Bright and early the manna fell and the Jews were there ready to gather it. *Orto iam sole,** it would have been too late; they would have found nothing. Thus must I devote the early morning to meditation, to enjoy the heavenly manna of divine inspiration."

To purge his heart more and more of all earthly stains, he imposed upon himself as a strict duty the daily examination of his conscience. "After every hour, or at least at noon and evening, I shall examine my conscience; in particular, concerning distraction of the mind, unnecessary thoughts, temptations, and lack of zeal; also concerning judgments not expressed in words; concerning the faults of the tongue. *Num expedit? Quaeram semper ex me.*** At every action, at every turn, I shall say to myself, Now remember your resolution; now is the time to deny yourself and gain your own soul."

But man may strive never so eagerly for perfection, he will always feel the thorn of human weakness in himself; and the more eager you are to scale the heights, the more quickly will you realize that you are still plodding in the dark vale of tears. Salzmann also had this experience. We find in his diary of 1869 this sorrowful passage: "*Quinquaginta annos iam habeo et nondum totus Christi! Quousque tandem praestolaberis?*"† Salzmann regarded a perfect union with Christ, a perfect understanding and following of the great High Priest as the ideal priestly life. Hence he says in a note to Romans, VIII. 29, *Quos praescivit et praedestinavit:*‡ "This predestination to

*After sunrise.

**Is it proper? I shall always ask myself.

†I am fifty years old and not yet Christ's own. How long will you delay?

‡Whom he foreknew he also predestinated.

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glory is the result of a special love and tenderness on the part of God. But what draws this benevolence, this tender love of the Eternal Father to us? It is the image of his dearly beloved Son, which he sees in us, which he himself by his grace and our co-operation forms and develops in us. Thus in the measure in which the priest absorbs the spirit and life of Christ, in that measure will he become a co-laborer and a favorite disciple of Christ."

But how can the priest become a true image of Christ, another Christ, if he does not make the virtues of Christ his own; if in all his undertakings his look be not constantly directed toward his Divine Ideal? Christ was meek and patient; patience and meekness, therefore, must be the distinguishing characteristics of the Catholic priest.

This virtue Salzmann possessed in an eminent degree. His disposition was very excitable and impressionable, and on various occasions he gave way to his feelings. The most trifling irregularity, the smallest infringement of the rules of the seminary, was at times sufficient to excite him most vehemently. If, on the other hand, he bore with heroic meekness the coarsest insults and the blackest ingratitude, we must perceive herein the influence of divine grace, and the wonderful success of a soul struggling towards perfection; of a soul that in the battle with itself carried away the palm of the greatest and most difficult of victories, the victory over the passions. That he was far above petty feelings of revenge, has been clearly proved. "Pray for me," he writes to a friend; "but pray also for my enemies."

Salzmann became a worthy disciple and follower of the great patron of the seminary, St. Francis de Sales, who through years of battling with himself finally mastered his excitable nature, and became a model of Christian meekness. It is related of Salzmann that, on one of his tours

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of collection, a man from whom he had requested a donation spat in his face. Like St. Vincent de Paul, Salzmann quietly took his handkerchief, wiped his face, and then said with the greatest calmness, "That was for me; now please give me something for my seminary." His extraordinary meekness gained the victory even over this coarse fellow, who, put to shame, now offered a donation. As I had often heard this incident mentioned, I one day asked Dr. Salzmann whether it was true. As he rarely spoke of such matters, he evaded a direct reply and merely said, "It is quite possible, as I often met with great rudeness; but I do not now remember the details."

It is scarcely necessary to speak of his humility. Much has been said against Salzmann by his opponents; but never, I think, has he been accused of pride and haughtiness. "I have never known a priest," a venerable prelate remarked to me, "who possessed greater and more sincere humility than Dr. Salzmann." His greatest enemies must confess that he never looked for praise and acknowledgment. In this connection let it be stated that he often spoke with enthusiasm of the services of others, though his own merits were far more excellent. I may, therefore, be pardoned for inserting here what I wrote of him on another occasion:

"Despite the great fame of Salzmann throughout the Union, he remained so unselfish and unassuming that we may with reason suppose that he himself was the last of all to realize how much he had accomplished for his contemporaries and posterity. Honor and appreciation he never sought and rarely found. We trust, therefore, that he received the full reward of his labors in eternity."

"You wish me a mitre," he writes to a priest in Austria; "but I am happy to be able to place good candidates

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for the priesthood before the bishops and say, *Et scio et testificor ipsos dignos esse ad huius onus officii.** One hundred and twenty-six priests have already gone forth from the Salesianum into ten different dioceses;** and with the exception of six, who were forced on us, they are an honor to our institution. I hope that my position as rector of the seminary will bring its own reward in eternity, provided I do not lose the proper spirit. There is no lack of difficulties, of enemies even; but even these do not deny that the blessing of Heaven has hitherto rested on us. The right reverend bishops esteem the Salesianum highly, and require it. It is for the Salesianum that I live and labor and am happy; and when the burden and the heat of the day grow oppressive, I long for rest, for Heaven."

We meet with the same thought in a letter of March, 1871, to an intimate friend. "Oh! it must be beautiful in Heaven, and even in purgatory, which is nearer, where the souls all love each other faithfully and purely. Life here on earth is daily becoming more burdensome to me, though you may not believe it. In truth, frequently I am able to find strength only by looking to eternity. I would never have believed that the Normal School would cause me such unspeakable labors; *infandum dolorem,*† and, therefore, I am satisfied that it is a good work and *beneplacitum Deo.*‡ The words of the Italian poet Jacopone

*I know and bear witness that they are worthy of the burden of this office. *Pontificale Romanum.*

**He writes in August, 1868.

†Unspeakable grief.

‡Well-pleasing to God.

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da Todi, that are frequently quoted in his diary, had likewise become the guiding principle of his life.

*"Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cuius prosperitas est transitoria?
Ignoras penitus utrum cras vixeris;
Fac bonum omnibus quamdiu vixeris.
Superna cogita, mens sit in aethere:
Felix qui potuit mundum contemnere."**

Why doth the worldling strive for empty, senseless fame,
Since vain and passing soon is all the world's acclaim?
To-day's thine own; let not the moments 'scape thee!
Use one and all; to-morrow may belate thee.
Thy thoughts be fixed on high; thy words and acts be
God's:

Then wilt thou spurn the world and all its tinsel clods.

No wonder that Salzmann, who had learned to despise the world, and was consumed with zeal for the honor of God, longed with unquenchable desire for the imperishable treasures of eternity. *Quam sordet mihi tellus, dum coelum intueor.*† These words of St. Ignatius we meet repeatedly in Salzmann's diary. Though throughout his labors in America he was incessantly troubled with financial difficulties—as is easily understood when we remember that with the aid of voluntary contributions he built the Salesianum, the Normal School, and Pio Nono College; and later on stood at the head of these institutions—still his heart never grew attached to money, which he considered a necessary, though disagreeable, means of attaining his high object. Frequently I heard him exclaim, "Oh, how one must worry one's self for the sake of this filthy lucre. How happy might I be, if I had nothing

*Jacopone da Todi, *De Vanitate Mundana*.

†How I spurn the earth, when I look towards Heaven.

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more to do with it. What a recreation I find in reciting my office. After being busy all day with dollars and cents, I find it a real cordial to be able to take my breviary in the evening and refresh my mind with the sublime psalms and the beautiful lessons." "Oh! how I long for the time," he writes to his friend W., "when other thoughts than those of money will again enter my soul."

Alas, he was never to enjoy respite, those quiet days of rest after labor, in the evening of his life; but he was to die like a tried and true warrior on the field of battle.

This is a sketch of the great man at whose side it was our privilege to labor for a number of years. We have drawn the portrait of an ideal priest, in as far as we may speak of ideals in this sinful world. Dr. Salzmann frequently said jokingly, "Every priest ought to be a *Salzmann*,"* for Christ said to his apostles, 'You are the salt of the earth.' " And in truth, if we review his priestly life and labors, we must admit that he was the salt of the earth; that in his own case he carried out these words of our Lord. The salt of his faith and zeal never grew stale, but always retained that freshness and strength which preserve from corruption.

It may be objected that this chapter has been turned into a eulogy; that in praising our hero, we have surrounded him with a halo of perfect sanctity; that we have dwelt on the luminous sides of his character and passed over the shadows of human weakness, that fall even on the greatest and noblest of mankind.

This is a delicate point for a biographer. He may, unconsciously even, go to extremes in praising his hero. We do not wish to expose ourselves to this censure, for we are interested in truth alone; and the truth alone is what our readers expect.

*Salt-man.

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We know that Salzmann had opponents; that even his friends found much to criticize in him. We do not wish to assert that this criticism was always unfounded. We have already touched upon his excitable temperament. We have learned that this frequently led him astray; that he thereby offended many and for a time turned them into bitter enemies. But we have also seen how, by constantly struggling against his weakness, he became a model of patience and Christian meekness.

They say that he was over-anxious for money. But this objection falls, when we remember that he did not collect for himself, but that he sacrificed all for the institutions he had founded; that he deprived himself frequently even of the very necessaries of life, that his students might not suffer want. Yes, after having collected hundreds of dollars, he scarcely ventured to purchase a meal. This unselfishness and conscientiousness was always characteristic of him. His friend, Father Voglmeyr, writes: "When Salzmann, just before he left Europe, was collecting in most of the churches of our diocese, it was my mother in Ried whom he had appointed his treasurer. Several times she urged him to provide for his own needs from the money he had collected; since, after all, the money had been gathered through his efforts, and he had to live. He answered her, that he would consider it a sacrilege to turn any of this money to his own use; for this money had not been given him for that purpose, but for the Church in America. Even the thread necessary to mend his linen, he would not allow them to take from the thread he had collected, so conscientious was he." And thus he always was. A venerable prelate, who knew Salzmann thoroughly, assured me that of a thousand dollars collected for the seminary, Salzmann did not appropriate one for his own use. No, he did not gather money to enrich him-

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self; he used money according to the counsel of the Gospel, to accomplish great and noble things for the people of his time and for future generations.

They say that he sometimes too inconsiderately gave expression to his views, and thereby gave offence. We must concede that Salzmann's blunt and direct speech was at times fraught with disagreeable results. He was fond of telling the truth at all times, whether agreeable or not, regardless of consequences. He also blamed others, in certain cases, for not having given expression to the whole truth. He did not wish to appear guilty of this fault, which, however, is not always a fault; and thus by the directness of his speech frequently made enemies, as the poet says,

*Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.**

Even his most severe critics had to admit that he never intended to wound the feelings of his fellow-man; that his criticism was the frank and open expression of a straightforward and guileless heart. It was not a carping disposition that impelled him to criticise the faults and errors of others. It was, to speak with Goethe,

The feeling welling from his heart
That scorns to brook the slightest spot.†

One that looked deeper into Salzmann's priestly heart would have perceived in his championship of the rights of Truth but an expression of that higher zeal planted in his bosom by his love for the honor of God. According to Lacordaire, it is a peculiar trait of noble and zealous souls to be ever and everywhere active for truth; so that

*Tact begets friends; truth, enemies.—Terence in Cicero's *De Amicitia*. c. 24.

†Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*.

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they consider themselves, as it were, messengers from on High, and seek to implant some germ of good and blessing and love in the heart of whomsoever they may meet.*

We may, therefore, justly apply to Salzmann the words that the noble Bishop Sailer wrote of his friend, Cardinal Melchior Diepenbrock: "His faults were evident, for they lay on the surface of a rich and deep nature. His hasty, often imprudent actions, his excitability, his quick temper, that flares up so suddenly and wounds—in these very faults there lies, in the manner in which he acknowledged, combated, and deplored them, at times a sublimity to which many cannot ascend with all their virtues."†

In company Salzmann was charming. He was an excellent conversationalist; but he never for a moment lost sight of the sanctity of his calling. At all times he preserved that noble and dignified bearing that keeps at a distance whatever is low and degrading. In a circle of friends he immediately became the soul and center of the company; still nobody considered this extraordinary, nobody felt slighted; for everyone gave way to his natural superiority. You felt at home with him, because you realized that you could depend upon him, that he showed himself in his true colors, that he was without deceit. He cracked his jokes and gave free rein to witticisms; but never in a labored fashion, still less in an offensive manner. It was rather the naively frank expression of his views and opinions.

When at rare intervals Salzmann allowed himself the luxury of a day of rest, his heart seemed to expand, and youthful buoyancy and vivacity to enliven his soul. He would delight in speaking of the beautiful days of the

**Vie de St. Dominique*, c. III.

†Kardinal und Fuerstbischof Melchior von Diepenbrock von Bischof Heinrich Förster, p. 73.

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past, of the dear old friends of his youth, of the romantic scenes on the *Salzkammergut*, of its high mountains, fragrant forests, and beautiful lakes. He fairly reveled in these noble and pure enjoyments, from which a higher voice had called him, and which now stood out boldly before his soul's eye, heightened and purified by the mysterious charm of distance.

If we reflect upon all that has been said concerning Salzmann's life and labors, we must perceive that it was by a special design of Providence that this great man was led from out the beautiful fields of Austria over the ocean, to labor in a distant land for the propagation of our holy faith.

He was a man of rare parts, endowed with the most beautiful gifts of mind and heart. Having taken the degree of doctor of divinity in a famous school, and being well versed also in the profane sciences, he was eminently qualified to be at the head of a seminary. His mind was great enough to grasp great things; his will strong enough to carry out great undertakings. He was a man of faith and hope; a priest, pure and self-sacrificing; great in suffering and great in privation. He was unselfish and unassuming withal; a man to whom the honor of God and the glory of the Church were the loadstar, the rule of his actions.

We shall close this chapter on Salzmann's character and priestly life with the estimate of a man, who for twenty-six years was bound to him by the bonds of closest friendship, and for fifteen years lived with him under the same roof. He certainly had every opportunity of learning to know Salzmann's character and opinions thoroughly. It is the estimate of Bishop Heiss, that we adduce.

"Dr. Salzmann was by nature a man of marked individuality. He did not wish to appear different from

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others ; but he was so, nevertheless, partly to his advantage and partly to his disadvantage. He could not write ten lines of a common letter without departing by word or phrase from the ordinary.* Feeling predominated in him to such an extent that in practical affairs he was repeatedly led astray. He was a man rich in ideas, but not always clear in their arrangement and development. He possessed a retentive memory and, therefore, extensive and solid learning, that would easily have made of him a scholar in the strict sense, had he but taken time to round out, and develop, his knowledge. He was a man of great will-power. Once he had decided on doing something, he did it, no matter how great the effort required.

"All his natural gifts were transfigured by supernatural grace. He lived by faith. Never did he leave the seminary, never did he return from a journey, without first visiting the chapel. Before entering a conveyance, he invariably made the sign of the cross or said an Ave Maria.† He looked upon all this as a matter of course, as something that could not well be otherwise.

"By his emotional nature, the warmth of his faith was easily fanned into a glowing and holy enthusiasm. This quality made of him a powerful preacher, and upheld him when carrying out a project born of faith. I have never met a man that bore so many trials and hardships with such a sturdy spirit. He was, to a fault, a stranger to human respect; and thus he was led at times to disregard certain necessary considerations. He always showed him-

* It was owing to the peculiar style of his letter that, during his stay in Vienna, in 1865, he was received in private audience by his Majesty Kaiser Franz Joseph. This monarch was so impressed by the letter that he desired to see its author, though many were refused an audience.

† It was also his custom to recite the Itinerary before setting out on a journey

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self in his true colors; there was no guile in him. Sometimes, however, he was too frank, believing that he ought always to tell the whole truth, whereby he often made enemies. There was no trace of pride or vanity in him. He never, as far as I know, signed himself 'Dr.' Salzmann. Though he often esteemed others too highly, I had frequent occasion to remind him that he was undervaluing himself. He was easily approached, and, if convinced that he was in the wrong, readily yielded. With the best of will, he was unable to observe strict order. In class matters he could hardly restrict himself to the time allotted: his zeal usually prolonged the time somewhat.

"He took great delight in assisting at solemn functions in church, especially at ordinations and solemn pontifical high mass. His natural dignity and grace were peculiarly adapted to liturgical functions. Sometimes, however, he conflicted with the rubrics; they were too confining for his zeal.

"As he was ever zealous for the honor of God, so he also took the most lively interest in the welfare of his fellow-man. He was a great friend of children, and, above all, of orphans. This won for him a large number of friends and admirers among the laity. When I came to attend his funeral, a laborer whom I did not know, accosted me on the street in Milwaukee: 'Bishop, we have lost Dr. Salzmann; we haven't another. He was a light that burned constantly.'

"A man of his strong individuality naturally had many opponents. He was frequently misjudged, severely criticized, and wrongfully taken to task. If anything went wrong, he was always blamed, so that I often heard him declare jokingly, 'Surely, this time it is not my fault.' I do not think, however, that he had a single real enemy.

"I am convinced that a true and vivid biography of Dr.

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Salzmann must meet with a generous welcome, both on the part of the clergy and the people."

Whether we have succeeded in producing a "true and vivid biography," must be left to the judgment of the indulgent reader. At any rate, the life of Salzmann deserves to be inscribed with letters of gold in the annals of the Church of our country. Even after his earthly remains have mouldered into dust, the monuments reared by his zealous faith will stand imperishable, and preserve his name for the veneration of a grateful posterity. *Et memoria eius in benedictione.**

CHAPTER XIII

SALZMANN'S DEATH AND FUNERAL

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.†

Horace, Odes, I, 24.

For more than twenty-six years Salzmann had labored in the vineyard of the Lord in America. They were years of exhausting toil, but blessed also with great success. He stood at the head of two institutions, one of which had already born fruit a hundred-fold for the Church; and the other was just budding into promise. He was still in the full vigor of manhood, with courage and holy enthusiasm undiminished. Yet, contrary to the expectation of all, God's wise Providence was about to summon him from the scene of his restless activity; to prepare for him, the dear father, an eternal reward; and to offer to his children the bitter chalice of tribulation. God in his

*His memory is in benediction.—Eccl. XLV. 1.

†He died mourned by many good.

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inscrutable wisdom wished to show anew that he does not require even his best and most faithful servants; and that the success of all undertakings, as the fortunes of nations, rests with himself alone.

The school year of 1873-1874 had opened. With new hope and fresh courage the indefatigable rector labored for the welfare of his institutions. As he had not succeeded as yet in obtaining a rector for the Normal School and Pio Nono College, he was compelled to be doubly active and to teach in both institutions. Thus he had frequently to go three and four times a day from one school to the other, to attend to his classes, in all sorts of weather, over rough and muddy roads, in the cold of winter. This activity was too wearing and strenuous even for his strong constitution. Though his mind was vigorous and endowed with the buoyancy of youth, his body was no longer able to bear such unremitting physical strain. Often I heard him exclaim: "My fifty years begin to tell; and I feel that my body is no longer equal to the strain placed upon it."

A letter written about this time, to congratulate Father Michael Wisbauer on his nameday, September 29, reveals to us the state of his mind, and the innumerable difficulties that lay in his way. It is full of that wholesome and sparkling humor peculiar to Salzmann's letters to his friends; though even in those days he seems to have had some premonition of his approaching death. We give this letter to one of his earliest and truest friends in its entirety, and also retain the Latin phrases, that are found in almost all his letters.

St. Francis, Wis., September 20, 1873.

The month of September has unrolled to me the world
*huius continentis** at home and abroad, in a disagreeable

*Of this continent.

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manner ; that I have not become a misanthrope, *est opus divinae gratiae*.¹ God has seen fit to try my patience, *et adhuc sustineo et sustentus sum*.² But I intended to congratulate you. Now then :—

1. May you never be placed in my position.
2. May you commemorate twenty-five anniversaries of the day of my death.
3. May you live to see the humiliation of the enemies of the Church ; and
4. the fulfillment of my *preces vespertinae*,³ save France and Spain and glorify Austria.
5. May you live to see the day of the success of the Normal School ; *dies fixus est: solutio debitorum meorum*.⁴ And this day you are able to hasten.
6. *Praeprimus*,⁵ the happy day of your golden jubilee. May I be among the living on that day ! Then I might be happy again for a day !
7. May you live to see the golden day *in puritate innatae liberalitatis et generositatis*⁶ in which men *hic et nunc*⁷ no longer believe, and to meet and love *me cuius in te amorem perspectum tibi continuo habes (non habas)* ;⁸ so much am I *victor naturae, quam si furca expuleris, tamen usque redibit post debitorum saecula*.⁹

1 A work of divine grace.

2 Up to now I bear it and am sustained.

3 Night prayers.

4 The day has been fixed upon ; the day on which my debts are paid.

5 Above all.

6 In the purity of your inborn generosity and liberality.

7 At present.

8 Me whose love is—not may be—always yours.

9 Victor over nature, that, though cast forth with a pitch-fork, will always bob up again after the ages of debts.

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8. *Octava autem perfectio est: pacem quae omnem sensum superat;** I envy you this peace. I shall enjoy it only in the grave. These wishes I shall offer up at the altar, *et dabit tibi Deus.***

I must supply vacancies in both institutions. In the Salesianum I need three, and in the Normal School two, new professors. Then I shall be more at leisure; now I assist in both places and, of course, cannot properly fill these wide gaps. And *in hac angustia rerum*† the Salesianum has one hundred and ninety-seven, and the Normal School and College, ninety students. This, surely, is a blessing. But I need a day of rest, *a feria* in Burlington. *Quando haec erit?*‡

Alas! all too soon the longed-for day of rest was drawing near; of rest and quiet after years of toil and labor. The quiet evening fell all too soon after the burden and heat of the day; not, however, in dear Burlington, at the side of his beloved friend; but in the restful bosom of the grave.

For some time Salzmann had suffered from an attack of asthma, which now grew more acute and painful; so that even after a short walk he could scarcely breathe. His clear, strong voice grew weak and husky; and a rasping cough broke in upon almost every word. The sound sleep that had formerly brought rest and relief after the uninterrupted labors of the day, now forsook him; he was frequently unable to sleep through the long hours of the night. Still he could not be prevailed upon to curtail his work, and devote more time to rest and recreation. With

*The eighth wish is perfection, that peace which transcends all understanding.

**And God will hear my prayers.

† And at this pinch.

‡ When shall this vacation be?

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all the strength of waning manhood he fought the warning messengers of death. "I have no time to be sick!" he wrote to a friend. But man is not made of iron; and soon Salzmann was to stand before the *non plus ultra** that set a limit to his labors. On All Saints' day he preached his last sermon. It was in St. Henry's church in Watertown, Wis. Towards the end of November he was compelled, though with great reluctance, to give up work, and keep to his room. Nobody thought at the time that this indisposition would prove fatal. Salzmann, however, was filled with dark forebodings; for at different times I heard him say: "I cannot last much longer!" And when I answered: "Why, Doctor, you will not leave us! What will become of the Salesianum?" he replied with a smile: "Oh! that will not be so bad; God will provide, and I shall be released from pain and care."

On December 4 he said holy mass for the last time. On the day following he was too weak to say mass; but still, despite our urgent protests, he went to the gallery, and there attended mass for the last time in the chapel built by himself. The disease now took a very alarming course. Friday, December 12, he hovered on the brink of the grave; the attending physicians gave up all hope. With the greatest calmness and without a sign of fear, Salzmann received the information that his life was despaired of, and that it was high time for him to arrange his affairs. Thereupon with trembling hand he wrote the following short letter to the Reverend William Neu, his faithful representative in the Normal School, and Mr. John Jung, procurator of the same institution:

"My Dear Sirs: I would be grateful, if this afternoon, at about four o'clock, I could set in order my tem-

*The bounding line.

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poral affairs, and thus place them in your hands. With
this request I remain, Yours very faithfully,

Yours very faithfully,

JOSEPH SALZMANN."

He spent the whole of December 12 with these gentlemen and the Reverend Gernbauer, professor in the Salesianum, to arrange all his papers. It was a touching sight. The beloved rector, sick unto death, knowing that the end was not far, reclined on a couch calmly and quietly, and in a voice scarcely audible dictated his last wishes and put in order his temporal affairs; while the stillness of death reigned in the awed halls of the Salesianum. How much at heart he had the institution which he founded last, is evident from the disposition he made of the little property still belonging to him. After deducting a few legacies, he bequeathed his books, vestments, etc., to the Reverend William Neu; with the understanding that from the proceeds of these articles a scholarship was to be established at the Normal School, "as an example and encouragement for others." "For," he said, "such legacies are still rare in this country; and a beginning ought to be made."

Evening set in by the time they had finished their task. When Salzmann laid aside the last paper, he quietly remarked: "This is finished; now I shall think only of my soul." He asked to receive the last sacraments that very evening. Father Birkhäuser, professor in the Salesianum, in the presence of all the professors and several theologians, administered the sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction. Despite his weakness, Salzmann for the last time assumed the insignia of his priestly office—cassock, surplice, and stole; and kneeling received with great devotion our Blessed Lord. We feared that he would die that night. His mind soon began to wander, and these wanderings were broken only now and then by

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short lucid intervals. In a scarcely audible voice he repeatedly called on the sacred names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and lovingly kissed the image of the crucified Redeemer. When I offered him a few drops of water from the fountain of Lourdes, and at the same time encouraged him to trust in the powerful intercession of Mary, he joyfully whispered: "*Fiat mihi fons aquae salientis in vitam aeternam.*"*

After midnight he seemed to feel relieved, and fell into a quiet sleep; the first time in many nights. With great devotion the students of the seminary watched at the bedside of their dying rector, and relieved one another in this work of charity up to the hour of his death. Equally edifying was the gratitude of the sick man. Gratitude he had always practiced and inculcated when well; and now, on his deathbed, in these days of suffering, it shone forth in the tenderest, purest light. For every service, even the smallest, he had a word of thanks; if unable to speak, a sign. In his last letters he speaks in grateful acknowledgment of the devotion of his students, "who made so many sacrifices for him by day and night."

In the meanwhile the sad news of the serious illness of the universally beloved and respected priest had spread like wild-fire, and caused the greatest sorrow and consternation among all classes. In many churches public prayers were said for him; priests and people prayed to God to avert this heavy blow.

From all sides friends and admirers hurried, to show their sympathy; they came not only from Wisconsin, but also from the neighboring states of Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Missouri. Bishop Henni, to Salzmann's great joy, came to visit him. We

*May it be to me a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting.—John, IV. 14.

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were all greatly moved when the dying rector, in taking leave of his bishop, said: "I ask your pardon, Right Reverend Bishop, if I have ever during my labors here offended you. On the whole I meant well."

On hearing of Salzmann's illness, Bishop Heiss of La Crosse hastened to the sick-bed of his friend. It was a sorrowful meeting. Let us listen to the bishop's own account of the touching scene.

"When I arrived in Milwaukee on the Tuesday after the second Sunday of Advent, I heard contradictory reports. Bishop Henni thought that the case was not so serious; he would not give up hope. On the other hand, the rumor had spread in the city that Salzmann was dead. As soon as possible I went to the seminary, and there was told that the house physician, Dr. Kramer, had given up hope. Dr. Salzmann was very glad to see me, and said that he did not feel very sick; but that everybody told him his end was approaching and, therefore, he believed it. When we were alone for a few minutes, I could not help weeping. And when in my grief I remarked that it was so hard for me to think that he had to die; that I would rather die myself; he quietly and calmly said that this was the will of God; that, as far as he knew, he had set in order all his affairs and said farewell to the world. As he was always accustomed to be grateful even for the smallest favor, he now thanked me for all the years of my friendship for him. When I returned on the following day, I learned that a change for the better had set in. I remained another day in Milwaukee, and on hearing that he continued to improve, I left for La Crosse quite consoled."

Indeed, the visit of his episcopal friend brought about a remarkable change in Salzmann's condition. He seemed to gain a new lease of life. The disease took a decided

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turn for the better, and all danger had apparently passed. Every day the *Seebote* reported the condition of the beloved rector, to satisfy the universal sympathy and the eager interest of the people. The reports grew more favorable from day to day; and, finally, it was stated that complete recovery was to be expected. Dr. Salzmann himself now spoke of having passed the crisis, and was full of hope for a speedy recovery.

Christmas was approaching. The feast of our redemption through the newly-born Savior of the world was this time doubly joyful for the inmates of the Salesianum; the fear of death had departed; he who had been their refuge and father was saved to them.

With holy joy the venerated invalid spoke of the approaching holy day, that appeared to be for him the springtime of a new life. He expressed the hope of being able to say at least one holy mass on Christmas. This hope, alas! was premature; but he had the consolation of attending a mass which was said in his room. During the first mass, which is celebrated at midnight in the Salesianum, his mind was occupied with the holy mystery of Bethlehem, that brought redemption to a sinful race. When he saw that the theologian who watched him was studying the ceremonies of the next high mass, he kindly admonished him to devote this hour to prayer, and to follow in spirit the sacred acts now performing in the chapel.

The news of the death of Salzmann's friend, Bishop Melcher of Green Bay, affected him keenly during the last days of the waning year. Bishop Melcher died December 20. He had always been very kind to Salzmann. When he was vicar-general of St. Louis, he allowed Salzmann to take up a collection in the diocese of St. Louis for the Salesianum. When he became bishop of Green Bay, he remained a faithful friend and patron of

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the seminary. Salzmann immediately directed that in the seminary chapel a requiem be said for the repose of the soul of the deceased bishop, and that at the obsequies in Green Bay the seminary be suitably represented.

The last days of the year 1873 were replete with sweet consolation for the sick rector. From all sides congratulations on his happy recovery poured in, and Salzmann gratefully thanked all, though with trembling hand, for their kindness and sympathy.

Bishop Heiss in a letter to Father Birkhäuser complained that he received so little news directly from the seminary, and that he was dependent on the reports of the newspapers. This complaint of his friend brought forth the following letter from Salzmann :

St. Francis, Wis., Sti. Stephani, P. M., 1873.

Right Reverend Bishop, Noble Friend : To the sweet sound of your plaint to Father Birkhäuser *de statu valletudinis meae** are due my first attempt at writing and my thanks *ad astra.*† I feel well, thanks and praise to the Lord ! and thank you, my episcopal friend, my best friend, for your visit and your sympathy, for your prayers and mementos, which I beg you to continue.

I did not realize my danger—lightly took leave of the *vanitates mundi*;‡ but many prayers have been said for me. America certainly has more kindness than I thought ; and gladly do I now confess my error of twenty-six years. The theologians made great sacrifices for me by day and night. The swelling in my feet is slowly going down. My head and heart are very grateful. Father Wapelhorst yesterday returned from Green Bay,

*Concerning the state of my health.

†To the stars.

‡The vanities of the world.

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and to-day is going to St. Louis. Bishop Melcher will always remain for me a startling, never-to-be-forgotten *memento mori.*

Your friend,

JOSEPH SALZMANN.

He likewise wrote letters of gratitude and friendship during the last days of 1873 to the Reverend Christopher Wapelhorst, the Chancellor of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, who succeeded him as rector of the Salesianum; as also to the Reverend John M. Gartner of New York, who had just returned from a trip to Europe. "You were," he writes, "removed from death on the ocean by the thickness of a few planks; and I was not a whit farther away from him. God grants me, apparently, a few more days for work; but the *restaurari saluti** takes a long time." On December 29 he took up his pen to write his acknowledgments and thanks to his tried and true friend, Father M. Beitter, in Kenosha. As this letter is the last Salzmann wrote, with the exception of a financial statement, which he as executor to the estate of Father Raffeiner sent to a priest in Germany, we feel confident that his friends and admirers will be pleased to find it here entire.

St. Francis, December 29, 1873.

Reverend and Dear Friend: Your visit to me, a sick, almost dying man, has so gladdened me that I, though in my invalid's chair, hasten to write this letter of thanks to you. My lungs hope to be rejuvenated; but my swollen feet will hamper me for some time. Christmas day I received Holy Communion here in my room; I cannot persuade my poor legs to bear me up. These few lines cause me much difficulty. I thank you again heartily for this new sign of your friendship. I pray you to continue

*The convalescence.

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your prayers for my speedy recovery ; and beg you also for the continuance of your friendship *anno* 1874, which I still hope to see. Greetings.

Your ever grateful friend,

JOSEPH SALZMANN.

P. S. A thousand thanks to all that prayed for me. I was hurled so suddenly to the brink of the grave, and there I still remain *ad tempus!*

Alas ! only *ad tempus*, only for the time being ! After receiving the letter quoted above, Bishop Heiss had no doubt of his friend's complete recovery. The bishop was reminded by a friend that should Salzmann, as everybody hoped, recover, it would be necessary to take the crushing burden of both institutions of learning from his shoulders, and transfer him to another field. The bishop, thereupon, took the necessary steps to propose Salzmann for the vacant see of Green Bay. His proposal met with general approval, and there seemed to be no doubt of its ultimate success. Rarely, indeed, had the mitre adorned a nobler brow ; rarely, indeed, had a more deserving hand wielded the crozier.

"But this sweet satisfaction," Bishop Heiss writes, "I was not to enjoy. It had been determined otherwise in the councils of God. His merits were not to be honored here below, but to be crowned in Heaven."

Salzmann was advised to withdraw for a time from all cares and responsibilities, and to seek rest and complete recovery in a milder climate. He consented, and planned to go to St. Louis in spring and sojourn with friends in the milder climate of Missouri. Man proposes, and God disposes. While the feeling of joy over the danger passed, and new hope for the future were filling our hearts, God

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in his wise Providence was preparing to offer us the bitter cup of sorrow.

Salzmann's recovery was, alas! merely the last glimmering of the spark of life, a cheering flash of light in a rift of the dark cloud of hopelessness, soon to be succeeded by the dark and awful night of death. Gradually the disease took a more serious turn. The kidney complaint and the dropsy grew more serious from day to day; so that we soon realized that there was no hope of recovery. Dr. Kramer, the physician of the Salesianum, did his utmost to save the life of the beloved invalid; but soon he sorrowfully declared that human science could not save his patient.

When I returned from Milwaukee on the morning of January 12, I found Dr. Salzmann eating his breakfast with great relish. He joked in his happiest vein, and surely did not suspect how near was a change for the worse. Only one hour later, one of the students watching with him, came running to tell me that Dr. Salzmann had suffered a stroke of paralysis and lost the use of speech. So it was, indeed. After a few hours he recovered somewhat, but was still unable to speak clearly. He spoke in short and broken sentences, and these only with great difficulty. On the evening of the same day his mind began to wander, and he constantly spoke of going away, which is usually looked upon as a bad symptom. His condition grew worse from hour to hour; so that from Tuesday on we were prepared for his death at any moment. On Thursday evening, in the presence of twelve priests, all the prayers for the dying were recited, and the Passion according to St. John was read. Though he was unconscious during most of these days, he occasionally revived; and thus he was able to receive Holy Communion three times during this week, the last time on the day of his

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death. These were days of deep sorrow for the Salesianum; a dark veil of gloom seemed to hover over this abode of happy young men; for the hand of death was stretched forth to snatch from their midst their beloved father. Again, as at the first sign of danger, professors and students joined in devout prayer; in all the churches of Milwaukee priests and people united in prayer to the Almighty to spare the life of the sick rector. When a certain pastor of Milwaukee, an old and faithful friend of Dr. Salzmann,* admonished his people to pray for "a well known priest who was in imminent danger of death," his voice failed him, and tears filled his eyes. Here one might say: "Behold, how he loved him."

Contrary to the expectation of all, the agony was prolonged until Saturday evening. The Queen of Heaven, in whom he confided so trustingly, whose praise he had sounded in so many excellent sermons, whose sweet and holy name he had called with such touching tenderness during his illness, seemed to have obtained for him the grace of appearing before her Divine Son on the day sacred to her.

On the night of January 17, the professors and the students retired with dark forebodings. Father Aloysius Sigg,† a professor of the seminary, volunteered to watch until twelve o'clock; while I was to take his place for the rest of the night. Unfortunately, my turn was not to come; it was not to be my privilege to perform this work of charity for my dear rector. At eleven o'clock I awoke suddenly. The sound of prayers came to me from the room in which Salzmann lay. I waited for the end of the Ave Maria, and then, to my dismay, heard the words,

*The late Father Holzhauer.

†Died as a member of the Society of Jesus.

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"O Lord, grant him eternal rest and let perpetual light shine upon him." I arose quickly and hastened to the sick-chamber. I had heard aright. Dr. Salzmann had entered his eternal rest. Four priests surrounded the corpse. Five minutes after eleven he had passed away quietly and peacefully to his Lord. The days of suffering and struggling were over; his weary soul had shuffled off its mortal coil to wend its way to the regions of heavenly peace. This bereavement was a heavy blow to us who remained. Both institutions of learning had lost their rector; and the diocese of Milwaukee was deprived of its most deserving priest. The next morning, the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the first requiem was sung for the repose of his soul; and in place of the joyous peals of the organ, there resounded on this holy day the mournful words of the *Dies irae* in the chapel of the Salesianum. In the meanwhile the news of his death was telegraphed in all directions, and aroused feelings of grief in thousands of hearts.

To enable the many friends and admirers of Salzmann to attend the obsequies and pay their respects to his remains, the funeral was arranged for January 21. In the meanwhile the corpse was laid out in state in the chapel; and an unbroken chain of prayers, recited by priests, students, sisters, and orphans, ascended to Heaven for the noble dead. We wished to bury Dr. Salzmann, clad in the insignia of his doctorate in theology; but here we met with a serious obstacle. In his humility, Salzmann had never worn the insignia to which he was entitled. He had never worn the ring, never used the red biretta, which the doctors of the University of Vienna are privileged to wear. After long searching, his ring was discovered, laid away in some corner. A red biretta was hastily made; and thus Salzmann, at least after his death, was decorated

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with those insignia of his dignity, that he had so humbly disregarded during his life.

If during the lifetime of Salzmann anyone doubted that the Catholic people were attached to him in love and devotion, these doubts certainly were put to flight after his death. Here was shown to evidence that only by the loss of what is truly noble, do we fully realize its value. The news of his death called forth in all parishes of Wisconsin, and beyond the borders of the state, expressions of universal sorrow. At the news many people rushed to their pastors, loath to believe the sad report. Not only in Wisconsin, but in the most distant states of the Union as well, this news was received by thousands with the greatest grief. In New York, Baltimore, and St. Louis, requiems were sung for the repose of his soul amid a vast concourse of people.

We cannot refrain from inserting here the tribute paid to Dr. Salzmann by the learned translator of Alzog's History of the Church, Dr. F. Pabisch, Rector of Mount St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati. The letter is directed to the procurator of the Salesianum, Father Henry Reinhart.*

Mt. St. Mary of the West,
Cincinnati, January 18, 1874.

Reverend Colleague: Please accept my heartfelt thanks for promptly informing me of the death of the famous founder of the Salesianum and the Normal School near Milwaukee, the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Salzmann. What an effort the heroic resolution to come to this country must have cost him, who had taken his degrees in the Augustinum in Vienna, and to whom, there-

*Died in La Crosse, February 22, 1900.

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fore, the path to ecclesiastical advancement lay open. With what great sacrifices did he and his colleagues, Heiss and Paulhuber, twenty years ago undertake the building of the great seminary near Lake Michigan, perseveringly continue their efforts, and finally bring it to completion! He was not satisfied, however, with merely raising the walls; what is more, he looked about for men of learning, and provided professors, not merely students, for all branches. And what shall I say of the Normal School? Did the ceaseless cares in its behalf sap the marrow of his life?

The inscription on the stone gate of Salzburg, *Te saxa loquuntur,** may, in a sense, be referred to Dr. Salzmann. *Si vis monumentum, circumspice!†* As no better monument could be devised for Canova than the repetition of his own work in St. Peter's in Rome (Benedict XIII kneeling between the figures of piety and fortitude); thus, remembering the institutions which he founded, we may send this parting greeting to the grave of Salzmann:

My weakling words will die away;
Your noble works have come to stay.

To-morrow I shall offer up the holy sacrifice of the mass for the repose of his soul and request my seminarians to pray for him. My duties do not permit me to go to Milwaukee, as we are but five professors here, and cannot supply one another's places. Present my respects and sympathy to the Right Reverend Bishop Henni and to all your colleagues. I remain, in love and veneration,

Your most obedient

F. J. PABISCH.

Even across the wide expanse of the Atlantic, Salzmann's death was mourned. Through the immense aisles

*The stones speak of thee.

†If you seek a monument, look about you.

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of the Cathedral of Cologne there echoed the solemn tones of the requiem, chanted for the repose of his soul; and the Archbishop of Cologne, Paul Melchers, wrote to Father Wapelhorst: "I shall most certainly remember at the altar the late good and noble Rector Salzmann."

In his native land, Austria, where his noble and beneficent activity was still fresh in the memory of the people, his demise was mourned by thousands.

Even his opponents and the enemies of the Church now freely conceded that Salzmann was a great and noble man.

The universal sorrow was shown particularly on the day of the funeral. According to his express wish, Salzmann was buried in a vault beneath the chapel of the Salesianum. When the seminary was building, he gave expression to this wish, and once while passing the vault with a brother priest, he remarked that possibly he himself might be the first to be buried there. So it happened. While the earthly remains lay in state in the little oratory of the seminary, the people came in throngs, to take a last look at his dear features. On the day of the funeral the attendance was unexpectedly large. The mourners assembled, not merely from Milwaukee, but from a distance of thirty to forty miles, to pay the last tribute of respect to the most worthy priest in the state of Wisconsin. At nine o'clock a special train, draped in black, arrived from Milwaukee. The seven coaches were packed with people. The railway officials were in every way most considerate and accommodating; they did everything in their power to show their sorrow at our bereavement.

At half-past eight the bier was carried by six priests to the large chapel amid the chanting of the *De Profundis*. The coffin was surrounded by fifty-four white roses, one for each year of his life, a delicate gift of the School-Sisters of Notre Dame.

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The people now flocked to the chapel in such numbers that, though the chapel was spacious, but very few of the large crowd could be seated; and many could not even gain an entrance.

Three bishops were present—Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee; Bishop Heiss, of La Crosse; and Bishop Foley, of Chicago. At least eighty priests, representing six different dioceses, marched in procession before the prelates.

After the office of the dead had been recited, Bishop Henni celebrated pontifical high mass. At the close of the mass Bishop Heiss approached the bier to preach the sermon. It was, as all felt, a difficult task; and the preacher came near giving us tears instead of words. Choosing for his text the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works shall follow them,"* he showed that these words of Holy Writ applied in their fullness to his departed friend, whose great and blessed works stood out before the eyes of all; who had built him a monument that more eloquently than all eulogies would hand down his memory to posterity.

He feelingly referred to the long and intimate friendship existing between himself and the departed. In glowing colors he drew a vivid picture of the sufferings and struggles that they had undergone together; struggles with unbelief and malice, with financial difficulties, want, and privation. Then the humble and unassuming prelate declared: "We always worked together, indeed; but he invariably took upon his own shoulders the heavier part of the work."

After the bishop had concluded, a former pupil of Salzmann, Father George Willard, delivered an address in English. Then Bishop Henni, attended by the two prelates and the priests, said the prayers of absolution.

*Apoc. XIV. 13.

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To give the vast concourse of people an opportunity of viewing once again the face of Salzmann, the corpse was allowed to remain through the day in the chapel. And now such a vast stream of humanity poured ceaselessly into the chapel that a priest was detailed to preserve order.

The whole day without intermission mourners knelt around the coffin. In the evening it was removed to the vault, followed by the professors and students of the Salesianum, the Normal School, and Pio Nono College.

There now lie the remains of Joseph Salzmann, on the scene of his toilsome labors, like those of a brave warrior on the field of glory. A marble slab placed in the sanctuary over the vault, marks the spot underneath which the noble priest sleeps the sleep of the just and awaits the bright morning of resurrection. Fixed in the walls of the sanctuary, a marble slab bears the following inscription:

HIC . JACET
ADM . REVERENDUS
JOSEPHUS . SALZMANN
S . TH . D
FUNDATOR . SEMINARIORUM
S . FRANCISCI . SALESII
ET . SANCTAE . FAMILIAE
NATUS . MUNZBACHII . IN . AUSTRIA
DIE . XVII . AUGUSTI . A . D . MDCCC . XIX
DEFUNCTUS . DIE . XVII . JANUARII
MDCCC . LXXIV
R . I . P
ZELUS . DOMUS . DOMINI . COMEDIT . ME

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Here Rests
Very Reverend Joseph Salzmann.
Doctor of Sacred Theology,
Founder of the Seminaries
Of Saint Francis de Sales
And the Holy Family.

Born in Münzbach, Austria, August 17, 1819,
Died January 17, 1874.

“Zeal for the house of the Lord hath eaten me up.”*

“In the grave there is rest!” the noble priest had often said. Now the rest of the grave has come to him; a rest which no cares, no trials, can interrupt. Huge storm-waves had surged about his ship of life; but she weathered the tempest, guided by the star of faith and trust in God. Now, on a smooth sea, laden with the treasures of two continents, flinging the banner of victory to the breezes, welcomed by the joyous acclamations of the throngs already landed, his ship of life enters the haven of Eternity.

*Ps. LXVIII. 10.

CHAPTER XIV

SELECTIONS FROM SALZMANN'S SERMONS

Soon after Salzmann's demise some of his friends and admirers expressed the desire to possess a picture of him as he appeared in the pulpit. I consider this wish very natural and well founded; for great as he was in his life and labors, he was a very striking figure especially on the pulpit. The rapt enthusiasm that was characteristic of him through life, we see to the best advantage when he stands in the pulpit, to announce the Gospel of salvation. Here he was in his element. Though just before ascending the pulpit, he might be oppressed with heavy cares and distracted by the most painful and contradictory emotions, the moment he stood there, clad in the vestments of his priestly office, he was removed, as it were, to another region, far above the sordid cares of daily life, carried thither on the wings of his holy enthusiasm and zeal for truth.

As the mountains of his native land bathe their summits in the light of the sun, while dark and stormy clouds hover over the lowlands, and there emit their menacing streaks of lightning; thus Salzmann, in these hours of exaltation, breaking away from life's benighting cares, fairly plunged into the refreshing light of eternal Truth.

Though we have taken occasion in the preceding chapters to speak of Salzmann's ability as a preacher, we are loath to close this sketch of his life without adding a special chapter devoted to this phase of his priestly labors.

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We shall offer a few selections, a fragrant bunch of oratorical blossoms, from the many sermons he preached during his thirty-one years in the priesthood. If these selections will but recall pleasant memories of the days of yore, and bring before the mind's eye of those who were so fortunate as to listen to Salzmann's discourses, the figure of the man who spoke them—then the desire referred to in the opening of this chapter will to some extent be fulfilled.

It speaks well for the care and the zeal with which Salzmann devoted himself to the office of preaching, which St. Thomas Aquinas calls *principalissimum sacerdotis officium*,* that up to the last year of his life he wrote most carefully all his sermons. Among his papers I found a complete sermon which he had delivered in the Normal School only a half a year before his death. This was not an easy matter for him, burdened as he was in the last years of his life with manifold and distracting duties and cares. Some of his sermons, however, are merely sketched. Some have the introduction written out in full and the points merely indicated. The reason for this is plain. As rector of the two institutions he was constantly disturbed; persons dropped into his room at all times and for every sort of business or advice; so that he could not find time to finish the sermons he had commenced. Furthermore, we cannot deny that the sermons of his later years no longer possessed that clearness and logical sequence of thought that distinguished his earlier efforts in so eminent a degree. This was the natural outcome of his many duties and cares, and of the distraction thereby entailed. His characteristic enthusiasm, however, and the fire of his eloquence abated not a whit.

Thus Salzmann as professor of sacred eloquence, which

*The principal duty of the priest.

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chair he occupied from the first in the seminary, could with good grace oblige his students to write their sermons; since he himself, who possessed the genius of holy eloquence, as but few, practiced what he preached.

He made frequent use of the Old Testament in his sermons. Indeed, the Old Testament was to him a mine of rich and noble thoughts. "Why," he used to declare, "should the priest allow the writings of the Old Testament to remain unused? Why should he not gather from this rich lode the splendid examples useful also to us, who live in the light of Christianity? Do not the truths of the Gospel gain additional lustre when relieved by the shadows of the Old Law?" He introduced into his sermons, with excellent results, examples from universal and Church history, which branches he taught for several years. The heroes of history, with their virtues and vices, were held up to his hearers for their emulation or detestation. His remarkable memory and thorough mastery of the whole field of history, ancient and modern, herein stood him in good stead. He knew how to incorporate the seemingly most insignificant events into the body of his sermon with striking effect.

It goes without saying that he frequently referred to the heroes of the Church, the saints. He particularly brought to the attention of his hearers the saints of Germany (he usually preached in German), because he believed that the life and example of the forefathers would act as a spur on their descendants.

As he was perfectly at home in the mythology of the ancients, it occasionally happened that, after the manner of Segneri, he used the fables of antiquity to illustrate the truths of Christianity. He readily admitted, however, that, on the whole, this practice was not to be recommended, because of the danger of compromising Christian

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truth. Nevertheless, we often admired the originality of his conceptions and the fine art with which he made the ancient fables handmaids to the truths of Christianity. I remember an example that he employed, to illustrate the intercessory power of Mary. "Mythology," he said, "tells of the head of Gorgon, which turned all who gazed upon it to stone. How different from Mary! Her mild countenance changes stones into men; for the heart of the greatest sinner is softened and humanized when he looks confidingly to Mary."

To understand Salzmann's manner of preaching, and the spirit that pervades his sermons, we will now give the selections that we promised at the outset of this chapter.

Let us first see what he conceived to be the function and the holy character of the preacher, and the difference between the sacred and the profane orator.

"When the orator ascends the rostrum, he must have power and eloquence to defend his client. It frequently happens that falsehood is victorious, and truth succumbs; that a Cicero defends a Milo. The preacher's case is radically different. His rostrum is the pulpit or the altar. He takes the Gospels to hand, and a holy fire burns within him, the consciousness of a divine mission. The orator opens his code of laws, formed by men, interpreted by men, turned and twisted by men. The preacher takes the eternal code of the Gospels, of which he may not change an iota. The orator dresses to please his audience; the preacher wears the stole that no people and no potentate can take from him.

"The orator strains for arguments that are often vain, and fears lest they be overthrown by his adversary; the preacher uses the words of eternal Truth, that no dialectical skill can refute. The orator adorns his discourse with flowers and beautiful imagery; the preacher's language is

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simple, though beautiful, and replete with divine power. The orator seeks to please, the preacher to move; therefore, the orator reaps the applause of his listeners, and the preacher the grateful and sincere 'May God reward you!'”*

Salzmann lived up to this lofty and holy conception of the Catholic preacher. He never sacrificed truth to vain praise; never yielded up the holy doctrines of faith to the ever-changing tenets of the spirit of the age.† He never pandered to those "aristocratic, self-sufficient philosophers who have bolted all knowledge; who pave the way to Heaven and remove all obstacles; who build plank roads to Heaven, or who expect to be carried there in a balloon, with all their filth still clinging to them; those 'humane' citizens of the world, who in their funeral orations see none but heavenly spirits, but who are constantly sending their opponents to the devil."

In one of his conferences in St. Mary's church, Salzmann characterized in a forcible and happy manner, these modern "knights of reason," with whom at that time Milwaukee was surfeited. "Answer, you deifiers of human reason: Have matters grown better since you placed your icy hand on the bosom of man to congeal the warmth of faith? Have matters grown better since with irreverent tread you entered the temple of revelation and tore asunder the curtain of the Most High? Have matters grown better since with ruthless hand you attacked the sacred truths of Christianity, to force upon us the endless contradictions of your speculation? No! and no again! all the centuries cry out to you. . . . Rationalists!

*In some parts of Austria the congregation at the close of the sermon thanks the preacher by saying in unison, May God reward you—*Vergelt's Gott!*

†*Zeitgeist.*

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What there is good and beautiful in your system, you have stolen from us, from Christianity. When you place the reason of the individual on the throne of Truth, you are drifting under full sail out of the safe harbor of truth into the surging sea of error, where your vessel will be dashed to pieces on the thousand rocks of individual opinions."

With the just and burning indignation of a teacher of truth, in one of his sermons he turned on those prophets of falsehood, who, shipwrecked in their faith, consider themselves the privileged critics of the priesthood, and hearken as spies to the words of the preacher, to print garbled and twisted versions of the sermons in their organs of falsehood, to the mockery and amusement of their scandal-loving adherents.

"I appeal to you. Must a father weigh his every word when speaking to his own children? The priest is more to you, and must lead you higher, than even your own father. . . . We know the sources of this carping disposition; but these waters are too filthy for us to enter. It is sad that there are men unable to conceive of the possibility of a higher vocation, which looks beyond the daily bread; that there are men who would rather see the priest sawing wood than engaged in his holy calling; men that would rather have him swing the axe than raise the chalice. Hence they are ever active in divesting him of all sanctity and drawing him down to the level of their own sordid views. They are tireless in hurling the loathsome filth of their tongues at him, as did Semei at David. What remains but to cry out with David: 'Let them alone, let them curse. Perhaps the Lord will render us good for the cursing of this day.' Did not eternal Truth himself speak these words to his first priests: 'Blessed are ye, when they shall revile you and persecute you and shall

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speak all that is evil against you, untruly for my sake?"

At times his words were sharp and incisive, and the brine of his speech penetrated many an old sore. This sharpness was not due to a desire for revenge; it was rather the outpouring of that higher love which wounds, to heal; and inflicts earthly pain, to reward with heavenly bliss.

"Do not think," he exclaims, "that bitterness and revenge speak from the pulpit. Are you not my brothers, children of my mother, the Church? Do you think that the priest merely rants and saws the air? He prays for his enemies, perhaps in the very hour when they are calumniating him. He does not despair of them, much less does he condemn them. He must, however, warn and beseech and pray, and announce the judgments of God. Who would oppose him in this? Men of Milwaukee, how long will you be deaf to the call of divine Love? Alas, for the good name of the German people! I have never met a people so thorough and solid, so faithful and true, as the German people; but this good name has, here at least, been branded with infamy."

Such sharp and incisive language was distasteful, because true, to those that had merited the rebuke. "We priests are obliged to admonish and warn, to beseech and threaten, not with the sword and the prison, but with eternity. Man dwells here under the starry heaven; he builds him a comfortable home, and settles down and takes root in the soil, and cosily dreams his dreams, as though he were to remain here forever. As the wanderer that has fallen asleep in the poisonous shade of the bread-tree, rubs his eyes, stretches his limbs, and is indignant at the kind hand that saved him from death; so men blame the priest, when he cries out: 'On to Heaven! There is no tarrying here below; there is our eternal abode.' Men are

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children, and remain such to their last breath; children who blame their parents for not allowing them to run the streets of this earthly life; for not allowing them to cross the threshold of dangerous houses and join forbidden societies; for not allowing them to play with dangerous weapons. When children cannot have their own way, they sulk and weep. When shall we lay aside our childish ways? Many do not wish to be admonished. 'I am older than the preacher,' they say, 'and, therefore, know better than he what ought to be done.'

"They spread the terrible calumny that priests do not believe what they preach. This has been said of me repeatedly here in Milwaukee. My friends, it may be true that at times priests do not live up to the high standard to which they strive to lead others; they do not call themselves saints. We are not angels; but even if angels were sent from Heaven, they would soon be blackened by calumny. Sad it is that Christ was obliged to say about some priests: 'Do according to their words, not according to their works.' Even if this calumny were true, which God forbid! Terrible thought! if it were true! What could be done? I, clad in the sober garb of penance, would be the first to cry out: My people, pray for the anointed of the Lord; pray for the fallen one! What gain would there be in this for the enemies? Would adultery cease to be a sin, and would religion be worthless, and would all priests be bad, if I, the individual, were wicked? Dying, I would call you to my bedside and say, May my words damn me, if only they lead you to Heaven. Thousands upon thousands have died for the truths of the Gospel and have sealed their teaching with their blood; and can this be humbug? Catholics of Milwaukee, call me what you please; belittle, defame, and calumniate your priest to your heart's content; but I have never been a hypocrite.

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Still I fear, seriously fear, for the weak in faith. For many a one, America has become the grave of faith. Delving and digging in the mines of earthly wealth, many a one has been crushed and buried in despair beneath the mass of material wealth that had absorbed all his attention."

The questions of the day were also treated by Salzmann in his sermons. Though he never used the pulpit for partisan and sensational purposes, as is so frequently done by some sectarian preachers, he believed it to be the duty of the priest to take a decided stand in all those great questions which concern the vital interests of society; to raise his voice, in particular, against political doctrines which tend to the destruction of faith and the enslavement of liberty of conscience.

"Strange it is that the notion is gaining ground that priests ought to hold themselves aloof from politics. I distinguish—a priest ought not to engage in politics, to obtain for himself or one of his fellow-priests a political office; and, as far as I know, this has never been done. Here in this country, where the people choose their own rulers, the people must know whom they are to choose; must thoroughly understand the character of the man for whom they wish to cast their ballot. If the newspapers had never betrayed truth, matters would be different. Now, the one says yes; the other, no; and the third, yes and no; how are the people to decide amid such contradictions? Have the editors succeeded by divine or human right in obtaining a monopoly of truth? Is a lie, when printed, not a lie? The priest is the teacher of the people. Since politics in America plays so important a role in the public welfare, since so many sad mistakes are made in this department, it is surely not the fault of the priests, if their people and the friends of the public good in gen-

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eral, follow their leadership rather than the guidance of mendacious papers. Is it not the duty of the priest to open the eyes of the people, when their greatest and holiest interests are at stake?"

Referring to the false principles that had sprung up in politics, religion and philosophy during the latter centuries, he drew the attention of his audience in one of his conferences to the only means of escape from this confusion of ideas, to the bright beacon-light that directs an erring mankind from out these labyrinths to its true and eternal goal.

"There lived a man—his name is Machiavelli—who favored political despotism, a lickspittle of rulers, who surrounded rulers with divine powers and made of them irresponsible despots. There lived a man—his name is Martin Luther—who posed as the master of the deposit of faith; who took from faith its divine foundation, and placed it upon a human basis, thus destroying its firmness. There lived a man, Descartes by name, who succeeded in placing dialectical skill and reasoning upon the highest pedestal of fame.* Logical systems since the time of Descartes have contended so unceasingly and violently regarding truth, that truth itself seems to be completely enveloped in obscurity. Thus Machiavelli, Luther, and Descartes attacked society in its very foundations; they have poisoned the wells of politics, religion

* No doubt, Salzmann had no intention of placing the French philosopher on the same level with the Italian statesman and the German ex-monk. Descartes, in spite of his erroneous system, remained a faithful son of the Church. "When he commenced his reformation of philosophy, he expressly declared that he was sincerely subject to the Church, and submitted all his philosophical doctrines to the authority of the Apostolic See. He commenced his philosophical labors with a pilgrimage to Loretto, and died (1650) as a faithful son of the Catholic Church, fortified with Holy Communion, which it was his custom to receive frequently." —P. Haffner, *Die Deutsche Aufklaerung*, Mainz, 1864, 3 edition.

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and reason; they have called upon rulers and peoples to oppose each other, to throttle each other by the abuse of their respective powers. You have escaped the tyranny and despotism of rulers;* but whole nations live in uncertainty, tottering in the balance as to what the morrow will bring.† They are poised like an avalanche on the summit of the highest mountain before being dashed into the abyss below. These are the fruits of modern politics. Having escaped these dangers . . . are you fearful of having your reason enslaved by the Church? Does faith impose a yoke of which a reasonable man needs to be ashamed? Then all the learned, who, after sounding the various systems of rationalism, found reason and satisfaction only in revealed religion, were fools. . . . It is no longer a question of torturing the mind with mere abstractions; no longer a question of welding together new plans; no longer a question of suffrage and parliamentary debates for a new system of government for the people, and of forging a new religion. No, the happiness and the glory of mankind is not promoted in this manner; such demagogues are not friends of the people. What we must do is to counteract the destructive principles that lead to ruin, and strive for true liberty. True liberty, however, consists in victory over our passions by means of positive revelation, which is received by our intellect through the free act of our will; the perfection of this revelation is found in Christianity; there only is salvation for mankind."

Christianity, however, is not a mere abstraction; it is found embodied in the Church established by Christ. This Church, in its world-embracing and world-subduing great-

*It is scarcely necessary to remark that Salzmann refers here to the abuse of power, not to lawfully constituted authority.

†He made these remarks in 1850.

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ness, offers to the Catholic preacher abundant matter for discourses. No wonder that Salzmann, imbued from his very infancy with the ecclesiastical spirit, spoke with glowing enthusiasm of that Church to whose cause he had devoted his talents and his life.

"For eighteen centuries the ship of the Church careers, at ebb and flood, through the ocean of time. This Church breasted the waves even before Christ stood visibly at her helm, but only in and through the merits of Christ. This Church was in the hut of Adam, when he confessed his fault and received the promise of the future Redeemer; this Church was in the ark when a sinful race was swept away by the flood, and the stock of the chosen people preserved in Noah; this Church was in Abraham, to whom the promise of a Redeemer was renewed in a more definite manner; this Church journeyed with Jacob into Egypt, and returned with Moses and the twelve tribes through the desert into the Land of Promise; this Church went into captivity to Babylon with the chastised, but not rejected, people of God, and returned with them and remained with two tribes until in the fullness of time He appeared who was the Expected of the nations. The Church, however, is no longer the small and frail bark, which, according to the Gospel of to-day, the Lord saved in the storm; no longer the fishing smack of Simon Peter on the Lake of Genesareth; she sails, a stately vessel, through the world, and receives all that follow Jesus. Jesus himself holds the rudder and guides them safely, guides them home. The masthead is the cross, which for two thousand years has borne the brunt of diabolical attacks. And the doctrine of the cross, which overcame the wisdom of the Greeks and crushed the power of the Romans, yea, subdued the whole world, will this doctrine be brushed aside by the upstart wisdom of to-day? No,

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the Church will stand, whatever the world, in union with the powers of darkness, may devise. She prospered in the catacombs and thousands of prisons during the early centuries; she grew strong when watered by the blood of martyrs; she expanded, and cast off the brood of heretics; she branched out and increased under Diocletian as well as under Constantine; she finds as congenial a soil in republics as in monarchies; threatened and murdered by the guillotine, by the Saint Simonists and the Jacobins, she does not flee, she is not extinct. She leads her children to the bloody planks of the Terrorists. She pursues the even tenor of her way amid the scoffs and jeers of witting, and is willing to face her enemies in all places. Thus all hostile powers crumble to dust before her, as in to-day's Gospel storm and waves recede at the word of the Lord.

"Many thousand laborers were necessary, to set in place the huge obelisks; to-day they are wearing away under the corrosive action of time; one hand set up the chair of Peter, and thousands are active in the work of its destruction, but in vain. Down with the Pope! is the battle-cry of the *Zeitgeist* of falsehood, of the perjured violators of treaties; but the pope remains, though he possess not a tittle of earth wherein to sow the word of God, though he be without a lake wherein to cast the net of Peter."

Salzmann had devoted himself with all the enthusiasm of his great soul to the service of holy Church; it was but natural therefore, that he paid a tribute of admiration to the noble prisoner in the Vatican, who in those stormy days guided the bark of Peter; who by the extraordinary length of his reign and his admirable courage and confidence in God, had himself become a living personification of the indestructibility and eternal youthfulness of the Church of Christ. He gave eloquent expression to his

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veneration and admiration for this undaunted champion of the Church, on the day when Pius IX, amid the applause of the world, lived to see the years of Peter.

"If Pius IX. to-day were to open his journal, page after page, day by day, what great and epoch-making events would pass in review before him during these twenty-five years! He experienced more in twenty-five years than Methuselah in nine hundred and sixty-nine. Greater revolutions have disturbed the world; more earthquakes have terrified the nations; more mental confusion has worked havoc with the existing order of things; more storms have buffeted the bark of Peter on the ocean of the world, and threatened to engulf it: and Jesus slept, and Pius remained calm. To-day congratulations are pouring in upon him from all quarters of the globe. Alas! many a Judas-kiss he must submit to on the part of the governments that hate and rob him and, leagued with the gates of hell, hurl themselves against the rock of Peter: and Jesus sleeps, and Pius remains calm."

Mindful of the duty of the preacher "to cry and cease not, and lift up his voice like a trumpet;" despite the bold denials and the foolish contradictions of infidels: Salzmann employed the power of his eloquence, to place before his hearers the awful judgments of a wrathful God. In a sermon on the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, 1850, he said: "The word gospel signifies good news; the joyful tidings, *Messiam advenisse*, that the Savior has come; but the Gospel of to-day is awful, *Messiam adventurum esse*, the Savior will come; and trebly awful, because there is added, *iudicare vivos et mortuos*, to judge the living and the dead. But what is most terrifying in this Gospel? Is it the 'abomination of desolation?' No; though this also will be terrible, indeed. It is terrible when storms rage and thunders roll and lightning darts

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hissing and crashing through the air, leaving fire and devastation in its path. It is more terrible to be awakened by night in a rolling ship, on a billowy sea, by the clang-ing alarm-bell; to have the frightful scene lighted up by the crackling flames that feed on the very vitals of the vessel; this is terrible, indeed. But heaven and earth are still firm, and the stars still move in their wonted orbits. ‘When the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be moved;’ when, at the splitting and bursting of the earth, the immense creation of the uni-verse collapses into chaos; when death and nature recoil in fright: this will be terrible. Terrible, indeed; but it is not the most terrible feature pointed out by the Gospel, What, then, is most terrible for the impious? That you, impious ones, are not annihilated with the ruins of your fortunes; that you are not drawn into the vortex of eter-nal chaos; that you, man, alone of creatures, will arise and stand before the tribunal of Jesus Christ; that from this judgment-seat you will be banished from Him for-ever. O Noah! fortunate in your ark, but unfortunate in your preaching; for not a single person did you convert by your preaching of a hundred years. Thus it always is. For the sermon on the last judgment is preached on the first day of the year, likewise on the last; and here we are to-day. With what result? I am sure that on this day many a priest preaches on the last judgment, that many a maiden wipes the sweat of terror from her brow and returns home all atremble. This evening, however, you may rest assured, she will wipe from her bold brow the sweat of the dance-hall, and return a sinner. After reaping such harvests, shall we continue to sow? May I be silent; ought I not rather to be silent and give up preach-ing? Is it not discouraging to stand in the pulpit as a preacher of penance with a heart aglow with love and

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filled with sorrow, and to read from the expression of the faces and the position of many in church, the plain words : 'Let him talk ! Who cares for his preaching ? The day of judgment is still far away.' Such conduct brings the Prophet Jonah to my mind. O Jonah, Jonah ! Thou also hadst a mission to Ninive. Thou didst wish to evade thy mission ; but in vain. Jonah boarded a vessel ; I, also, but not to escape from a duty imposed by the Lord, as Jonah. I entered my vessel with the firm purpose of obeying the voice of the Lord. Jonah did not have so far to journey as we, my brethren and I, when we left the western part of Germany for the wilds of Wisconsin. Jonah was thrown overboard, but a monster of the deep bore him on to his destination. O Jonah ! cowardly and disobedient missionary, yet so successful in thy preaching. If I could but this once have thy success ! Thou didst preach the shortest of sermons, two sentences : 'Do penance ; yet forty days and Ninive shall be destroyed !' Thus I also would speak but two sentences, ask two questions : When is the last judgment to be ? What answer will you give your Judge ?"

We see from these few words that Salzmann shared the lot of many zealous priests ; that his warm words did not always fall upon fertile soil ; that ingratitude and misconstruction were frequently the reward of his noble efforts. This feeling of bitter sorrow, but also of that forgiving and reconciling love which the Savior teaches from the cross by his example, Salzmann most touchingly expressed in a sermon preached to a congregation very dear to him, in which the seeds of discord had been sown.

"Those were happy days that I spent last year in your midst. Where are the fruits ?* Nothing so dampens the

*At the occasion of the forty hours' devotion Salzmann had given a mission to the congregation.

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courage of the priest as when he sees that the divine seed of God's word is sown in vain, invariably fails to sprout; and what is worse, when he sees that thorns and thistles crop up in place of the grain of virtue. If love sows love, and hatred and discord spring up, is this not the work of the enemy? Often, it is true, a gardener succeeds in grafting a noble branch upon a wild stock, and by careful nursing, in bringing it to flower; but then a chilling wind from the north nips the tender blossoms, the joy and hope of the gardener. It is rarely a grateful task to plant in a wilderness; it is not agreeable to be a priest in America. With strong hearts and great zeal we left our fatherland and landed in this country. You did not expect us; at any rate, not so soon; we did not know a single one of you, but our priestly calling enabled us to discover you, in order, as we had confidingly hoped, to be shepherds of flocks and spiritual fathers of spiritual children. . . . Where sixty strong sons labor, and more than a hundred hands are busy, the father need not guide the plow; he prays for his children and endeavors to secure for them the inheritance of Heaven. We priests were not driven here by want. At that time Germany gladly followed her priests and generously supported them. It was not ambition that directed our steps to the farmers of America, but love, a holy love for the children that might be crying for the bread of eternal life. But wherefore these words? Oh, let me pour out my heart! They are the spontaneous outburst of my sorrowful feelings, of the grief of my soul, when I think of the treatment which priests sometimes receive in America. . . . We did not come to enrich ourselves, but to enrich you with the heavenly treasures entrusted to us. We did not come to oppress you, but to render you happy. We came prepared for the wilds, prepared to suffer from strangers,

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from sects and infidelity ; but not prepared for these heart-wounds inflicted by our own children. On our part we offer up all to God, and may He on His part grant forgiveness."

Thus Salzmann's heart was wounded by his own children ; for the enemy is ever engaged in sowing cockle among the wheat. We see here how Salzmann met these attacks in the armor of meekness, and thereby demonstrated by his own example the truth of the words that he wrote to a reverend friend in Austria concerning another noble and suffering soul : "She is a noble character ; but just such souls often suffer most intensely. They suffer ; but are secretly consoled, because they are noble."

For all these bitter sufferings he was amply repaid ; and heavenly joy swelled his bosom, when there occurred a joyous event in the life of the Church or when a solemn feast was celebrated. Then his soul dwelt in the higher region of spiritual joys which cannot be clouded by the shadows of earthly sorrows and anxiety. Such feelings filled his bosom when he ascended the pulpit to announce to his people the Holy Jubilee of 1852.

"From the far East, from distant Rome, is sounded the note of peace ; and it thrills in our midst and announces to the weary pilgrim jubilation, joy, hope of reconciliation, the spirit of love and grace, help and salvation and mercy. Therefore, arise, wake up, O Christendom ! Doff your mantle of sin ; rub the sleep of indolence out of your eyes ; abandon the husks upon which your soul, your immortal soul, has too long been feeding, to her ruin and death ; snap the treacherous bond of sin that has ensnared the heavenly wings of your soul and bound them fast to the heavy, dragging clods of earth. Look to your goal ! Turn about and look aloft, the first time after your long, mole-like winter-sleep ; look aloft with hopeful eye and the

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first ray of the dawn of salvation will illumine your timorous soul and imbue it with new courage."

His heart bounded with the same joyous beat when a grand manifestation of Catholic life was made, and the Catholic faith of the people was displayed in public. Thus at the blessing of banners in 1867: "America, to-day I delight in thee, to-day thou fillest me with joy. Sometimes, like Jeremiah on the ruins of Jerusalem, I intoned a lamentation over thee; a fear befell me and a cry of woe was wrung from my bosom over the children that inhabit thee; but at such feasts as this, alarm dwindles away and faith in thee is confirmed; hope in thee grows, and love for thee warms the heart. There are still more than seven thousand men that have not bent the knee before Baal, the idol of rationalism: who do not adore the Mammon of materialism; who do not render homage to the *Zeitgeist* of indifferentism; there are still more than seven thousand who confess before all the world: We adore Jesus, are true to the Church, and love our fellow-men. A long procession approached, a series of processions, an almost endless chain of processions, with crosses and flags at their head; these bearded men enter the church and now demand: 'Holy Church, your faithful sons go forth to do battle for your honor; Mother, bless the standard of thy warriors!' What are flags and why do we bless them? Flags are borrowed from Heaven, and loaned to pilgrims here below to encourage them, to strengthen them, on the rough road to their eternal home. Flags belong to the Church triumphant. The sister Church in Heaven lends them to the militant Church here below for victory in war, for leading on to battle. Up there, far above our highest steeple, flags are floating in Heaven, fluttering to the tones of the harps of the heavenly spirits; there is flung to the blissful breezes the white banner of innocence, the purple

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banner of martyrdom, the violet banner of holy penitence, the green banner of those who have persevered in hope in this vale of tears and now reap a gladsome, never-ending harvest. As the deep blue of heaven has not paled in six thousand years, thus these heavenly banners will retain their freshness and their beauty forever! . . . Hence banners are so encouraging and refreshing here below. We march with ease when led by our banners; they direct our thoughts heavenward; the earthly pilgrim realizes that he is marching to a better home, that after the battle come peace, victory, and the crown.

"The first flag unfurled by God himself was displayed after a tremendous battle that God had waged with the weapons of his wrath upon a sinful world; it was the rainbow with its seven colors, the smiling token of peace and reconciliation; and only eight beheld this banner. It was a terrible and holy triumph of the Lord. . . . When the Jews had crucified the Son of God, God the Father suspended a black veil of darkness, a sombre flag, over the universe; the earth was wrapped in darkness, in order not to witness the murder of the Son of God. Three days after, the glorious Easter banner was held aloft to the encircling breezes in the pierced hand of our risen Savior; but after what a fearful battle with the most terrible of names and powers—death, hell, and satan.

(Conclusion.) "Therefore, let no one prove false to his colors, recreant to his baptismal vows; let us follow our banner, the banner of Christ, even to the grave; follow it when furled in funereal folds about its staff it precedes your sombre hearse, leads you from this world into the next. Then when the last banner, the cross, bursts through the clouds of heaven, then you will look

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with joy and satisfaction upon this banner under whose protecting folds you have fought the good fight."

With what a holy enthusiasm Salzmann was filled to the very last when speaking of the holy mysteries of our faith, is evinced by a sermon which he preached on Trinity Sunday, 1873, about six months before his death.

"Where shall I begin, and where close, since with God beginning and end are united in the circle of eternity? I begin, indeed, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; but with fear and trembling, with reverence and awe, bowed low in the dust of my nothingness, and cry out with Isaias: *Munda cor meum ac labia mea, omnipotens Deus!* Cleanse my heart and my lips, Almighty God, with the fiery coal that the angels picked up from the altar with a pair of tongs to touch and purify therewith the lips of the prophet. Even if I had the harp of David and an angel touched the strings; if I had the wisdom of Solomon; if a seraph were to fill me with love and praise, and to speak through me: He whom we call God remains even to the seraphim unfathomable, unapproachable, and inexpressible, Michael sends forth his challenge: 'Who is like unto God?' and at the challenge legions of devils are hurled into hell; but who and what is God? Michael himself cannot tell us this, because he cannot comprehend the Godhead. How far back shall I go to reach the beginning? Here reason is balked, and all knowledge ceases, and all mathematics are silent; for I open the first book of the world and there I find: In the beginning God created heaven and earth. How long did he exist before he created, and where was he before heaven and earth were called into being? . . . Shall I speak of the works of his omnipotence? He nods and his enemies lie in the dust, a proud king feeds on grass; God's fire burns the ropes with which the young men in

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the furnace were bound, but consumes the men that tended the fire; he touches the mountains and they smoke; he gives Moses a staff for his journey, and with this staff Moses defeats the Egyptians, strikes and divides the Red Sea; strikes the rock, and quenches the thirst of millions in the desert. Yea, read the psalms; they are written in praise of the Lord; and then join in with the last verse of the last psalm, 'Let every spirit praise the Lord.'

It is but natural that his glowing enthusiasm for what is great and holy in religion and the Church showed itself in a marked degree in his sermons on the blessed Virgin. The blessed Mother of God with her exceptional virtues and exalted privileges, had always been for him a never failing source of eloquence. Indeed, his sermons on Mary were always regarded as of special excellence. In them he seems to have poured out his whole heart, and to have woven the choicest flowers of his eloquence into a garland for the Queen of Heaven.

The intercessory office of Mary he describes in the following manner: "The distance between God and man is infinite! If God himself wishes, as it were, to bridge over this distance; if he wishes to have us realize to an extent the infinity of his love, He chooses Mary as the highest of finite beings and next to the Infinite.

"Only in the soil of the Catholic Church does devotion to the blessed Mother of God strike root. There are flowers that do not grow in every soil; Siberia produces no roses of Jericho, and the Terebinths of Cadiz do not prosper in our clime: so there are likewise spiritual roses, heavenly blossoms, that are found only on Christian soil; and others again, the very choicest, only on Catholic soil. There are mystical flowers of heavenly fragrance planted by God himself and tended by his angels, flowers that expand and ripen into fruit only in souls wedded to God.

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To-day I shall invite your attention to a rare flower. There was none like it in paradise; none to shed such fragrance to Eve's delight. There was none that could compare with it in beauty and perfection in the realms of the angels; its sweetness and rich aroma would have stemmed the flood and drowned the pestilential odors of Sodom and Gomorrah."

He describes with great warmth in a May sermon the exalted position of the Mother of God. "May is, as a rule, the most beautiful of the twelve months, and therefore styled the month of blossoms. The casing of ice has left the rivers; the brooks are babbling and purling and rippling over their pebbly beds; the fields rejoice in their mantle of green, mottled with flowery designs; the birds chant their morning hymns, and hide in the foliage of their beautiful homes. May is the most beautiful of months, and to the most beautiful and most perfect of creatures is this month dedicated. Beautiful is the angel that gazes unharmed on the face of the Almighty; beautiful are the cherubim and the seraphim clad in might and majesty: but they are as dust in the sight of God. More beautiful and more exalted is she whose name gladdens the earth and delights the heavens; at whose word courage and confidence in God return to the sons of men, and a divine peace and a heavenly joy refresh the soul. Therefore, we must not, dare not, remain inactive; we shall devote these thirty May evenings to the Mother of God; cull piously thirty roses in her honor. . . . St. Philip, according to the gospel of to-day (May 1), made the following request of our Lord: 'Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us.' And Jesus saith: 'So long a time I have been with you and have you not known me? He that seeth me, seeth the Father also.' Thus we, also, to-day may approach our Lord with the prayer: *Domine,*

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ostende nobis matrem tuam, Lord, show us thy mother! for ‘blessed is the womb that bore thee and the paps that gave thee suck.’ At this prayer Jesus discloses the Heaven of heavens and shows us his mother; and the cherubim and the seraphim rejoice in her virginal beauty. Our eyes, however, are too weak, too blurred, for such intense celestial light; they are unable to endure even the full splendor of our earthly sun. O Lord! show us the earthly grandeur with which thou didst endow thy mother *et sufficit nobis*, and it is enough for us.

“And Jesus shows us all the May-altars the world over, buried in a wealth of flowers; here nature is as yet cold and barren, but Mary’s altar glows in the warmth of fragrant blossoms. God gave to the oyster a pearl; to the mountains, veins of gold; to the sand, the sparkling diamond, to adorn the crown on the head of his mother. Yes, indeed, thou child of Eve, raise thyself on the wings of Gabriel and hie thee from pole to pole; fly around the earth. If thou findest a church of Jesus without at least some image of Mary, know that there is coldness of heart. Go to all Christian homes; and when thou passeth a chapel, there, wanderer, rest and praise the Mother of God; where thou meetest her image on the roadside, there dwells a good people; where her songs are sung, there find a resting place, there abide. Then look beyond this earthly vale to the land where thousands upon thousands of the souls of your ancestors are anxiously looking forward to beatific vision; there in truth Jesus the Son will make evident his mother’s influence with himself. Mary’s hand lifts these souls up to her happy abode, to her divine Son, soul after soul; like a string of heavenly pearls they ascend from the refining fire to heavenly transfiguration. Yes, indeed, in Heaven and on earth her name is sacred, blessed by all generations. . . . (Conclusion) Mary,

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I would offer to thee this institution from which are to go forth the servants of thy Son. If any house stands in need of thy protection and blessing, it is this seminary. They will go forth, the children of this house, and build altars to thy Son, hold May-devotions and gather the children about thee. Oh! bless these two hundred and the other two hundred that have been assembled here at the May devotions; make them thy devoted servants, and work through them the salvation of the people."

We have seen with what incisive sharpness Salzmann in his sermons characterized the shallow conceptions of infidelity, and with what superior ability he guarded and defended the holy truths of faith. But,

On the battle's stern field a knight without peer
Is the warrior that joins to brav'ry's proud boasts
The kindness and mildness of God, Lord of hosts.*

Mindful of the example and the teaching of his Master, "not to break the bruised reed and not to extinguish smoking flax," Salzmann was not content with refuting and reprimanding his opponents; but also sought to gather the lost sheep and to offer to them the mysteries of that love which dwells in the merciful heart of the Redeemer. He knew how to touch the tenderest chords in the hearts of his hearers, and to incite them to sentiments of penance, gratitude, and love, towards God's merciful condescension. Here follows a passage from one of his lenten sermons:

"You have come, in all soberness, in accordance with the seriousness of this season, to hear terrible, awe-inspiring truths. You will be disappointed; you shall hear words of love; of a great, inexhaustible, and unfathom-

*Schrott, *Bienen*.

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able Love; of a Love that has no equal in Heaven or on earth; of a Love that cleaves rocks and softens flinty hearts; of a Love which walked its feet to soreness, which submitted its hands to be pierced on the sacrificial block of love; of a Love, that, like the pelican, opens its breast to feed with its heart's blood its starving young; of a Love that allowed its heart to be transfixed, in order that we might drink therefrom the last drop of sustaining love; a Love that bled to death for its enemies; that with gaping heart and arms expanded embraced the whole world. You shall hear of this Love; and the power of this dying Love shall enkindle anew the faintly glimmering and almost dying embers in our hearts. I shall read to you from a book, the leaves of which are of wood; whose letters are written with blood instead of ink; heavy, deeply engraved letters, that even the sightless can trace with their hands, and that man can feel with his whole heart. O holy book! would that everybody took you to hand, studied your mysteries; they would find in your pages wisdom, consolation, and peace. Would that everybody pressed you to his lips! In reading this book there is enkindled in the soul that fire which removes all impurities, destroys all stains, burns away all rust of sin. This book from which I am about to read to you is cut from out the wood of a tree, and this tree is the tree of life, and its fruits are the merits of Christ. This tree is withered, and still it bears living fruit; bears life, bears the murdered Son of God, who in death and through death vanquished death.

"This wonderful tree has only two branches; but they span the universe and their summits reach up to Heaven. It was a tree from which ruin and sorrow came to us through Eve; and again a tree on which the Salvation of mankind hung suspended. Upon a tree in paradise the

SELECTIONS FROM SERMONS

forbidden fruit was hanging, and Eve eagerly plucked it. Here on Golgotha's heights God and Heaven hang suspended, and there is scarcely anyone that reaches out for them. On the tree in paradise there was the snake, and it found ready credence. Here hangs your God, who speaks and begs and prays, prays for you, and implores; and nobody listens. There hung Pride, that wished to become like unto God; here hangs Humility, that is God-made-man. There Envy hung and the Malice of satan spoke; here Love is suspended, divine Love; the God of love hangs and bleeds, and bleeding dies, and dying loves, and loving dies. . . . Let the cross now be our pulpit, and the Crucified, our preacher—seven words, seven sermons. Brethren, shall I find love, love for Him who died out of love?"

Thus Salzmann spoke, thus he labored as a preacher of God. Still one who has not heard him cannot appreciate at their full value the power and excellent results of his eloquence. To many his language may appear too flowery, his imagery too luxuriant, his wealth of imagination too unrestrained. They may think that solidity of thought is choked in the abundant and gaudy vestments of poetry. Those that knew and heard him, judged otherwise, and were convinced that he was influenced by no vain efforts to please—no aimless, idle striving for rhetorical flourishes; but that a glowing enthusiasm for sacred things clad his thoughts in a language befitting holy subjects.

Thus the eloquence of this God-loving and God-fearing priest was a mighty weapon, which he fearlessly wielded in the battle of faith; thus Salzmann stood among scoffers and the self-styled "heroes of liberty," who listened to his words and then published garbled and false versions of them, and attempted by mockery and ridicule, the weapons of small minds, to offset their power. These self-

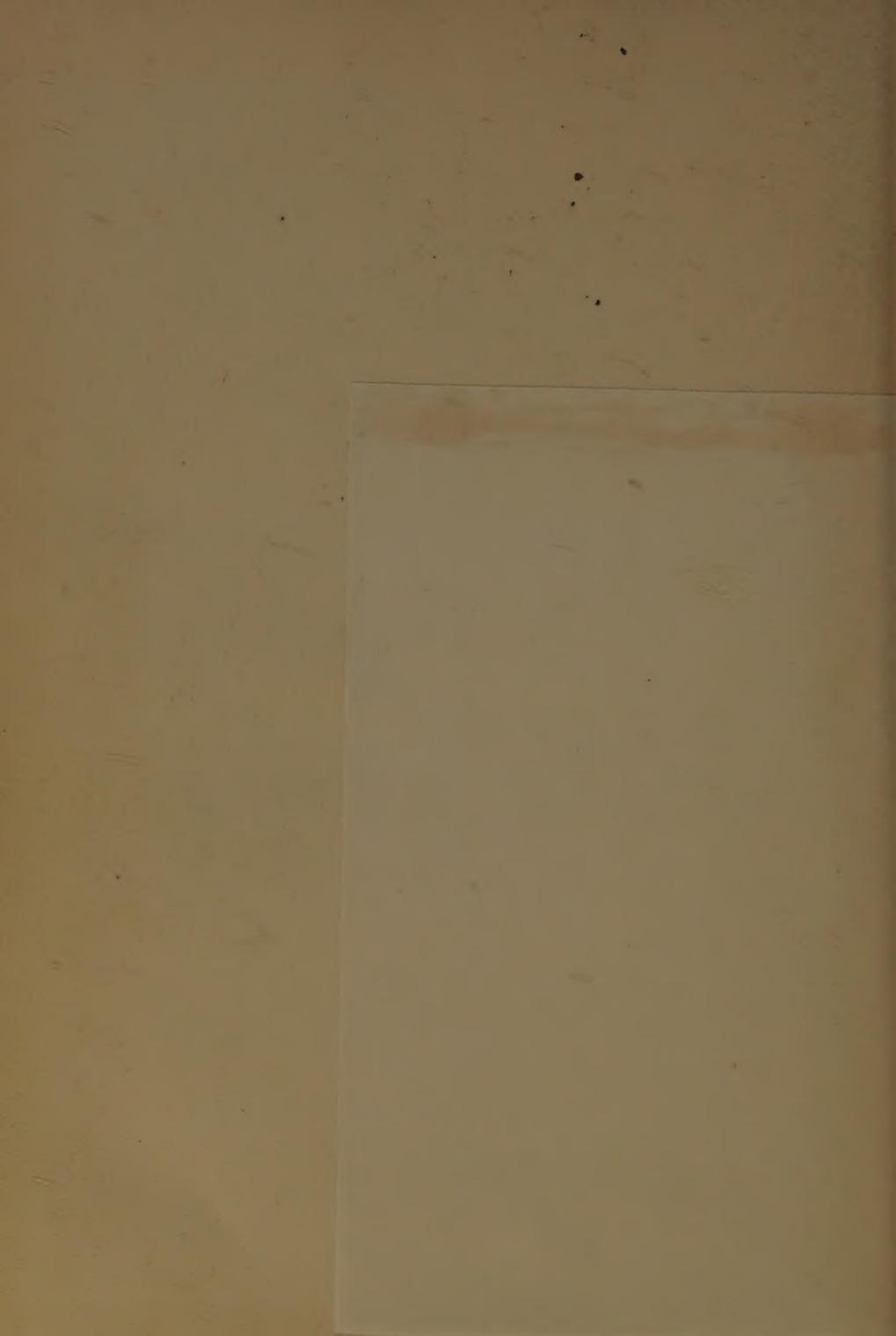
A NOBLE PRIEST

styled "knights of enlightenment" met more than their match in Salzmann, who calmly and quietly, with the flaming torch of science and truth, exposed their misleading sophistry.

The lines of truth lead straightway to thy end;
The zigzag paths of lies will ne'er thy fortunes mend.*

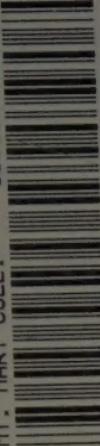
While he was thus, with his characteristic energy and unyielding courage, waging war upon vice and falsehood, he did not neglect to sow the seeds of truth and Christian virtue in the hearts of the faithful; to strengthen the weak; to encourage the good; and to plant the peace of God and the God of peace in their willing hearts. Thousands upon thousands here and abroad listened to his eloquent words; were by him confirmed in their faith, strengthened in virtue and filled with a glowing love for the holy religion of their fathers. Many of these, surely, now that his lips are closed in death, will remember him with gratitude and send a little prayer to Heaven for the repose of his soul.

*Johannes Schrott, *Bienen*.



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